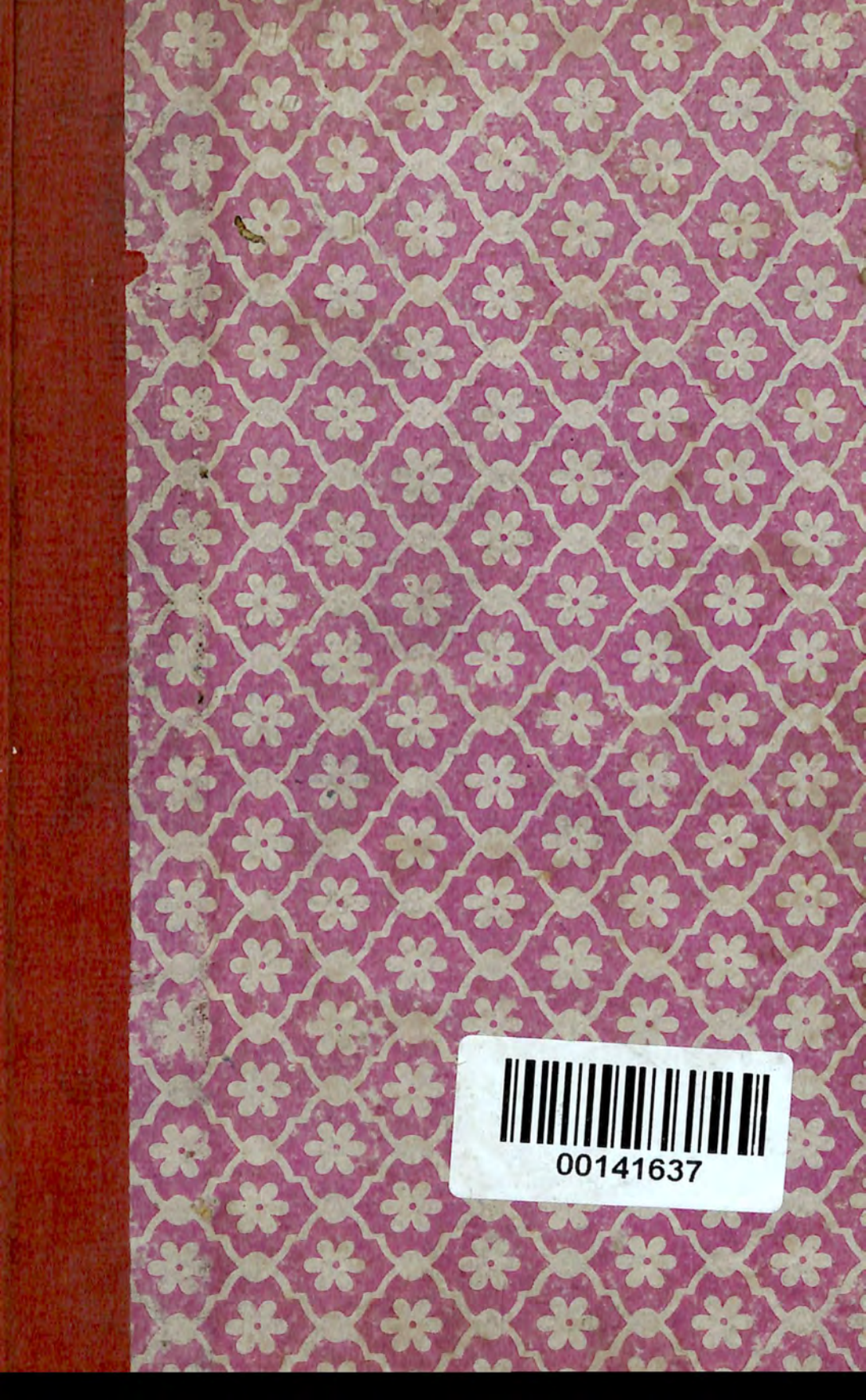
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STATUE OF CAMPBELL.

BY W. C. MARSHALL, ESQ. A.R.A.

TO BE ERECTED IN THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D.

ONE OF HIS EXECUTORS.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

LORD RECTORSHIP OF GLASGOW.

THE election of Campbell to the Rectorship of Glasgow was not only gratifying to himself, but of lasting importance to the University. By this act, his young constituents gave full expression to their confidence in his zeal for literature, and his love for that ancient seat of the Muses, of which he was himself a chief ornament.

A presentiment of this "sunburst of popular favour," as he describes it, had more than once crossed his mind; but he had formed no idea that it could have been so soon, or so happily verified. He knew that, as a Poet, he had a large share of popularity among the students of the University; but, until the announcement arrived, he had formed no adequate conception of its warmth and unanimity. The rival candidates were men of acknowledged merit, and high standing in the country; and when he measured his own public deserts with theirs, he appears, on the evidence of his letters, to have made up his mind for defeat. The result, however, was a most flattering testimony in his favour.—In his new position, he felt alike the honour, and the responsibility; and, from the first day

of accepting the office, he devoted himself to the faithful discharge of its duties. The success with which these were carried out, will appear in the ensuing chapter.

The correspondence to which the election gave rise, though more copious than usual, does not possess much interest for the general reader. It is marked with the party spirit which too often, in those days, characterised popular movements, disturbed the peace of families, and alienated fast friends. This spirit has happily subsided; and, although familiarly remembered by his surviving friends, it will not be expected that we should revive those political feuds, which Campbell himself had wished to be forgotten. The history of his Rectorship and that of his literary life, is given with so much clearness in his private letters, that I shall hope to consult the reader's wishes by laying before him, such passages from the original papers, as may convey a distinct notion of the acts of the new Lord Rector, in what he considered the "crowning honour of his life."

The resistance offered to his election by the Professors, was "based on political distrust;" and although completely frustrated by the unanimous votes of his young constituents, the mere fact of their opposition was not so readily forgotten. In immediate reference to the course adopted by his colleagues, Campbell thus writes to Mr. Richardson:—

"SEYMOUR STREET, WEST. LONDON, *November* 20, 1826.

". . . You have probably heard that I am elected Rector of G. C. by the students, against the united wishes of all the Professors—perhaps Miller and Jardine only excepted, and who, I think, had reason to be ashamed to vote against me. Private intelligence has reached me that the animus against me among the *regents*

is particularly vehement. Now I know not how far this spirit may yet be carried. I am ill—very ill, and write in sharp pain. I have not been without pain, more or less, for weeks; and I am totally incompetent to take the journey with safety. But, sooner than allow myself to be ousted for not appearing in the legal time, I will set off in the mail, if I should arrive dead! . . Write to Mr. Hill, and get notice from him of two things:—How soon must I, in law, appear on the spot? and will the principal Regents grant me the same indulgence, as to time, which they granted to Mr. Brougham, and Sir James Mackintosh? I have *already* requested my friend Gray to wait on the Rev. Principal, explain the state of my health, and request the indulgence; so that Mr. Hill has only to second the application by his personal interest.

"You may see from my handwriting in what a state my arm is. I cannot apply to our common friend —— for advice or assistance; and I know not where Mackintosh is. T. C."

* * * * *

From a voluminous correspondence on this subject, I collect a few particulars. The majority of the Professors having agreed to support Mr. Canning, one of the rival candidates, employed all their influence to secure his election. The "Nations," however, mustered very strong in support of Campbell; he was extolled as the beau-ideal of a patriot, a poet, a British classic—above all, as one of themselves—a son of the same Alma Mater; the only man living who could fill the office with dignity, and restore the "invaded rights" of his Constituents! It is amusing, at this day, to peruse the clever and often caustic arguments by which his claims were vindicated "against all comers." The enthusiasm called forth on the occasion was shared by most of the young talent in the University;

and, though tinctured with much amiable extravagance, the speeches, in praise, or in defence of Campbell, were often eloquent, and in every instance triumphant. Every hour the tide flowed more strongly in his favour; every meeting brought new volunteers to his standard—"hoisting counter placards, and shouting their *Io-pæans* over the College Green." One of the ardent leaders, when called upon to record his vote, threw himself into a theatrical attitude, and, at the top of his voice, thundered out "*Campbell!*" His example was followed by nearly the whole body; and "this show of hearts," as the Rector observed, "made his election a flattering distinction—a sunburst in his experience of life—for he loved the College of Glasgow, as the home and birth-place of intellect."

* * * * *

"*Dec.* 1*st.*—I had notice from Glasgow several days ago that I may go and be installed in my Rectorship* whenever I please; so, I think, I shall delay until I can *steam* it in April. It may be some time before the Magazine allows me to be at Sydenham. Oh, if I had but a thousand a year, and the best horse in all Tipperary, you should not see me editor of this *olla-podrida* that sickens, and enslaves me every month. T. C."

In a letter from the late Rev. Dr. Finlayson to a brother minister, we find some further particulars of the election:—

* The function of Rector was originally that of *Judge* in serious matters of Academic discipline. Quarrels between students, and between professors and students, could be settled only in the Rector's Court—This is the case still. Any severe sentence—such as rustication or expulsion could be pronounced only by the Rector—who is styled *Lord Magnificus* in the old charters.—The Rector is also a visitor and auditor of accounts, and in that capacity has a negative control over the College funds as well as a right of interference—not very well defined,—in the general management of the University.—*Note by a Graduate of Glasgow College.*

"*Dec. 4th.*—You would be happy to learn that our old friend Campbell was lately elected by a most triumphant majority over Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Brisbane. . . I hope you will reserve your visit until the Installation, when it would give me the greatest pleasure that we should pay our respects to him. I learnt from the Principal that the students were so numerous, that they had not been in the habit of giving free admissions, as in days of yore, at the Installation; and if any strangers came, that they were to be admitted as the Rector's personal friends. I mentioned to some Glasgow friends the propriety of giving him a public dinner, and it will be carried into effect. . . Tam's visit to G. will be to him, considering all that is past, most highly gratifying;—I *do* most sincerely rejoice in the prospect of it. J. F."

* * * * *

In the meantime, Campbell found abundant occupation in preparing to meet his young constituents in Glasgow. To a friend, inquiring what progress he had made, he replies:—

"LONDON, *February 20th*, 1827.

"At intervals of leisure, very few and far between, I am reading for matter to make out a sketch of the History of Learning, in two discourses, which I mean to deliver to the Students of Glasgow. How much I wish I were at Sydenham, to read this forthcoming thing to you by portions—to talk over the subjects with you; to have my Scotch *pronunciationalism* corrected! But, alas! this is mere wishing; it is uncertain whether I may be able to get to S. for a single day, before I go to Scotland; because the Royal Commissioners in Glasgow, whom I wish to meet, are yet uncertain as to time. Their arrival will be announced to me by the students; and in three days from the time of my receiving the announcement, I shall be in Glasgow. When this business is over, I really look forward to be oftener at this place, of all places, the most interesting to my mind; to sit on the chair where

I first read 'Gertrude' to you; to take down the MS. volumes which you bound; to walk past the wall to which I looked up to M. and you, and told you the news of my Highland legacy! T. C."

Respecting the public dinner, with which it was proposed to "welcome the new Lord Rector," he writes in terms alike honourable to himself and his constituents:—

"LONDON, *February 22d*, 1827.

"By all means, my dear Gray, prevent any *political* dinner being offered to me; for it would be a satire upon my political non-consequence, and a disservice to the cause itself. Besides, nobody can suspect my being a staunch rank-and-file Whig; though anything in the world but a political leader. It is an unnecessary jealousy of my politics to prevent my dining in public with any Tories, who may wish to meet me, and a cruelty both to them and me. A dinner from my Townsmen, and friends, will be an affecting and overcoming honour to me. A Whig dinner would be a burlesque, and I could not accept the invitation. Take the matter, therefore, into your own hands: do not not distress yourself about the *éclat* of this or that great or rich man's being with you or not: it is the prospect of meeting my *fellow-citizens* that warms my gratitude for the proposers of this mark of civic kindness. T. C."

* * * * *

In a letter to his favourite sister, accepting her generous offer of pecuniary assistance to meet "the extra expenses of a Lord Rector's outfit," he says:—

"LONDON, *March 7th*, 1827.

"I trust this will find you, my dearest sister, well and able to enjoy the approaching meeting, which will be to *me*, if I find you in tolerable health, a very great consolation. I shall set out from hence on the 7th of April; and, please God, after delivering my inaugural discourse, as Rector of the University, I shall be in Edinburgh next day to see you. Matilda is to be with me; and as the month of April approaches, I begin to sympathize with her apprehensions of the weather being yet unsettled, and other accidents to which steam boats are liable; so that, if I could afford it, I should like to go by land. I am at present, however, a good deal embarrassed by the anticipation of extra expenses, to which this crowning honour of my life must expose me. I have been disappointed a good deal in my accounts with my bookseller. The motive that made me decline accepting your proffered gift, still holds good with me. . . I would as soon think of taking the pillow from under your head, as of appropriating to myself any of the spare money which you ought, for your own tranquillity, to be sure of having about you at a time when you require every possible comfort. But if you can give me the loan of the sum you mentioned, only till Midsummer, I can promise you its return for a certainty.

"I intend to give two lectures to the students, independent of my speech at the installation; and those I mean to print at Glasgow, to distribute gratis to the students . . . and to sell, as I trust I shall, a number of copies more—the profits of which will revert to me at Midsummer. You would not, I know, like to see your brother perform the only high part, as to station, which he ever played in life, in a so-so manner; and will not

blame me for not *selling* my lectures to the brave lads that elected me. The citizens of Glasgow, also, talk of giving me a public dinner. I have written to implore that it may not be a *political* one.—Your most affectionate brother, T. C."

"P.S.—This London University causes me to write reams of answers to correspondents."

* * * * *

The public dinner being objected to, in consequence of the mercantile distress still prevalent in the country, he wrote to Mr. Gray as follows :—

"LONDON, *March 24th*, 1827.

"You much relieve my mind, my dear Gray, by what you say of the distress in Glasgow having abated. Rumour, with its usual exaggeration, had represented our poor citizens as absolutely dying of hunger. Heaven knows, unless it were for the sake of duty, I should decline the pleasure of lecturing: but of that let us talk when I arrive. If my wishing the dinner-day to be still left unsettled, were likely to give the slightest umbrage, by all means fix it for the 16th; but, otherwise, I should like to be on the spot before the day is decided on. I mean to write to the Principal, about my installation-day, very soon. I think of setting off, at the very latest, this day fortnight; so that, whether by sea or land, we may reach you on Tuesday evening. If we go by Auld Reekie, we shall bolt through it as fast as shot out of a shovel! I doubt, however, if we shall go that way after all. Give our kindest regards to your family; and my thanks to our excellent friend, Kirkman Finlay; not forgetting dear H——. T. C."

"*April* 2*d.*—We have determined at last to go by land, and are to set out on Friday evening next. We shall therefore be with you on Monday the 9th of April."

From his letters to various correspondents, after the installation ceremony, I select the following extracts—preceded by a note from Joseph Finlayson, his old travelling companion to Mull:—

"*April* 8*th* . . . The Installation dinner is to take place on Thursday next. There has been a good deal of discussion on the principle on which it is proposed to have a public entertainment. It was wished, at first, that the meeting should be of a *literary* character, to the exclusion of politics. John Douglas, however, and some of his party, insist that it shall be purely a *political* meeting, and that too of Whigs. If the Tories choose to come, they may; but they are to be only subordinates. In this state the matter at present rests; it is a pity there should have been such differences of opinion, as they may knock the dinner on the head.* J. F."

On the 12th of April, Campbell delivered his Inaugural Address to an overflowing assembly of Professors, students and citizens, among whom, however divided in political sentiment, there was but one feeling of admiration.† This

* The Rev. J. Finlayson to the Rev. Hamilton Paul.

† "I was a student then, and like others, was charmed with his Inaugural Address. We have had the most distinguished men of the day successively elected to the office of Rector; Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Macintosh, and many more celebrated in oratory, science, and general literature. I have heard all their addresses; but none of them came up to that of Thomas Campbell. Perhaps we were disposed to be enthusiastic, knowing that he was an old gownsman of our own; but, whatever the pre-disposition might have been, the streams of eloquence issued from him and carried us onward in admiration and applause until poetry itself poured on us like a whelming flood; a flood that carried the soul captive in its resistless power. To say we applauded, is to say nothing. We evinced every symptom of respect and admiration from the loftiest tribute, even our tears—drawn forth by his eloquent recollections of olden times—down to escorting him with boisterous noise along the public streets."—*Reminiscences of a Student.*

was "the crisis"; and the following day, he thus alludes to it in one of his letters :—

"GLASGOW, *April* 13, 1827.

". . . Excited as I am by friendship here, yours can have no rivalship; nay, I think you would like me the better for seeing how attached my fellow-citizens show themselves to me. Yesterday was the crisis! I rose this morning at seven, rejoicing that it went off so well; and am going out, in a sweet sunny morning, to stroll about the haunts of my boyhood.

"What a change from this day week! when I was really setting off sick—vexed that I had not got to Sydenham, and struck to the heart by a letter from * *. *, who has been interfering in my concerns in Glasgow. Something like erysipelas on my arm, which extended partially to my face, and affected my sight, afflicted me on my journey; while Matilda, having brought seventy parcels of baggage, kept me uneasy with the fear of losing them! I reached Glasgow on Monday evening. Four students, who came into the coach, twenty miles from Glasgow, relieved me a good deal about * * *'s affair. They recognised their Rector, and said it would be an era in their lives to have been the first to shake me by the hand. They told me that Whigs and Tories had been equally disgusted by * * *'s letter in the Glasgow paper, forbidding any Tories to come to the dinner, at which the Magistrates and principal Professors intended to be stewards; but that no one had supposed him authorised by me; and that it was not true, as published in the newspapers, that the students would suspect me of *ratting*, for the dinner being given to me as a *literary* man, and not as a politician. . . . The sum of the matter is, that although the dinner has been frightened

away for the present, one will be given me when the panic has subsided.

"The next annoyance was to find, that the Principal and some of his Professors pronounced my intention of lecturing to the students, independently of my inaugural speech, to be inconsistent with my Rectorial dignity. This point I gave up in consideration of the great kindness of my reception by the Professors. . . ."

"I delivered my inaugural speech yesterday, with complete success; the enthusiasm was immense. I dined afterwards with the Professors, in the Faculty, with a party of forty strangers, invited on my account. . . ."

"I find the Rectorship will be no sinecure. I have sat four hours examining accounts, and hearing explanations from the Faculty, with Sir John Connel, the Dean of Faculty, my co-examiner and visitor, to whom the Professors are anxious to render their accounts. . . . T. C."

In reference to the installation ceremony, the following passage occurs in a private letter from a clergyman, then present:—

"*April* 13*th* . . . I had the exquisite gratification, yesterday, of witnessing the rapturous reception which Mr. Campbell met with in the College Hall—crowded to excess. His address was elegant, and poetical in a high degree, and delivered with great ease and dignity. At one part of it, however, he seemed to be rather beating about, and searched his pockets for some memoranda, which he did not find. This was unfortunate for his audience, as his speech was very original; and taken altogether, he did, in my apprehension, great honour to his situation.* J. F."

The "awkward predicament" here noticed, the Rector himself has told as follows:—

"*April* 20*th*.—My Inaugural speech† had less the

* Letter from the Rev. Joseph Finlayson to the Rev. H. Paul.

† See APPENDIX to this volume.

impress of thought; and was less copious than it would have been, if I had bestowed on it the time that was laid out on the Lectures. Yet, altogether, it went off very well. It was spoken from notes, and not previously written out, or got by heart,—more than as to the thoughts, and general cast of expression. As my evil genius for the time being would have it, I left my notes at home; and when I found out my mistake, I was ready to drop down with apprehension. But, strange to tell, at that alarming moment, a look and a nod from the Rev. Dr. Mac G. on the bench beside me—the very man who had most violently opposed my election—recalled by some accidental association, the idea which should next follow! I got back the clue of association, and went through famously. T. C."

The Inauguration-day was followed by a round of social dinner parties, in which his fellow-citizens united their efforts to do him honour. At these entertainments Campbell generally found some of his old College friends—one of whom has sent me the following reminiscence:—

"After the installation dinner, I went to dine by invitation with Campbell at his cousin, Mr. Gray's. The party consisted of Mr. Gray's family—brother and sisters; the Lord Rector, his lady, and three or four others, among whom were Finlayson, the poet's old friend.* The company was well assorted: anecdote followed anecdote, wit sparkled incessantly: our College adventures were rehearsed, two of which were repeated by Campbell. I had forgotten them. The day he dined with the *Senatus Academicus*, it was only the *second* time he had been in the "*salle à manger!*" The first time, he appeared there as a culprit, and received a rebuke from the Principal, for breaking the windows of the College Church, the gable of which was close upon the wall of the College Garden. The practice was this:—The students, muffled up in their scarlet *togas*, picked up small stones from the gravel walk, and pitched them through the panes of glass; and, walking generally in groups, it was with difficulty that the

* See account of their copartnership in the Highlands, vol. I. p. 127.

delinquent could be detected. The second time he appeared in that Hall, was when he was entertained by the Principal and Professors, some of whom had been present at the giving and receiving of the reprimand! The contrast was sufficiently striking.

Another circumstance had escaped my memory, namely:—"When the class was dismissed, and we proceeded to the garden to amuse ourselves with running, leaping, wrestling, and—breaking the church windows! you always got the start of us," said Campbell. "How," I inquired. "Why," said he, "you remember there was an iron railing topt with sharp spikes; and while we had to wait till old David came hobbling up with the key to open the gate, you seized one of the spikes with your right hand, threw your heels over, and alighted without injury on a bed of flowers." This I had entirely forgotten, but it now comes fresh into my memory as a feat I had often done at the risk of my nether garments!—H. P.

* * * * *

Among the gratifying testimonies of respect which he received from all classes on his arrival in Glasgow, Campbell was agreeably surprised to find that, instead of opposition—of which he had heard so much—he was to have the confidence and support of his colleagues:—

"*April 25th,*" he writes:—"The Professors have received me with great politeness,—the students with enthusiasm. The Principal did me the honour of preaching before me yesterday, as Lord Rector, in the Common Hall, where I attended morning and evening; and I am now making the circuit of hearing the Professors lecture in their different classes. I am to stop till the 1st of May, when the Principal has requested me to make the valedictory address, which he usually delivers to the students at breaking up of the Session. Meanwhile, I attend the Faculty Hall daily; and, with several of the Professors, go through an inspection of their books, and records; and take notes, in order to qualify myself for knowing how far the rights of the students are respected, and the vast funds of the College properly applied. There

is great openness in the conduct of the Professors, and a willingness to be examined on all points, that augurs well for them. They have even expressed their thanks to me for not running away, like the most of Rectors, leaving their duties unfulfilled, and the Professors to be calumniated by the suspicions of the students.—At present all is smoothness and good understanding. T. C."

"*April 27th.*—I have been working this morning since six o'clock at Rectorship business: writing letters, examining statute-books about the rights of the members of the College, deeds of 'mortification,' &c. At ten, I read one of my lectures to some of the elder students, who breakfasted with me; for my friend Gray is most liberal in his invitations.

"The boys are delighted at the prospect of the lectures coming out in *letters*, in the 'New Monthly,' when I go back to London. I dare hardly show myself in the garden, for fear of being cheered, and lest I should seem to covet popularity—but, having examined a class, I bolt out as quick as thought.

"The moment it was known that I had formed an intention to visit Staffa and Iona, after the 1st of May, a project was set on foot, and a body of the students requested my leave to attend me. I think this will do better than another plan which they had formed,—that of inviting me to a public breakfast. I reminded them that I had the power of life and death over them, and that a mob-breakfast would be *infra dig.!* The migration to the Isles will not be liable to the same objection. These tokens of affection, together with an invitation from the Provost and Magistrates to the King's birth-day dinner, and the renewed proposition for a public dinner, are very flattering. The latter, however, I shall stave off till after the London University, that I may hear what Brougham says."

"Meanwhile, * * and a few radicals are giving out that I have *ratted!* But the real Whigs laugh at the rumour, and are better pleased with me for accepting of their hospitality, without political reference.—The Principal, as I said, has requested me to address the students, when I distribute the prizes on the 1st of May. T. C."

* * * * *

On the 21st of May, Campbell was again in London, and busily engaged in his two-fold duties of Rector and Editor. The first of his series of "Letters to the students of Glasgow," was now sent to the press, and published for gratuitous distribution among his young constituents. These letters, on the epochs of literature, appeared, though not at regular intervals, in "The New Monthly" : and confirmed the high impressions, which he had left behind him, of taste, eloquence, and classic erudition. His welcome from the late scene of his labours in Scotland, was very emphatically expressed by his friends in London, whose kindness and hospitality were redoubled on his return to Seymour Street. But the grand object on which he had set his mind, and to which, to a certain extent, he had pledged himself, was to investigate their rights, and secure certain advantages to the students of Glasgow of which, it was alleged, they had been, hitherto, unjustly deprived. The Royal Commissioners, recently appointed for this purpose, were shortly to take under examination the College of Glasgow ; and to them all questions were to be referred for investigation and redress. In this case the duty of the Lord Rector was to vindicate the claims of the students in person : but owing to delays in the execution of the plan, his visit to Glasgow, as appears by the following note to his sister, was deferred :—

"*July 6th.*—I have had a conversation with Lord

Aberdeen, First Commissioner for the Visitation of the Scotch Universities. His lordship tells me that it will be quite unnecessary that I should meet the commissioners in Scotland this month, as proposed, for the purpose of being heard in defence of the rights of the students, as to a question which is to be agitated before them. Lord A., as chief of the commission, has promised to hear me plead their cause in London, and not to come to any decision, until I shall have been heard. It is uncertain when the commissioners may meet—not, I should think, before December; so that, unless I hear to the contrary, I shall expect to be in Scotland in October. T. C."

In the meantime, the labour of preparing for this meeting, with the duties of editor, was sufficient to engross all his attention. The Lord Rector's proposal of a gold and a silver medal for annual competition among the students was thus announced:—

"*July 17th*, 1827.—A Gold Medal will be given for the best composition in English verse, that shall be executed by any student in the University of Glasgow, before the 20th of January, 1828. The invited competitors are, all students who may attend during the ensuing session. The subject and the length of the composition are left entirely to the choice of the candidates. Each candidate will affix two mottos to his production, but is not to announce his name, in any other way than in a sealed letter, accompanying the poem. Both are to be transmitted to the Principal of the College. A Silver Medal will be given for the second best composition, if executed by any student in the *gowned* classes.

T. CAMPBELL, Rector."

Upon these exertions, anxiety and ill health again supervened; but the prospect of revisiting Glasgow in October, cheered him forward in his arduous duties. After a month exclusively devoted to business, the feelings of

friendship, and grateful recollections of his "late sojourn," are thus expressed to Mr. Gray:—

"*Sept. 6th*, 1827. . . . I take shame to myself that I do not volunteer writing to you, when I have not *business* to trouble you withal. If I were not the worst correspondent in the world, every good feeling should make me a punctual one with you. When I think of my late sojourn with you—of the pleasant days we spent together—of our fire-side group—and of the family friendship which I shared, I can remember no time of my existence that warms my heart more cordially. The excitement of public hospitality left an impression that is every day growing weaker in my memory; though it would be ungrateful in me to forget it; but your demonstrations of kindness, my dearest Gray,* and those of my attached cousins, your sisters, are ever touchingly present to my thoughts. I shall see you again next winter. Give my right kind love to your family—I dip my pen in my heart, when I write the words—and believe me your most affectionate cousin, T. C."

* * * * *

We have now to follow the Rector to Scotland, for the second time. From "Manchester, Friday night, October 5-6th," he writes, "I am thus far on my way to Glasgow, where, at all events, I shall arrive on Monday." Again—

"GLASGOW, *October* 8, 1827.

"I have just time, my dearest sister, to tell you that I am arrived, to meet the Commissioners, and, I am

* It was in the company of Mr. Gray, that he made various excursions among the cherished haunts of his childhood, and wrote the "Lines," already quoted, "On revisiting Cathcart," Vol. I. p. 148.

sorry to say, very unwell indeed, having never recovered from catching cold last summer, from being exposed to rain while overheated. I have been obliged to bring business papers with me to finish, and I have little strength for writing. So pray prevent, if you can, any of our friends from addressing letters to me, which, in my present state, I should be ill able to answer. I mean to be in Edinburgh as soon as I can; but exactly when, I cannot say. Most sorry was I to have such news of our reverend and worthy cousin, Dr. Campbell.* Let our sisters know that I am here; and believe me, with the most cordial affection, yours ever, T. C."

* * * * *

Having devoted nearly three weeks to the despatch of official business, he writes :—

"*Oct.* 30*th.*—I shall set out for Kinniel to-morrow, and spend Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart. —On Friday I shall be in Edinburgh; but I have such repeated calls to London, that I shall spend only a few days there, and wish to be as little as possible going about to dine, for my health will not stand it. I have still returns of an aguish complaint caught last summer. . . It is a great comfort to me to have the prospect of seeing you at present. God bless you!—believe me your ever affectionate brother, T. C."

"*Oct.* 31*st.*—I write you from Kinniel House, from whence I meant to have proceeded to Edinburgh, and thence to London. Before I set out, however, I received a piece of intelligence which will make me remeasure my steps to Glasgow, and postpone my journey southwards

* The late Rev. John Campbell, D.D., one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

for a couple of weeks. The Royal Commissioners and the Professors, *entre nous*, have had a considerable difference; and the former have referred the point in dispute to the Dean of Faculty and myself, as Rector. The Professors, or part of them, at least, wished to avoid this point being arbitrated, and to leave the issue to the Court of Session. . . They therefore proposed replying to the Commissioners that the point could not be so settled, because the Lord Rector was going back to London, and the Dean of Faculty was out of town. I went immediately to the Faculty, and told them that I should not go to London, as I had intended, if I could be of any service in arbitrating the matter in question; and that they must find the Dean of Faculty to meet me. I shall thus save myself from all appearance of showing disrespect to the Royal Commissioners. . . At this crisis, it is of great moment, that, as the friend and advocate of the students, I should conciliate the Commissioners. After all, I fear my poor boys will get but scrimp justice from the royal visitants. My consolation is, that I have done my best; and altogether, I ought to be thankful. I have found dear Mr. and Mrs. Stewart better than I could have expected. . . .

T. C."

In another letter, speaking of the pleasure this visit afforded him, he says:—"The scene here has put me in mind of a sinner just got to heaven, and only disturbed by the cares of earth hanging about him! . . .

"The journey from Kinniel to Falkirk was in the direct line of the Roman wall, the last ground of the Lowlands, and the Highland mountains towering across the Forth, with Stirling Castle and Bannockburn lying at their feet. Much as I am disgusted at many prejudices, which the Scotch mistake for patriotism, yet the sight of those

scenes, which spoke of unconquered Caledonia! and of the boundaries which had checked the Rose of England as well as the Eagle of Rome, raised up a native feeling strongly within me, with which even you, English as you are, will sympathise. T. C."

"GLASGOW, *November* 13.

"My business here, as Rector, is drawing to a close. I expect to be re-elected to-morrow, to return my thanks in the Common Hall on Friday, and, the same afternoon, to set off for Edinburgh, where I shall only wait till Monday evening, and then take the first coach I can get southward. I am altogether as well pleased with my Scotch jaunt as I could have hoped or expected. The kindness of Glasgow has been uniform and touching to me; but I continue still indisposed with a relapse of cold which I got at Kinniel. . . .

"I cannot deny that the walks about Glasgow—recalling so many recollections of those that are no more,—cast a certain melancholy over my mind; but it is not a gloomy or harsh melancholy; and is not unmixed with tenderness and pleasure. . . .

"What glorious news have we lived to hear in the victory of Navarino! * It has made me feel some years younger. T. C."

"*Nov.* 14*th, Thursday, noon.*—The whole students have

* "Hearts of oak! that have bravely delivered the brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
'Twas the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine:
And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
The light of your glory shall shine!" &c.—
Stanzas on the Battle of Navarino. Poems, p. 241.

waited upon me in a body, to announce my re-election without one dissentient voice. They drew up, to the number of fourteen hundred, under Mr. Gray's windows, followed by crowds of the towns-people. I harangued them from the drawing-room window.—It would have cheered you to hear the expressions of their enthusiasm."*

* Another instance of this enthusiasm is preserved in the following anecdote :—"When the Poet reached the house of his friend Mr. Gray, he turned round on the steps of the door and delivered a short address to the escort which had followed him. In the upper floor of the house some painters were at work. One of them was a great admirer of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and for years had been distinguished among his class of society for his effective singing of some of Campbell's finest ballads: 'The Wounded Hussar,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' &c. He felt much anxiety to be introduced to his favourite poet in some way or other; he wished to be able to say that he had spoken to Thomas Campbell—but there appeared no possible means of obtaining the introduction; while again, he did not know what to say if he were introduced. . . He was looking from the upper window with the others while Mr. Campbell was speaking to the gownsmen. From that elevation he surveyed the head and shoulders of his idol. 'And is that the author of the Pleasures of Hope?' said he to himself. 'Does that cloak, falling back, and that black coat, superfine and glossy, and new, cover the same shoulders on which the mantle of Poesy has descended? Is that head the same that has conceived and given birth to the undying sentiments of virtue, passion and patriotism? I should like to speak to him! . . In a twinkling the painter was down stairs, and, watching the conclusion of the Rector's address, said 'I beg your pardon Maister Cawmell; there's some draps o' pent faun doon aboon ye, frae the upper windows; and I'm feard it 'll spoil your coat. If you could let me have the coat for twa or three minutes, or if ye could just allow me when it's on your back, I could tak it oot in no time wi' this drap turpentine: I brought it doon for the purpose.' Mr. Campbell thanked the painter for his kind attention; and allowing him to take the paint out of the cloth while the coat was on his back talked freely to him all the time, and discovered he had a man to talk with that knew something. The consequence was, that during Mr. Campbell's stay he frequently singled out this workman and gratified him with a conversation on the advancement, or retrogressions, of comfort among the working classes in that town. The painter was well qualified to answer all his inquiries on matters relating to the working people of Glasgow; an advantage which the new Lord Rector readily availed himself of, but never suspected the means by which acquaintanceship with his new friend had been originated."—*Reminiscences of a Student.*

"*Nov.* 18*th.*—I arrived safe in Edinburgh and received from Mr. Wardlaw* intelligence that was more agreeable than I expected. I have seen Dr. Campbell, and hope to see the Captain to-day. I set out for London to-morrow, Monday; but there is a probability that I may stop in Lancashire for one day."

The result of the journey was very unfortunate. By some inexplicable oversight or accident on the way, he lost a considerable sum of money, which caused him much inconvenience, and impaired his health.—Under this depressing influence, he writes:—"I can hardly wield a pen, the journey from Edinburgh almost killed me—for I had contracted a severe addition to my cold; and several times I was carried out of the stage into the inn. My cough, on my arrival here on Wednesday evening, had settled alarmingly on my chest; and, until yesterday evening, I was very ill indeed. To-day I am better; but the Doctor thinks it possible that I may be confined to my room for most of the winter. With sufficient care and confinement, however, he says all may yet do well."

* * * * *

"*Dec.* 3*rd.*—I still labour under some indisposition; but my heart is raised within me at reading the animating account of the meeting and speeches of my young constituents. Colburn has also taken up the new plan of our annual intended publication† with the most sanguine and eager spirit, and I still look to things going on well."

* David Wardlaw, Esq., his friend and legal adviser in Edinburgh.

† In concert with the elder students Campbell had projected a *Classical Encyclopædia:* but the work here alluded to may have been of a different kind.

To the President of the Students' Committee, he writes:—

"*Dec. 5th.*—I have received your copy of the Petition to the Royal Commissioners. . . . The description of your meeting was quite electrifying. I am positively proud of you: only be temperate, my dear boys, and the day will be ours."

The daily reports which now reached him, were all of a gratifying nature; and, with improving health and spirits, the Lord Rector thus announces his convalescence:—

"LONDON, *December* 16, 1827.

". . . I feel myself decidedly mending: the pain that annoyed me so much is gone; and my liver shows symptoms of having yielded to medicine. A fine symptom of my amendment is, that I have been able to write some verses on Navarino.* They are such a rumble-tumble concern, that I will not show my dotage so fairly set in, as to send you a copy of them. No—but to be able to turn a line in any way, is a novelty to me, and the recovery of a faculty which I had lost for these last six months. My *ingine*, as the Scotch call their genius, is not certainly reinspired to any very high pitch—to judge by my Navarino stuff. But it is much for me to have the heart to write anything.

"My darling boys of Glasgow have commenced a subscription for a full-length portrait of me by the President of the R.A., to be placed in the great hall of the museum. Poor fellows; they were so simple as much to miscalculate Sir Thomas's prices. One of them was deputed to call on me here; and I could not but observe that his heart had

* Poems, page 241, ed. 1842.

been damped at hearing of the 500*l.*! But he said—'Well, if we should pledge our gowns at the end of the Session, we will make it up!' I instantly let them know that I had too much regard for them to suffer such a sum to be raised. A hundred guineas, however, have been raised, and more might be. After much distraction, between my dislike to let the dear boys part with their money, and unwillingness to let them be mortified in what their pride is set upon, I called on Sir T. Lawrence. He behaved most admirably; and made me three offers—either to do a full-length portrait at *half* his price, or to do the best for 150 guineas, and get the drapery finished by another for 50 more: or, to get him to copy his head and bust in Thomson's picture, and finish a full-length for 120 guineas. Nothing could be more generous; and that, too, when he is declining many engagements at full price.

"T. C."

* * * * *

"*Dec.* 22*nd.*—I have received your kind letter, together with the Students' Petition and its eight hundred signatures. I will deliver the letter to Lord Aberdeen, the moment he is come to town. I need not say what pleasure it gives me to see it so ably drawn up, and to look back on the manly conduct of my constituents at their public meeting. I think the committee was right in not risking the possible evils of delay by waiting for additional signatures. The very reluctance of a timid minority to sign the appeal, is a powerful though indirect argument in proof of the influence of the professors, and the absence of those gentlemen may thus contribute to our success—like that of Achilles to the interest of the Iliad; though I cannot compliment our non-subscribers for resembling Achilles in any other point of view. I am neither pleased, nor surprised, at what you tell me of the Faculty refusing

you a copy of the records respecting the rights of rectorship; but you may assure my constituents, that copies *shall* be procured for you of every paper that is just and necessary for the students to peruse.

"I have been singularly unfortunate in my health since I left Glasgow. After a half recovery, I had a relapse; and this is the (third) day that I have been confined to my room, with as severe pain and sickness as ever depressed and tried my patience. My physicians have forbidden me to apply to my usual studies for an indefinite time. The thought of discontinuing for the present my letters to the students of Glasgow, annoys me; but in general, I console myself with thinking that my dear constituents will take the will for the deed. . . . In the meantime—rogue as you are, and Canningite as you were—you shall never escape the sharp-sighted regard of T. C."

* * * * *

"*Dec. 29th.*—I was really so beset with sickness and bad spirits, that I was reluctant to trouble you with the postage of a letter, and none of my frank-giving friends were in the way. I am now, however, greatly better—and am putting things into such a train of economy at home, that I am likely to weather through all the effects of my losses. The greatest loss—which was that of all the money I was taking to London to defray the new plates for 'The Pleasures of Hope,'—I lost through my own fatal carelessness—scarcely palliated even by the state of sickness I was in. I have nobody to blame but myself—and myself I have blamed and fretted at, till I think I have done penance enough.—I should not mention a matter which will annoy your friendly heart, if I had not been obliged to mention it to others, in a way that makes it likely to come to your ear from their report. I am now a vast deal better—I trust, my dearest sister, that

your health continues tolerable. I am happy to say that Matilda is as well as usual, and that Thomas is in no respect worse.—Your ever affectionate brother,

"T. CAMPBELL."

* * * * *

A new edition of his Poems, which, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, had reverted to the Author, is thus announced in another letter to Mr. Gray:—

"LONDON, *January* 23, 1828.

"This is the first day for a long time past that I have felt myself in the tune to write a letter. Besides a relapse of cold, I have had more uneasiness about the state of my affairs, for some weeks past, than during almost any period of my life; but a very favourable crisis in our concern took place yesterday. . . . I expect to have my whole Poems out in a half-guinea single volume, of 300 pages and eight plates, including a head engraved from Lawrence's oil painting; and by this edition I trust to commence clearing off all my embarrassments. . . . My legacy property in Edinburgh is in the hands of trustees who will not come forward with any explicit account of its amount. . . . Some of my friends have at last interfered so far as to remonstrate on the subject. . . . It is to the anxiety I have felt about those two matters, which so momentously affect my circumstances, that I attribute the bad health I have had since my return home. . . . I trust the students received the tidings which I communicated to them through Wood and Tennent,* that I had received a promise from Lord Aberdeen, their petition should meet with all possible attention. The attempt of the dear boys

* Dr. Ralston Wood and John Tennent, Esq., founders and presidents of the *Campbell Club*.

at a Lawrence full-length, was so over-great a mark of their kindness to me, that I take blame to myself for not having sooner discouraged the idea. At the same time, it was a subject of delicacy for me to speak of at all. Blair has been here, and so has Knowles ;* the comedy, I trust, will be successful. We are all in a state of strange expectation here : very favourable rumours, however, are current as to the staunch intentions of the Liberals to stand by each other. If they do so, it is not in the nature of things that there can be got up, for even a few weeks, a Tory cabinet. Lord Holland is, unfortunately, very ill. T. C."

* * * * *

At the preceding date, the health of Mrs. Campbell had become visibly impaired. The Poet's interest in public affairs was now absorbed by private anxieties, which, though occasionally relieved by hopes of recovery, darken all the correspondence of this period. The following short extracts from his letters will serve as a diary of the malady and its fatal progress :—

"*Feb. 26th.*—I have only late last night sent my fourth letter to the students of Glasgow to press. I have been so incessantly worried with occupation, that I have neither had time to thank you nor to write to Mrs. Arkwright about the 'Brave Roland ;' though it would only be a due attention to my own interests, to look after the music she has set my words to. My time is further engrossed by the new business of housekeeping ; for Mrs. Campbell has been ten days confined to her room—almost bed, with a cough, feverish pulse, and no appetite. Dr. Gooch attends her.' "

* * * * *

* Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the popular dramatic author, of whose character and abilities the Poet had formed a high estimate.

"*March* 17*th.*—Accept my best thanks for the copy of Alma.—I beg you at the same time to pardon me for not being able to offer you any remarks upon it, as my mind and time are engrossed by the painful circumstance of Mrs. Campbell's being still seriously, though now, I thank God, no longer alarmingly ill. I am obliged to be her sick-nurse, and have not stirred for weeks, more than three yards beyond my own door."

* * * * *

"*March* 18*th.*—I have a million of cares upon me—being at once my own housekeeper and Matilda's sick-nurse. She continues very weak, and is reduced to a skeleton; but still Dr. Gooch says there is no room for alarm. . . . I dare not leave my own house for five minutes, except when something is required for Matilda, that servants cannot be trusted to purchase."

* * * * *

"*March* 29*th.* . . . . The hand of affliction is laid heavily upon me in the shape of Mrs. Campbell's illness, which of late was alarming; and, though somewhat alleviated, is still the subject of fearful uneasiness. Dr. Gooch and the other doctors, who were called to a consultation, are agreed that there is no disease but debility, and want of power to rally after a bad cold."

"I have two nurses and a housekeeper besides the usual servants; yet this does not give me a moment's repose of mind in the day for study: but after watching my poor wife, or going errands with which the servants cannot be trusted, I get into my library at ten at night, and before morning try to finish my heavy arrears with the 'New Monthly.'—My Poems are to be out in April. I trust you will persuade my 'brother stationers' to take a good lot

of the copies for Glasgow. If I go on with my Letters, and can stand the wear and tear of anxiety and study, I shall be able to finish, ere very long, a complete and succinct history of Classic Literature. . . . Having to answer incessant calls for notes and inquiries about Mrs. C. I conclude in haste, as she has just awakened and is anxious to see me.—God bless you and yours. T. C."

* * * * *

"*Sunday Evening, April 4th.*—Matilda is not better, but rather worse, and not capable of being removed to Hampstead. I have sat up with her these two nights past. I am as worn out and agitated as one can be; but I need not afflict you with an account of my sufferings."

"*May 8th.* . . . . My blindness is so much better that I can read and write, though obliged to advance one degree of age in the focus of my spectacles. . . The alarm about Matilda is gone by. Dr. Gooch says that, in point of ultimate hope, her case is the same as ever; but the symptoms, which her sister pronounced to be the commencement of her dissolution, have not proved to be such. Dr. Gooch says the moribund symptoms are neither begun, nor likely to begin soon. . . . I therefore slept soundly last night. But there is still a mystery in this case. . . . The result must be waited for with resignation. . . ."

* * * * *

"I am *forcing* myself to study and hope to succeed. This morning I have been able to write a letter to the Principal of Glasgow on College business. I trust before my Rectorship is out, to distinguish it by a real benefit to the University—that is, to get all the new publications for the College library, copies of which the law awards to it, but which the booksellers contrive to keep back. The trade, I believe, owes us thousands of volumes for which they

have charged the poor authors, but never accounted to us. I have also hopes of getting the Faculty to co-operate with me in the scheme of endowing College tutorships; and thus uniting the advantages both of the English and Scotch university systems. T. C."

The preceding letter was no sooner despatched, than fatal symptoms made their appearance; and two days afterwards the calamity was thus announced:—

"*Saturday, May* 10*th.*—Alas! my dear Gray, all is over with my poor Matilda! She expired yesterday afternoon about five with—thanks to Almighty Mercy!—very little apparent pain. . . Your affectionate cousin,

T. C."

* * * * *

"*May* 15*th.* . . . I am alone; and I feel that I shall need to be sometime alone—prostrated in heart before that Great Being, who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom, alone, I can frame resolutions in my heart, to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be, that believes in His existence, and goodness, and mercy. . . . T. C."

"*May* 18*th.* . . . . I have gone through a melancholy task in searching poor Matilda's repositories. What sensations a knot of ribbon or a lace cap can now excite! But a truce to reflections that can do no good. I did not think I had been made of such shivering stuff. . . ."

* * * * *

Of the numerous letters* addressed to Campbell on

* Among those whose daily visits consoled and supported him under the pressure of his bereavement, Campbell mentions, in particular, the names of Lord and Lady Dillon, Colonel—now General—D'Aguilar, and General Pepé.

this melancholy occasion, none was more acceptable than the following, from a lady whose friendly sympathy had cheered him in every variety of fortune :—

"NEWBATTLE ABBEY, *May* 18, 1828.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,

"This morning brought me yours, and my astonishment and sorrow were more than I can express. The end of your last kind letter had satisfied me that the physician felt no alarm.—Alas! too well do I know all the suffering you must have endured. . . Our truest, most affectionate sympathy is with you. Mr. S—— and M—— could not—would not let themselves believe it: so lately it seems since, in apparent health and cheerful gaiety, we saw her! But oh, my friend, how mercifully has Heaven dealt with her and with you, to be spared the sight and the agony! Few are so favoured; and the lively picture you give of sweetness and calmness—and, I must say, of devoted fondness—cannot but remain a balm on your mind for ever. . . ."

"It is for your health I now fear. If you could but change the scene for some weeks, and not, when all is over, be allowed to fall back upon yourself, I entreat you to do it. I know also the exertions you will make to hide the aching heart; but, unless some efforts be made to vary the thoughts, your spirits will sink. Surely, kind friends will see this and force you.—Grateful thanks for your writing yourself: nothing could have given us any comfort, and your letter is the best; for it shows every feeling is what it ought to be—deep thankfulness for mercies; and affliction softened by resignation. . . Heaven bless you!—W. D. S——."

* * * * *

The feelings awakened by this calamity, and which are freely poured forth in his more private letters, are too sacred to be quoted at full length; but I trust no charge of indelicacy will be incurred by admitting a few short extracts from those addressed to his own family:—

"*May 25th.*—I cannot very well describe to you the state I am in; for it changes according to accidents. . . At times, the sight of a knot of riband, or a trinket, that belonged to my poor Matilda unmans me, and makes me weep for

hours. But, altogether, I am too mature in life, and too much master of myself, and—I trust I may say, without your censure—too well possessed of a pure conscience, to be abandoned to unavailing despondency. I wish to make the rest of my life as useful to society, and as honourable as my limited faculties will permit. . . . And I think this is honouring my dear Matilda's memory in a more manly and decent manner, than if I were to waste myself to tax the sympathy of my friends, by nursing to excess those pangs of separation from the companion of half my life, which, from the nature of things, may well be conceived to vibrate deeply enough through my heart.

"I shall soon be able, I trust, to resume my studies. . . I shall repair to Richmond with my dear boy who, I thank God, grows more companionable and prefers my society to that of any one else. . . I am not without some uneasiness about the present state of my affairs. I say *present*, for the difficulty cannot in the nature of things last long. . . . . T. C."

"*May 26th.*—I have transmitted to you, my dearest sister, a box which contains the following articles.* You will see that I have made a change in the disposition of those keepsakes, which I designed for Isabella and Elizabeth; but the change is not for the worse. When I looked at the Berlin black metal necklace, it was not, God knows, its intrinsic value—for that is not much—that made me feel as if I were tearing a string from my heart to part with it; but the remembrance that my poor Matilda had kissed me so often, and so tenderly, when she put it round her neck, and thought it so good a mark of my taste, in knowing what would please *her* elegant taste,

* Various dresses, furs, laces, veils, cloaks, bonnets, &c. The letter is addressed to his eldest sister.

to have brought it home to her from Berlin. Again, it is better not to give any of you things so small in value, that need to be remembered with a promise to leave them to me in your will. I have nearly the same feeling with respect to the black, sweet-scented, wooden necklace, which General Pepé presented to my wife. It is in fact of little intrinsic value; but she always wore it when the good and gallant patriot came to see us; and it gives me a melancholy pleasure to show the excellent man, who has shed tears with me over her memory, that I retain this trifle in my possession. . . . "

"I have had a trying day in going over these repositories a second time; the sight of every ribbon has brought herself—her very self before me, and I am overcome with weeping. . . But I bear up with fortitude. I trust a little of the country air will restore my health, as well as that of my dear boy, who is growing companionable, and getting if possible every day more necessary to my existence. . . . T. C."

* * * * * *

"*June 29th.*—I ought long ago, my dearest sister, to have acknowledged your last kind letter; but I have been uncommonly busy, and oppressed with indisposition, partly owing to the extreme heat of the weather. You seem to have totally mistaken me respecting my going to Scotland: I never meant to leave England, permanently, but only projected a temporary visit; and now, I am sorry to say, the involved state of the Magazine, and of affairs in general, forbids me from anticipating that I shall be able to go northward before September, or October. At that time, for reasons which I need not explain, I shall not bring Thomas with me. In the meantime, having suffered much for a fortnight past, I am on

the eve of getting into the country, in order to breathe more freely, and to be rid of the constant fever of business. . . . I have placed Thomas * to his, and to my own, satisfaction. . . . When I recover my strength, which I lament to say is a good deal reduced, I shall have the pleasure of writing to you. T. C."

* * * * *

On his return from Bath, to which he had been called for the performance of another melancholy office, he writes :—

"*July 7th.* . . . I implore you, my dear Gray, to do whatever seems most fitting to yourself, as to the medals.† I am really incapable of thinking much on any subject. This Bath journey has left me exhausted, almost to inanition. . . . I underwent the strongest agitation on receiving news of my sister-in-law's death ; and I was shocked that I received no communication of it, directly, from the family, but only at second-hand, from a cousin, who was asked to go as chief-mourner. . . . Whether this was meant for rudeness, or delicacy, I know not : but I obeyed the better impulse of my heart, and went, uninvited, to the survivors, who were very desolate, and assured me that they felt my coming to be a kindness ; but that they had feared to send for me, in case I might dislike such a journey. So far, all was well : but there was a picture of Matilda, in their drawing-room, which affected me dreadfully amidst the sobs and lamentations of the last remaining sisters of the

* Under the care of the late Dr. Allen of Fairmead, High Beach, Essex, where he chiefly remained until the summer of 1844.

† Prize medals (not annual) for the encouragement of his young constituents.—*See ante, page* 16.

family. . . . I had not slept a wink all night on going down; and returning by next night's coach, I had scarcely more repose.

"At the service itself—or, at least, on the way to it—I had a narrow escape, with others, in the first mourning-coach, from being ourselves made the subjects of a funeral; for the undertaker had put in a wild, unbroken horse, that began to kick and plunge. Our danger was imminent; but the bystanders happily secured him, till we made a desperate jump out of the coach, before it was upset. . . . I thought I should not have been able to write so much. God bless you: so prays your weary and afflicted, but affectionate friend, T. C."

From the above date his time and attention were given, almost exclusively, to the business of the College. To Mr. John Tennent, Secretary to the Committee of Students, he writes as follows:—

"10, SEYMOUR STREET, *October* 23, 1828.

"In answer to your inquiry whether the Royal Commissioners have made any motion with regard to your petition, I have to state that I had an interview but lately with the Earl of Aberdeen on that subject, and he informed me that the adjustment of everything regarding the Scotch Universities is now under the deliberation of the Royal Commissioners at Edinburgh; and that their decision was expected before the close of the year. Any present interference, I imagine, would be attended with no good. As Lord Aberdeen is personally a most honourable man, I believe implicitly that his lordship's full persuasion is, that the changes, whatever they may be, recommended by the Edinburgh Board of Commission, will be forthwith ordained as law—and his lordship ought to know better

than I. If, nevertheless, there shall be any encroachments made on the rights of students, or professors, I am inclined to believe that such encroachments might still be successfully resisted by broaching the matter in parliament. I shall, at all events, be much astonished if the Commissioners decide on anything before the term of your next election. . . . . In general terms, I certainly cannot too strongly recommend forbearance from any appearance of strong, or at least divided excitement. . . I trust I need not declare that my affection for the students of Glasgow does not depend on my bearing a title. Theirs I am, and shall be, in my affections, whatever relation I may bear to them. You ask me if I could come down in the event of a re-election? Yes, surely: but, mark me, I deprecate this answer being considered in the light of an application. " T. C."

By this time the students had resolved to give permanent *éclat* to the rectorship of Campbell, by electing him for the third time. Of this honour, the highest that could be conferred, no instance had occurred for a century; and, in reply to the committee appointed for this grand object, Campbell thus expressed himself:—

"LONDON, *October* 25, 1828.

". . . I have answered the question put by you, I suppose, authorised by the Committee, whether I could appear at my post in Glasgow, in the event of being re-elected? I must own that I hesitated what to say. The rumour is all abroad that the students intend to re-elect me; and here is something like a demi-official question as to my compliance. But this matter has yet to be decided; and my saying *yea* to the question, may be construed into canvassing for, or seeking the honour;

and in that light I should by no means wish to stand. Yet, on the other hand, I felt it my bounden duty not to keep you in suspense as to the fact that, if re-elected, I should be at your call, and that promptly. I have now to tell you what may seem strange even to some of you; but which is nevertheless a matter of the purest fact, and which, I assure you, I express with humility, although it may sound like arrogance. If re-elected, either unanimously or with an approach to unanimity, I should accept the office *simply* and substantially from my *regard for the students of Glasgow;* and not from ambitioning the honour of a title. Of that, however, I have had as much as my pride could crave: you have given me testimonies* of regard that will serve my life with gratification as long as its spark endures."

"In the character of your *friend*, Students of Glasgow, I desire only to prove to you my friendship; and therefore, if I can be of any use to you, I will come to you in any capacity in which you choose to invite me,—as your Rector, or as your simple adviser.

"I always thought from the beginning of this great crisis—the Visitation—that until its end, there can be nothing more important for the students of Glasgow, than to have a Rector animated with a devoted and determined spirit in their cause. Have you a man of this kind to put in my place? If you have—do not suppose I speak ironically—I shall call upon you with joy, and zeal, to elect him. If *you* are satisfied, I shall not merely be satisfied, but really (excuse my plainness of expression) pleased to escape the fatigue of the journey.

* Among these "testimonies" was a superb silver punch-bowl, richly embossed, and bearing a classic inscription. The last occasion on which I saw this precious heir-loom was at a dinner, given by the Poet to Prince Czartoryski and Lord Dudley C. Stuart.

"Allow me to trace to you the course of my own thoughts on this subject. From the beginning, I felt persuaded that my continuance in office would be likely, during this crisis, to be of use to you; and, therefore, I never contradicted the rumour afloat about a *third* intended election. But late in this summer, circumstances occurred which made me anticipate, what will still be the fact, great personal inconvenience, and a melancholy trial of my fortitude, after the loss I have sustained, in facing Glasgow this winter. I thought to myself, this third proposed election will be a novelty; it may produce discord; it may put an inglorious termination to a connection between my constituents and myself, which has not sunk them in the world's estimation, and has raised me higher in its opinion. I had therefore seriously determined to write to the students in Glasgow —imploring them not to be offended with my anticipating the refusal of a yet unoffered honour, but begging them to accept of my resignation next month, without thoughts of re-election. I slept and woke upon this resolution, and was about to write to you, my dear Secretary Tennent.

Believe, &c., &c. T. C."

To another friend, warmly interested in his re-election, Campbell thus reverts to the question:—

"LONDON, *November* 9, 1828.

". . . I have had some correspondence with one who officially wrote to me, on the part of the students of Glasgow, and requested me to say whether, if elected, I would for the third time come down to them. I hesitated for some time, but at last yielded to the impulse of dealing as frankly as possible with the boys. I thought it improper to keep them in any state of uncertainty; and I

still think that I may be of some possible use to them; and that, if they wish for me, I ought to be for this more at their service. I need not assure *you*, for I think you know my mind already on the subject, that the event is nearly indifferent to me, on any other score than my affection for them, and my wish to show them that no cooling of our mutual good-will shall begin on my side: so, though it was throwing myself a good deal on their candour, I told them that, if elected, I should certainly come, and that immediately. If I should not be elected, I empower you most strongly to assert my right to say that my personal ambition is not disappointed; and that if *they* are satisfied, so am I; for in that event they will have got somebody in whom they can confide; and if so, I shall be saved a journey, as well as the probability of reproach, that I have not meant and offered to do every thing in my power for them. If I should be elected, have the goodness to inform me by that day's post. T. C."

This resolution on the part of the students produced great excitement. A strong opposition was set up; but the stronger the opposition, the more determined were Campbell's supporters to carry the re-election; and, knowing what his presence among them at such a moment would accomplish, they entreated him to show himself once more in the field. On receipt of this invitation, he writes:—

"*Tuesday*, 19*th*.—The students of Glasgow who had given me a majority of votes for the third year's rectorship are in a state of ferment at the Vice-Rector's setting up Sir Walter Scott;* and have sent for me express, to come

* "The nomination of Sir Walter was carried by what the 'Campbellites' considered an unfair election. A deputation of them, therefore, went off to

and consult with them. I am just setting off.—Four o'clock."

His arrival in Glasgow is thus briefly announced to his sister :—" Offer to Mr. Clason my best and most grateful remembrances, for all his friendly attention to you, and his invitation to me. All that I can say is, that, as soon as I can be in Edinburgh, I shall make no other roof than his my home, where I had so much happiness in meeting him and his enchanting friend Dr. Chalmers. But, really, I am so enveloped in business at Glasgow, that I cannot predict when I shall be free, and *when* my friends may expect me in Edinburgh."

From Glasgow he was summoned to Edinburgh, where his sister lay dangerously ill. In the following letter to a private friend, the state of his mind and feelings is thus frankly disclosed :—

"EDINBURGH, *November* 27, 1828.

"I write to you from beside the sick-bed of my poor sister Mary, whose late attack of palsy was an aggravation to my afflictions. I am otherwise suffering ; but I contrive to suffer so well, that the world gives me credit for being in a state of health and cheerfulness. But, inwardly, my heart is bleeding. Everything and every face in Glasgow is a stab to my recollections of the past. I left my son in a very ticklish frame of mind ; and I have the prospect of not long possessing the dearest and nearest of my earthly relatives. I left Glasgow to spend yesterday and to-day with her. . . I thank God she is somewhat

Edinburgh, and, waiting upon him, expressed themselves to that effect. The consequence was that Sir Walter sent word to the Professors that he declined the proffered honour."—*Notes of the Election.*

better; but it is clear she cannot endure very long. Perhaps I should rather envy her than anticipate regret for her loss. Yet I cannot but feel deeply; for her friendship to me has been deep, and tender, and generous.

"As to the election, it is yet to come—I believe on Tuesday. I was brought thither by the sense of duty, and the *fear* of being chargeable with moral fear and inconsistency. I had said to the students, that whilst I had life, I should be ready to serve them. They asked me, first, whether, if elected, I would come? I disdained to send a whining excuse about sensations, and scenes, and melancholy recollections, or indelicately to hint at the nature of my domestic calamity; and I could say nothing else than '*Yes;* I am ready to come, if you think I can do you good by coming.' . . . . I came. I told them to reconsider if they ought still to have me. They said they were determined. And was it for me to fly back from them, or refuse to lead them on? . . . . All this time, people talk to me of the *honour* of the appointment. I am sick of the honour—I hate the honour, inasmuch as it is a pageant. All that consoles and upholds my grief-wrung heart is that I have not set an example to young men of faithlessness and cowardice. . . God bless and preserve you and yours. I leave Edinburgh without seeing a friend but my two poor sisters: the third one, and my other friends I hope to see when the election is over. T. C."

On the Tuesday following, the election was triumphantly carried; and, for the third time,—a rare and almost unprecedented honour,—Campbell found himself Lord-Rector of his native university.*

* On his third election Campbell thus addressed his constituents:—"I return you my best thanks for this appointment, as a token of your confidence and regard. But, if I were to thank you for the pageantry and publicity of

On his way homewards—and with his mind full of "University schemes"—he writes from the seat of his generous friend, Mr. Thomson :—

"*Dec.* 13*th.*—After passing two days in Edinburgh, I proceeded southward, and reached the abode of my dear old friend Thomson, of this place — in the midst of his cotton-printing manufactory. It is a stately pile of buildings, which I am trying to persuade him to turn into a University! there being room enough for twenty lecture places, besides a common hall, and a house that would be admirably convenient for the Rector's residence!! . . . .

"Thomson has already got home from the sculptor in London, Baily, a marble bust, similar to the original of which you have a cast in your house, which he intends to present to the students of Glasgow; and has authorised me to tell them so. . . . T. C."*

* * * * * *

In commemoration of Campbell's third election to the Rectorship of Glasgow, it was proposed by the more advanced students, and unanimously resolved, to institute

the office, I should regard a sentiment to which my heart is at this moment an utter and disdainful stranger. For supposing—what is anything but the case—that in the present circumstances of my life, I was much alive to vain-glorious feeling, still your Rectorship, honourable as it is—if I had been without an affectionate interest in my native University—would have been but a sorry bribe to my most selfish calculations. And if I had gone on these, I could not now have had the honour of addressing you. But I had no selfish or ignoble motives; and for your crediting this assertion, I palter not with suspicions—I appeal to whatever is honourable in your own bosoms—and I demand your belief. No, gentlemen! I come to you in a frame of mind, not indeed crushed, though chastened by calamity; but still in a frame of mind little coveting any new sprig for my mere vanity, to be interwoven with this crape."

* Extract from a letter to John Richardson, Esq.

a literary association, to be entitled "The Campbell Club."* To a letter from the Secretary of the Committee, soliciting the Rector's sanction to their proceedings, the following answer was returned :—

"LONDON, *March* 3, 1829.

"MY DEAR CONSTITUENTS,

"I beg you to communicate to your brother students, who are named in the letter which I have this moment received, my deep sense of the kindness, and honour, which they intend to confer upon me, by the institution of a Club, bearing my name. And of course I cannot refuse to give, what you and they are pleased to call, my patronage to any association of friends so deservedly possessing my regard. But I will treat you with that frankness and freedom, as well as with that unceasing regard to your Academical interests, which I have ever studied to make the rule of my conduct towards you. And, in considering the possible effects of this Society being immediately instituted, I must confidently own that I fear it might stand in the way of my fulfilling all the little good, which it is my object to effect, in behalf of the students. The institution of such a Society after I have resigned office—independent of its proud gratification to my feelings, as an unpurchaseable honour —possibly may be also of service to the general cause of independence in the University ; and I should come down and take my seat as patron—(though *friend* would be a better title)—with still more pride than as your Rector. But, whilst I am Rector, I put it to your good sense, my dear young friends, whether it might not at this time leave

* The founders of this Club were John Tennent, Esq., and John Ralston Wood, M.D., both prizemen of their College, under his Rectorship, and greatly esteemed by the Poet.

it liable to be malignantly said, that your Campbell is the Rector, not of the whole students, but of a self-elected Club! A *select* Society it ought to be; but selection implies rejection; rejection carries stings and mortification.

"On my return, in a few weeks, I shall have to consult the collective sense of the students, respecting what I ought to do, or not to do, for their interests; and I anticipate that, with my best intentions, I shall be obliged, in giving them an account of my stewardship, to depend on their exercising candour, as well as scrutiny, towards me. Now, it is easy to foresee that all refused students for the Club, would, in the first place, be but cool adherents to any public measure which I might propose as Rector; and without wielding the general body of students, I could do nothing officially. Or supposing, as Mr. Joseph Hume tells me is the case with himself, as Rector of Aberdeen—it should be found advisable to take no such step as that of holding a Rector's Court, till the Royal visitation is concluded—supposing, I say, that I had to tell this to the assembled students—I anticipate clearly what would be said:—'Oh, my Lord has been with his *Club*, and we are to be ruled by his oligarchy of favourites.' In the character of ex-Rector, I should care not a pin for such remarks; but, whilst Rector, I wish all students who can be at all managed, to be brought by every possible means into coalition for two grand purposes: 1st, for deciding, on calm and friendly deliberation, what steps I ought to take for the general good; 2dly, to settle, as far as the point can be settled, what candidate is to be my successor.

"Let me put the case in another light: the rejected candidates—suppose they take it into their heads to create a new Club? I must either refuse with a bad grace, or diminish the value of our Club, by dividing myself. If I were ex-Rector, I should of course feel pledged to the one,

first projected, association; whilst in office I ought to have no conclave of friends. For a moment it cannot enter into your kind hearts, that I have told you all this from any lack of affection; for, on the contrary, I feel, if possible, more attached to you individually, from the offer; and with unceasing regard I remain, my dear constituents, your friend, T. CAMPBELL."

* * * * *

On the eve of his return to Glasgow he writes :—

"*March 30th.*—I was preparing, my dear Cousin, to send you a jocular answer, saying that a poor dependent relation dares not refuse your hospitality! But, reperusing your affectionate letter, I am induced to tell you, with a feeling of seriousness, that it will do me much good to be with you in Glasgow; and that I really wished, what I half foresaw, that you would not accept my excuse. . . . I think it will also do my son good . . . and, to say the truth, I shall be saved, I believe, one more absurd report that might have been got up, if I were not to accept your renewed hospitality — namely, that some difference or coolness had sprung up between us!

"One of my objects in writing to you now is, that you will flatly and strongly deny another absurd rumour at present circulated, viz.—that I am going to be married! There is not a word or vestige of truth in the report.

"I have put a stop to the intention of the more attached students, for the present, to found a 'Campbell Club.' I must be, whilst I am Rector, the Rector of all—and not of a Club; but the dear good boys had a kind intention; and I love them not the less for my opposing it.

"I think you will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Siddons is engaged in writing a series of letters, containing the

reminiscences of her whole life, which she intends to bequeath to me, as the materials for my writing her life. She has already shown me one long and most interesting letter, that took an hour in reading. T. C."

* * * * *

On the 12th of April, Campbell was again at his post in Glasgow. During his stay, the Senate of the University met daily; the claims of the Students were discussed, and privileges conceded, with access to the Museum, and the College Library. A meeting of his Constituents was then held, and thanks were voted to the Lord Rector* for the success with which he had advocated their rights. Upon the whole, he says, "I finished my business more amicably than I had reason to expect:" but "on Friday," he adds, "I received so distressing a letter from Mrs. Stewart that I started immediately for Kinniel." On arriving in Edinburgh, he writes:—"I have dined with Sir James Moncrieff—my intended successor to the Rectorship, and spent a delicious evening with the Alisons, putting M. . . in mind of all our old quarrels and coquetteries."

* * * * *

In the second week of May, Campbell returned to London, and wrote the "Lines to Julia M. . .," the only piece of this year which he would consent to publish. Among his MSS., however, I find a poem of more than

* "The office of Lord Rector, originally instituted for the protection of the rights of Students, had become a sinecure honour. From time immemorial, Campbell's predecessors had contented themselves with coming down for a few days to Glasgow, and making a speech at their installation. The Poet set the first example of a Lord Rector attending, with scrupulous punctuality, to the duties of his office, and spending several weeks in examining the statutes, accounts, and whole management of the University."—*Notes.*

two hundred lines—a Rhenish story with the description of a tournament — but which the author, I am told, immediately threw aside after reading a similar description in "Ivanhoe."* As the mere fact of its rejection gives interest to the poem, a specimen will be given hereafter. In the meantime we return to his letters :—

"LONDON, *June* 14, 1829.

"A misfortune has overtaken me in being sentenced to 'pass sentence' on my fellow creatures, by my office of grand juryman! It is not yet over, though the foreman has kindly released me on particular days ; during the rest, I have been confined in the Court, at Clerkenwell, six or seven hours every day ; and obliged, on getting home at six, to work on my papers till midnight, and then start at six in the morning—but ill refreshed with sleep. The jury business is very trying ; it suffers neither the judgment nor sympathy to repose a moment. The lives, or fortunes, of hundreds are brought into discussion. One is distracted between a sense of duty to the public, and commiseration for infatuated guilty creatures, impelled to crimes from ignorance and poverty. I have given my voice, as most of my fellow-jurors, rather on the side of stern law, than compassion ; for, whatever inclination to mercy we may have in the case of delinquents, the truth always recurs to one's mind, that mercy is due also to the public ; that we are bound to protect them from the nuisance of offenders.

"We had a very affecting scene when the brother of the gentleman, who was literally murdered by an execrable quack, gave his evidence, and with difficulty could deliver

* This must have been in 1819-20— ; the poem may therefore have been written a year or two before that date.

it. Sorry am I to say, that we could indict ——— only for manslaughter, though he deserves to be impaled. Now and then, we had diverting scenes:—A little boy of eleven was indicted for stealing two pounds of pickled pork, and had been imprisoned four months! There was a hearty laugh at the expense of the prosecutor, a fat portly butcher, who came in with as much importance, as if he had been robbed of a casket of jewels. Another case was stealing two pounds of black puddings! Here I spoke vehemently for throwing out the bill; and acknowledged to my brother-jurymen, that I had too deep a sympathy with any lover of black puddings, ever to condemn him for stealing them! The black-pudding-bill was accordingly rejected. Next we had a tall Yorkshire boor, who indicted a Loonon maun, as he called him, for robbing him of a sovereign. 'I was gaw'n,' he said, 'please your worships, alang the Regent's Park, when the prisoner comes up and ax'd me, an I knawed Mr. Tomkins, who keeps the Yorkshire Stingo? I knaws nothing of nouther him ner thee, says I. With that the Loonon chap whops out a sovereign and says—I wager this that thee dost knaw him. So with that, your worships, A puts my hand i' my pocket, and whops out another sovereign, and puts it down on a bench that was by us; when, what do you think, your worships, the chap maks a grab at them both, and takes to his heels; and when A pursued him, A was obliged to stop for the folks laughin' at me.'—The jury was so cruel as to laugh at him also, and dismissed the indictment."

* * * * *

Campbell had now completed his arrangements for a change of domicile: and having parted with his house in Seymour-street West, took the lease of another, a much larger one, in Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, which he was to enter at Midsummer. In making this change, he

acted upon the suggestions of an amiable and accomplished friend, deeply interested in his welfare, and destined, as he fondly imagined, to "restore him to the happiness of married life." It was the opinion of all, mutually acquainted with the parties, that Campbell was taking a most prudent and well-considered step. The lady was a woman of good family and fortune, and endowed with those virtues, which give sanctity and security to the domestic hearth.* In the meantime, with a Journal to edit—a "house to furnish"—a "club to organise"—the Rector was fully occupied. At length, on obtaining the "Lease," he says:—

"*June.*—Write to me, after Monday week, in Middle Scotland-yard—I am not sorry, on the whole, for the change of place; for this Seymour-street is a most uncentral situation, so that I am obliged to *you* for the suggestion of changing my domicile." * * *

In another letter, he expresses much painful anxiety regarding his son: he has parties to reconcile—literary questions to decide, and some opponents to confute. He has also received notice of a sudden death in his family, and writes—

"*July 25th.*—I scarcely know, my dearest sister, how to offer you a brother's consolation on the melancholy event that has disposed of our poor Elizabeth.† To our excellent medical friend, Dr. Borthwick, I shall for life hold myself gratefully bound for all his attention to you." . . . .

* In his *friendships*, Campbell has left a rare example of constancy: in his *loves*, he has been playfully charged with being "rather volatile," and even confesses that, "like wax"—

"Poets' fancies are a little
Disposed to heat and cool (they say,)
By turns impressible and brittle."—POEMS, page 201.

† His youngest sister, who died, near Edinburgh, aged 64. See Introductory Chapter, Vol. I., page 22.

Then turning to his favourite project, he adds :—

"I am at present forming a Literary Society* in London which, on my removal to a more central house, will place me in more frequent intercourse with my friends and acquaintance, thereby giving me a better chance of being successful in your recommendations. To this society I also look forward as a means of relieving the solitude to which circumstances of late have too often condemned me. We have got some excellent members—Sir Francis Freeling, Sir Gore Ouseley, and our late Persian ambassador, with several other distinguished men ; and expect in all to reckon 400 associates. We shall have a house of meeting with proper servants.—The principal society I have seen of late has been that of the M.'s ; but I am sorry to say that they also, dear souls, have had their trials.—I wish I could see you again, my dearest sister ; and I will do so, if I can get away from the 'New Monthly.' Meanwhile I desire to live in your kind remembrance; and believe that, although I am not by you, to soothe your sufferings, my heart takes a deep interest in you, and offers up sincere prayers to Heaven for the mitigation of your sorrows. I have just parted with Miss —— who, with tears in her eyes, sends you her best love. God bless you. T. C."

* * * * *

During the ensuing month the Poet's mind was engrossed by the cares of "flitting," "editing," "composing,"—the consequence of which was a return of the malady to which he was more or less subject through life. In the midst of his household arrangements he writes to Mr. Tennent:—

* Over this Society Campbell had the honour to preside until his departure to Boulogne, in 1843 ; but unhappily it did not long survive the founder.

"MIDDLE SCOTLAND YARD, *Sept.* 30, 1829.

"Your letter has been lying for me several days at Colburn's, where I have not happened to call since I got into my new domicile, which is still, I am sorry to say, a scene of confusion, with carpets unlaid, and book-shelves under the hammer of carpenters, who are fixing them to my new and spacious study. All this time I am rather an invalid, and ought now to be stretched on a sofa; but, with one plague or another, I am obliged to trudge about, and superintend the process of furniture fixing.

"My last attack has left me a different man from what you saw me last May, when I could work from six to twelve. Now I am obliged to give up hard study, and manage nothing but the Journal. The reason is, when I study long, I am exhausted, and require wine or some stimulus to refresh me at the end of it; but anything stronger than water is now poison to me. I am forced even to starve, in point of diet, in order to keep free from pain; for a hearty meal puts me into agonies of sufferings; and like Lewis Cornaro, I rise from dinner as hungry as I sat down. This likes me not: I lose flesh, and feel so habitually relaxed, that I pass the evening merely in conversation.

"In the meanwhile, you may assure my friends, that, though I am obliged to drop the scheme of the Classical Encyclopædia, I am determined to rewrite the letters to the students, and make a full and handsome work of it. I find many things, even in those few letters, that call for change and enlargement. Altogether I am determined to keep up the memory of the Rectorship by a work, addressed expressly to the students, on the subject of History and Literature.

"With regard to the Club, I am glad to hear it goes on. The London Campbell Club, certainly, should not be

considered at an end. On the contrary, I expect that we shall have a dinner on the 14th of November. No doubt the Literary Union rose out of that project; and may be said to have been set up as a different institution; but still I have secured an honorary place, in the Literary Union, for all members of the Glasgow Campbell Club, who can bring to me a fair recommendation from the majority of their own body, in the event of their visiting London." . . .

"Thus far I have written, my dear T., in a scene of more stunning confusion than ever surrounded a Welsh curate writing his sermons—the clang of hammers; the mewing of my four cats; the eternal rapping at the great door; so that I literally know not what I have written to you; and 'look on't again, I dare not!' T. C."

* * * * * *

Another death—that of a much revered friend and relative—having called for his sympathy, he writes to Mr. Gray:—

"Middle Scotland Yard, *Sept.* 30, 1829.

"I could not, my dear cousin, consistently with my own feelings towards you and your family, pass unnoticed what your short letter of this day communicates to me. Such an event, however late and long expected it may come, can never fail to bring an awful impression; and our very acquiescence in it, is connected with melancholy reflections on the nature and tenure of human life. But few good hearts, I believe, had ever the means of submitting to the loss of a parent with more mitigating circumstances, than you and your family have to look to, on this occasion;—his fulness of years—his venerable character and memory—and the consciousness which you all possess of having

blessed his life by the most devoted filial attachment. These considerations must be now an unspeakable solace to you.

"I should not at this moment have taken up my pen to any one but yourself, or a very particular friend so situated; for I am sorry to say that from the vigorous health which I had in the beginning of summer, I have fallen into a condition of pain and debility. . . . My disease is subdued only by starving: the moment I eat any thing approaching to a full meal, I relapse into fever and suffering. . . . The consequence of this is a very low state of strength and spirits; so that I am obliged to give up all study, except the management of the Journal that is my bread-winner. I have got, however, into my new house, and like it vastly. I only grudge the empty rooms, and that I cannot see you occupying one of them. The situation of Middle Scotland Yard is admirably convenient for all parts of London. Thomas is with me, and continues tolerably. . ." "Adieu, my dear Gray, though I am a bad correspondent, I hope you will not grudge me a few lines when you can spare time—it is always a comfort to me to hear from you. Your affectionate cousin, T. C."

Writing to his invalid sister, he says:—

"*Oct.* 1*st.*—Our good friend your physician wrote to me that your constitution seemed to have taken a favourable turn. God preserve my dearest sister! I am blest in two *Marys*, the most excellent beings of their sex. I am better, no doubt; and Charles Bell, whose kindness has been most brotherly, pronounces my complaint not dangerous; but it is still troublesome and painful. I keep it down by abstinence from wine and even animal food that approaches to starvation. I rise from meals like Cornaro,

about as hungry as when I sat down. This irks me—I cannot study as I did; but as I have come through life with much less suffering of body, than I can imagine body exposed to suffer, I am bound to submit to ailments of any tolerable kind, with a manful grace."

[The following passage is very characteristic of the Poet:—]

"I am here in my new mansion, beginning, as far as house-room is concerned, to be comfortably settled. The appearance of the house is quite lordly—so my friends tell me in congratulation. My upholsterer, a most persuasive Inverness man—a wondrous cheap dealer, and a man of great taste, has brought me to a furniture-fascination, and shown me that, without certain tables, &c., I could not inhabit the place! 'About the price,' he says, 'I need not trouble myself for years.' After shaking my head very thoughtfully, I have even bespoken certain drawing-room furniture, for the payment of which, I shall mortgage part of the edition of my Poems for 1830! In other respects, I manage my household with very rigid economy: and I find an evening party, in a handsome drawing-room, stands me instead of expensive dinner parties. T. C."

To Mr. (now Dr.) Smith, of Glasgow, his liberal friend and publisher—he writes as follows:—

"*Oct. 29th.*—I return you many thanks for your kindness in attending to this literary business of mine, which, from sheer ill-health, I have been obliged to neglect. The letters to the students, it seems to me, can receive no other title than simply 'Letters on the History of Literature.' By the strict order of my medical men, I attend at present

to no business that is not indispensable; and am obliged to give up my usual studies. 'The New Monthly' is quite sufficient employment for me. I still look forward, however, to the resumption of my health and vigour, and to the finishing of a work that will make those letters be forgotten. I am glad to find that I am on the credit side of your books. I shall be extremely obliged to you to deposit as much as you may think me entitled to, in the hands of Mr. Gray, to whom I fear my *prize-medals* have made me a debtor for a much larger sum.

"Believe me, that I am extremely sensible to the attention and kindness of your conduct, and that I remain, with much respect, yours truly, T. C."

The "Literary Union" was now fairly established. Among other letters, announcing that event, is the following to Sir Walter Scott, in which pleasing evidence is again afforded of that personal regard for his illustrious friend, which no political difference had ever diminished:—

"*November* 4, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR WALTER,

"I have been for some time busy in establishing a new club in London, called 'The Literary Union,' the object of which is to bring the literary men of the Metropolis into habits of more social and friendly intercourse than has been accomplished by preceding clubs. Many respectable persons have kindly lent their co-operation—Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir George Duckett, Sir F. Freeling, and others. We have taken the old Athenæum house in Regent-street, and we open at Christmas. It would promote our views very much to have merely permission to inscribe the names of eminent personages, out of London, as Honorary Members of our society; and I should be

greatly obliged to you to allow me to give my filial Institution so illustrious a name as yours, as an Honorary Member. The permission involves no sort of responsibility, unless an implied expectation that when you are in London, and pass through Regent-street, you will condescend to look in upon us. I assure you that among the two hundred members already elected, there is not one objectionable character. I am in hopes that Mr. Lockhart will join us, but, though I requested a friend to mention the matter, I did not like to importune him myself—I know he is a very domestic man, and, as Dr. Johnson says, not likely to be *Clubbable.*

"With the greatest regard and affection, believe me, dear Sir Walter, yours very truly, T. CAMPBELL."

The events of this year were very unfavourable to poetry: the only finished piece to which it lays claim is the short, sparkling lyric, "When Love came first to Earth," written for music, and now incorporated with his other Poems. Among the *fragments*, however, I find several *charades*, one of which is the following, on his own name :—

Come from my *first*, ay come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump, and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!

Fight, as thy fathers fought!
Fall, as thy fathers fell!
Thy task is taught—thy shroud is wrought—
So forward, and farewell!

Toll ye my *second*, toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light,
And sing ye the hymn of a parted soul!

* * * *

CHAPTER II.

CLOSE OF RECTORSHIP.

THE third year's Rectorship, which had been pronounced "contrary to the statutes and usage of the University," * and which Campbell accepted with some reluctance, had now expired. On retiring from office he carried with him the respect and gratitude of his constituents; with the pleasing consciousness, on his own part, of having accomplished much good. He had reformed abuses, restored rights, improved the discipline, stimulated the genius, and fostered a spirit of intellectual inquiry in every class of the University. These advantages were not secured without many sacrifices. Money and time—and to him time was fortune—were unsparingly devoted to the cause in hand.

All his official duties he performed in person, and with a zeal and ability which increased, "as the difficulties increased by which the reforms he had laboured to introduce, were at first opposed." Of the principal advantages which he had the happiness to revive, and secure for the benefit of the students, some account will be found in the Appendix.

The following address from the ex-Rector to "the Campbell Club" was read at their first anniversary :—

* The third year was said to be "illegal, because contrary to the statutes and usage of the University; but care was taken not to mention any law which it broke. The protest was signed by the Principal, and six of the Professors."

"LONDON, *Dec.* 4, 1829.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"When this is read to you, you will be met in full assembly to commemorate the institution of your Association, and to renew your vows to its principles :—the Elective Franchise ; the Rights of Students ; and the Interests of our Alma Mater.

"Your objects are honourable and useful ; let them be kept alive in your minds, and they will be a legacy to future students, and to succeeding generations. Joy and harmony be among you ! Though my bodily presence is not with you, my heart and soul are in the very midst of your festivity. I should be glad to pay you a visit soon, if my health did not still require the greatest caution, and management ; and if my private avocations did not require almost incessant attention. "When there was but a question about your rights and interests, I flew, at the call of duty, to the post of honour ; but now, that my personal gratification could alone be served, I am obliged to consider difficulties." . . .

"I feel, as I ought to feel, the honour which you do me in your association bearing my name. Let me not seem, however, to misunderstand the compliment : it is paid to the *principles* which I profess in common with you, and will continue to do me credit only in proportion as I am consistent, and assiduous, in the maintenance of those principles ; which though (as they concern us) they are limited to the interests of a college, are, nevertheless, in their abstract nature, applicable to the whole rights and interests of mankind. I promise you fidelity to those principles, and to make a conscientious use of that influence on the minds of the youth of our Alma Mater, which you afford me, by the place I hold in your Association. Many men may attach little consequence to the

honour which you have done me; but I attach a great deal. Fletcher of Saltoun said—Let others make the laws of a country, if you give me power to make their national ballads. But I say—give me an influence, more or less, on the young hearts of a country—let me have access to their honest ratiocination; and I will leave you to make their old laws and old ballads what you will.

"Let it not seem pedantic that I take my leave of you in the words of a beautiful, though modern, Latin poet:—

'Et vos jucundi, carissima turba, sodales
Mens quibus nostra non aliena fuit,
Vivite felices! dum me tenet altera tellus;
Vivite seu vivam! vivite seu moriar!'

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

* * * * *

The following note to Mrs. R. Arkwright, whose musical genius had given additional "harmony even to his best poetry," is very characteristic:—

"MIDDLE SCOTLAND YARD, *Dec.* 10, 1829.

"DEAR MADAM,

"One who had your excellent father among the very first encouragers of his first published poem, and who is still honoured by the friendship of your family, cannot reply to your note in the formal third person. There are no verses of mine that I shall not think the better of, for their being selected by you as the subjects of musical composition. I feel this, however, like the Muse of Poetry sending her kind compliments to her sister muse. If I should at any time—and let me hope the time will sooner or later come—fulfil my intention of seeing a country so interesting as Derbyshire, it will add no slight zest to my pleasure, to come and pay my respects to you. Already it heightens, in anticipation, my association with the

scenery, to describe to you, in return for your pointing them out to me, the finest views of the Peak.* . . .

"At present I am doing penance for my expired Rectorship in Glasgow, by finding myself obliged to make up my leeway in London, after so many journeys out of it, and to live like a knight of industry. But still I look forward to taking a summer ramble into Derbyshire, and hearing my own 'Roland' sung, as only *one* can sing him.

"I rejoice to perceive that Mrs. Hemans is one of your favourite poets. My praise of her, little as she needs it, is at least disinterested; but she seems to me a genius singularly fitted for the accompaniment of your graceful and noble musical powers. She may not be the boldest and deepest of female geniuses, though the richness of her vein is very sterling; but, to my taste, she is the most elegant [lyric] poetess that England has produced. I hope you are personally acquainted with her, which, I am sorry to say, I am not.

"The length of my letter will possibly teach you to be more cautious in future of sending civil notes, that require an answer, to old and prolix poets of fifty. But you may comfort yourself by reflecting, that you could not have well foreseen what claims of acquaintance, founded on the Pleasures of Memory, the author of the Pleasures of Hope had to prefer to you. Meanwhile let me beg pardon for having so long imposed on your patience, and make this apology—that, as your father† was the first who rejoiced my ear by commending the beginning of my first poem; so I have a superstitious joy in thanking his daughter for setting its conclusion to music. With very sincere respect,

T. C."

* * * * *

* The anecdote that follows in the letter has been already given, vol. i. page 257.

† See vol. i. page 257.

The opening of this year was clouded by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with whom Campbell had lived on terms of friendly intimacy for more than twenty years. The kindness and generosity of the painter to his less prosperous friend, had been often manifested in acts, to which the Poet has borne grateful testimony. The fall of such a man presented a very fit subject for biography; and from their long attachment and congenial tastes, a life of Lawrence, by Campbell, was expected to present features of interest which, perhaps, no other pen could so well delineate; and, in the pleasing hope of performing at once a public and a private duty, Campbell set himself seriously to the task. By the private friends and family connections of Lawrence, materials were speedily furnished; and his letters of this period are filled with accounts of his applications, and the promptitude with which they had been answered. Why, after a few months, the work was abandoned, I have not ascertained; it is only certain that, after an auspicious commencement, the task was delegated to his friend, the late Mr. D. E. Williams, of whose literary talents Campbell entertained a high opinion. It seems very probable that, in declining this task, he was swayed by a promise given to Mrs. Siddons, with the sad prospect of being soon called upon for its fulfilment—for at this period her health had become more feeble and precarious.

In proof of the determination, however, with which the Poet undertook his friend's biography, he resolved to confine himself to his chambers; and neither to pay, nor receive visits, until the task was completed. The better to carry out this resolution, he had a lithographed notice sent round to his friends, and fastened to the door of his study. This novel method of preventing intrusion, occasioned much harmless mirth at the time; but solitude

becoming irksome, the document remained only a very few days in force; and the framer of the law became its first transgressor.* To his associate in the "Life," he thus traces the plan—

"*Feb.* 24*th.*—Meanwhile let us be after the young days of Sir Thomas; and though we must not neglect anything that comes in our way—respecting his later days, and professional character; yet I think we should not go out of our way, or leave the narrative for such matter. My idea is, that I shall begin plump with his birth, parentage, and boyish days; and, going through all the events of his life that can be gathered, interposing them with letters, conclude with his character and a history of English Art."

March 8*th.*—On receiving from Glasgow the "first-fruits of his new Edition," he writes:—

"*Tale tuum Banknote* nobis, *divine Cousine!*
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum, &c.—[VIRG. EC. V. 45.]

and to think that I have three pounds to come! Yet, my dear Gray, I am sorry to afflict a postage upon you—as to pay it would affront you—but I must acknowledge your welcome paper; and I am anxious to inquire of you

* The following is a copy of the circular:—

"(*Circular.*) Mr. Campbell being now engaged in the task of writing a life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, as well as in other literary avocations, is desirous to have his time and attention left as undistracted as possible from those objects. He therefore requests his friends not to send him any notes that may require answers: unless on cases of the utmost importance, and on subjects connected with the life of Lawrence. Mr. Reading, at the Literary Union Club-House, Regent-street, will receive communications, which it may be necessary to make to Mr. C. respecting either the Literary Union, or the New Monthly Magazine: and Mr. Campbell is obliged to request leave for this retirement from his ordinary intercourse with his friends, until the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence shall have been announced to be on the eve of publication.

"*Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Feb.* 1, 1830."

farther, how many copies of my work Mr. Smith has still on hand. It is important to know the state of the sale as soon as convenient, for I must regulate the time of my forthcoming Edition by the quantity of the last, yet undisposed of. I am driven from post to pillar about the life of Lawrence; and already, though it is not fairly begun, people are clamouring that it should be finished. T. C."

Under these circumstances, Campbell took refuge in the country, and in studious seclusion proceeded with his biography. His progress, however, was very slow; the publisher was urgent; the work was promised for the ensuing season; and, in reply to a demand for *copy* for the press, he writes from—

"ASHFORD, *May* 5, 1830.

"I am not surprised at Mr. Bentley's impatience to have progress reported: for I am anxious to report it myself; but in the present stage of the business, it is utterly impossible to report progress, as by a log-book; for new facts are coming up every day, and often contradicting what seemed to be the facts of yesterday. Then, I was obliged to remodel the whole first chapter; for I found Sir Thomas's Palestinian genealogy all a farce; and on that, a great many of my remarks depended. I have got a good deal done, however; and I had a half dozen letters of Sir Thomas's from Mrs. Harriet Lee, authoress of the Canterbury Tales; the notice of whom, and of her sister Sophia, will form an excellent episode in the history of our artist, as they were his particularly intimate friends. Impart to Mr. B. that it is very right on his part to be urgent: but, at the same time, assure him that I am getting on as fast as it is possible, without insuring disgrace and disappointment by a crude work, on every fault

of which, Criticism will be ready to pounce with outstretched fangs. It is my interest to be out with it as soon as I can, with a good grace; for it is impeding my way to better things, and I work at nothing else. T. C."

On a rather delicate topic, he thus writes to his sister :—

"ASHFORD, NEAR STAINES, *May* 27, 1830.

"I have received your letter, my dearest sister, for which I thank you cordially. The defence of Lady B. was a bold step on my part; and I do most gladly rejoice that I meet with your approbation. If all the world were of a different opinion, I should still feel, and think, that I had done the right thing, and the best thing for the cause of truth and humanity: and that right and best thing was only to be done with bold and blunt earnestness." . . .

"I do assure you I am not affecting indifference, but really *feel* entire indifference, about the opinion of the worse half of the world. The abuse of part of the press I take rather as a compliment. What I have now to say, I don't give you in absolute confidence; but as it *will* be out one day, I give it to repeat with discretion.*

* * * * *

"To speak of better subjects. I trust the coming in of summer weather will be favourable to my dearest sister. I am in great hopes of letting my house, so as to be able to lodge some miles out of town during the summer. Till June, I shall be at the house of Robert Sullivan, author of two very pretty dramas, and one of the dearest friends I

* It may be superfluous to remind the reader that the question, entered upon in this letter, is connected with the part taken by Campbell in vindicating the character of a Lady. His letter, to which I need not farther allude, contains a list of facts, on the strength of which he had addressed a remonstrance to Mr. Moore, whose biography of the noble Poet had recently appeared.—*See Campbell's letter to Mr. Moore, Jan. 2nd,* 1831, p. 73.

ever had. He and his wife are like a son and a daughter to me; and we have nice young ladies in the house. . .

"The first of June I shall be in lodgings at Sydenham, probably for some months. My friends there are in sad grief for the loss of Mrs. Adams, who died at the age of eighty.

"The inclosed letter," he adds, "is for Miss Anderson.

T. C."

May 27, 1830.

"DEAR MISS ANDERSON,

"I expected to have been able to take an earlier opportunity of offering you my heartfelt condolence on the melancholy event which has lately befallen you; but accidents have prevented my better intentions. On such an event, it is difficult for friendship itself to suggest matter of consolation; but yet the consciousness of the great and constant duty you have performed as a daughter, ought to be some support to you under this dispensation. You will, perhaps, be surprised that there should be no notice of my venerable and good friend's decease * in the New Monthly, for the ensuing month. The truth is, I gave orders for a notice of it, to which I affixed a character, written by myself, to be inserted by my assistant; but he sent me word yesterday, that he had not been able to collect any particulars about Dr. Anderson's life; and therefore thought that the notice could not appear for the present. Will you, dear Miss Anderson, favour me with the dates and principal circumstances of your worthy father's history, and we shall have a proper tribute to his memory in the month after next. With regard and sympathy, believe me your sincere friend, T. C."

* See "NEW MONTHLY" *for July*, 1830, also, of this work, *Vol. I.* CHAPS. X—XI.

May 29th.—Campbell invites his *collaborateur* in the biography to meet a party of friends at dinner on the 1st of June, among whom he expects Mr. Rogers, Mr. Napier, editor of the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Patmore, the friend of John Scott, and others. This was the second of a series of dinner parties given to his friends during the season.

To the same literary friend he writes:—"We shall finally settle what is to be done about the life of Lawrence: Colburn and Bentley seem now to be half unwilling that I should proceed with it."

His correspondence with Sir Walter Scott is thus resumed:—

"*May 30th.*— . . . I believe I have boasted before now, that I do not, on an average, introduce more than one person in a thousand who requests of me an introduction to you; and this is *one* part of my apology for begging leave to introduce my young friend, Lieutenant Edward Hodge, who is now quartered with his regiment in Edinburgh: the other is, that his father Major Edward Hodge,* one of my most intimate and beloved friends, fell in the field of Quatre Bras, while charging at the head of his squadron of the 7th Hussars. He was a right good man and soldier. I have known his boy from his infancy; and therefore recommend him to your notice and countenance—my dear great Poet of chivalry.

"When Napier of 'the Edinburgh' returns to you, he will probably tell in your city how heartily I laughed at the regrets of my Edinburgh friends, for my supposed intended marriage with a certain lady. . . . The baseless

* See Poems, page 112; and Vol. II. page 289, of this work.

fabric of a vision! . . . I thank you nevertheless for having been concerned about me.

"Believe me, my dear Sir Walter, yours truly, T. C."

* * * * *

"*June 2nd.*—I am happy to tell you, my dearest sister, that I have at last had the pleasure of seeing young Milnes* under my roof. He is a charming young man. I had a party of twelve at dinner about a week ago, where he met the family of the Calcotts; and they admired him so much, that they asked me for his address that they might invite him to their house. Calcott is an artist of the very first-rate genius and estimation. He might have been President, if he had chosen to stand candidate at the late election. His wife was the 'Maria Graham' who wrote her travels in South America and India. They live in the best society, in the best sense of the word; so that I am glad your young friend and they have got acquainted." . . .

"I have been spending a month in the country with an excellent young friend—the author of 'the Silent River,' and another beautiful little drama. I was very happy there—too happy to be industrious; and the life of Sir Thomas was therefore suspended. My health, however, has been benefited. T. C."

* * * * *

"*Aug. 26th.*— . . . On Monday last I had my dear friends, Mrs. Dugald Stewart and her daughter, to dine with me. . . . I had also the good fortune to have that day the great Cuvier and his daughter for my guests. The party went off very well, and I should have been peculiarly happy if I had not been shocked at the appearance of my beloved M. . . . After a day of much anxiety, I learnt

* R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P. Author of *Memorials of a Tour in Greece, &c.*

that she was better, and trust to see her to-day tolerably well." . . .

"Baron Cuvier is delightfully simple as you could wish a first-rate great man to be; and his daughter, or I should say his step-daughter, Madlle. Devaucel, enchanted us all. Mr. Rogers, who knew her at Paris, and was with us, said that she had a sort of fascination over all the *savans* in Paris; and a wager was laid that she would fascinate even the giraffe. It really so happened; and the stupendous animal, twenty-two feet high, used to follow her about like a lamb. I gave her a copy of my works for which she thanked me in a farewell note,* which is so pretty a specimen of French good-breeding, that I enclose it to you. . . . I fear showing it to M—, for fear of making her jealous! though, if they had met, I know they would have been soon mutually attracted.

"Hardly was my party over, and my mind at rest about M., when I fell ill myself; cold—every one had caught cold; my very surgeon came complaining of it; but my ailment lasted only four days, and I am now so well, that I trust in an hour to be on my way to Sydenham—there to spend a few days until my monthly labours recommence. . . . My efforts in the N. M. are

* The following is the note addressed to the Poet, in a fine bold hand, by Madlle. Duvaucel:—"Vous avez été bon et gracieux pour moi jusqu'à la fin, Monsieur: je pars pénétrée de reconnaissance, et bien fière du présent dont vous m'avez honorée; il me suivra partout avec le souvenir de votre aimable accueil et des moments agréables que j'ai passé près de vous. Je regrette seulement qu'ils ayent été si courts; mais je sens que je leur ferois le même reproche, hors même qu'ils se fussent prolongés davantage. Ne faut-il pas toujours en venir aux adieux? Je vous envoie les nôtres à travers les derniers paquets et les dernieres visites; mais j'emporte l'éspérance de vous révoir à Paris, où nous serons bien heureux de vous récevoir. Veuillez, en attendant, croire à la reconnaissance bien sincère des oiseaux de passage, et agréer, avec mes remerciments, l'expression d'une admiration, qui n'a rien du nouveau pour vous.

SOPHIE DUVAUCEL."

"*Mercredi-matin*, 18 *Août*."

now more required than ever; my assistant is changed, and my trouble increased. T. C."

"*Sept.* 15*th.*—Nothing is more exhilarating than steaming to the sea-coast. This I say not the less sincerely that I say it with some degree of envy; as it will not be within my own unfortunate destiny to get out of London all this blessed autumn. Yet I wish you had better weather—as I presume, from the showers here, that your climate is not quite showerless. I had this morning the misfortune to be caught in the midst of sunshine—when an umbrella appeared superfluous, and a cloak would have been ridiculous—by a violent plumper, that has brought back my cough, that needs no very pressing invitation to return.

"Did you or I ever think of living unto such strange times, my dearest M., as the age of daily revolutions? Yesterday, France—to-day, Brussels—to-morrow, Brunswick—and Saturday, who knows where? There is something more important and interesting in the state of Belgium than is commonly imagined. I am sorely uneasy about its external political influence; it may, by some cause or mismanagement, involve ourselves to interfere; but as a piece of history, without reference to ourselves, I believe it to be pregnant with good effects for the general welfare. I have lately had access to some documents on the state of the country that are little known; and I hope to bring the subject pretty copiously before the public in the N. M. I wonder where Pepé is—or rather what he is doing, for I know he is in Paris. The French government, I understand, are chary in connecting themselves with revolutions; and they are wise in this respect; but, assuredly, we shall hear something ere long about it.

"I have had a long and kind letter from Archdeacon Strahan, who desires to be very gratefully remembered to you. For a wonder, I am going out this evening by the

invitation of a very worthy old gentleman—Mr. O'Bryen, a great friend of Charles Fox's—whom I find a very pleasant neighbour. His only daughter, a fine plump Irish beauty of seventeen, has won the heart of a young friend of mine, who turns up his eyes when I remark, What a lovely creature Miss O'Bryen * is! What the play is to be, I know no more than your dear self. My young friend and his beloved, I daresay, still less. . . .

T. C."

* TO FLORINE.

"Could I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I 'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine!

"But mine 's the chilling age that chides
Devoted rapture's glow;
And Love, that conquers all besides,
Finds Time a conquering foe.

"Farewell! We 're sever'd, by our fate,
As far as night from noon;
You came into this world so late—
And *I* depart so soon!—T. C."

These elegant verses are among the very few that appeared, with Campbell's signature, in one of the fashionable annuals. A few years later, the beautiful and accomplished, but early doomed lady, to whom they were addressed, became the wife of Mr. George Huntly Gordon, the Poet's attached friend, and died in Paris, within "one little month" after marriage, in her 22nd year. To such a fate, what more appropriate epitaph than this:—

Immatura perî; sed tu felicior, annos
Vive tuos, conjux optime, vive meos.

Mr. Gordon was "the transcriber of the *Waverley* MSS. for the press, in which capacity he displayed every quality that could endear an amanuensis to an author: and when the disasters of 1826 rendered it unnecessary for Scott to have his MS. copied, he exerted himself to procure employment for Gordon in one of the government offices in London." It was also for Mr. Gordon that Sir Walter wrote "*Religious Discourses by a Layman*," which were published in 1828, and brought his young friend 250*l.*—*Life of Scott, Vol. VII. pp.* 98—107.

"*Sept.* 28*th.*—I am so fatigued by finishing the October number of the New Monthly, that I can hardly hold a pen; I have had agitation superadded to fatigue. You remember that the end of last month, I went to visit my poor boy: I went out of town with a full assurance on my mind, that there was no objectionable paper for the September number in the hands of the printer—no paper which I had not seen and approved of.—The bargain between Colburn and myself gives me the privilege as an Editor. For the accident that happened, Colburn, I find, is really *not* to blame—but there was a change in the sub-editorship; and God knows by whose mistake—I suspect by that of * * a vile and shocking paper, which I had never seen or heard of, was sent first to my assistant, and afterwards to the press, as one which I had inspected, and ordered for publication. . . . The mistake has cost me abundance of pain. Judge of my horror, when I returned to town to find that an article had been printed, attacking the memory of Dr. Glennie of Dulwich — a man with whom you know I was on intimate and kindly terms of friendship.*—I have made in the forthcoming number a full and distinct explanation of this accident.—The vile paper was sent by * * whom Dr. Glennie would not allow to try experiments on Lord B——'s foot, when Lord B—— was Dr. G.'s pupil." . . .

"This has been the dark side of my fortune since I saw you. On the reverse of the coin, I should say that the agreeable incident of the month has been meeting with a most interesting stranger, a descendant of Montezuma, and of the Incas of Peru; a chief, born to rule over 100,000 native Indians, though driven by the convulsions

* See Vol. II., Letters, from Sydenham, in which testimony is borne to the generous friendship of Dr. Glennie. The vexatious incident here mentioned is supposed to have led to his resigning the Editorship of *The New Monthly.* *See next page*, 72.

of South America to live in London, on such returns of his principality as his Brother can remit to him, which is about 300*l.* a-year.—Remember that large estates in South America may be able to yield very little profit in England. —Well, my worthy Peruvian-Chief is really a handsome and gentleman-like man; and his wife, if she had good teeth, would be really a lovely Spanish beauty. You must, you shall meet them.—The descendant of Montezuma is but a little darker than Mrs. * * * , but remarkably like her.—He is author of several sensible tracts in the Spanish language. I will send you one of them, when you come to Sydenham.—He speaks English very ill, and cannot write it at all, nor can I make out his Spanish writing much better.—He says that if I will instruct him in the literature of England, he will open up to me new sources of knowledge respecting America, a country, he says, which has been badly described. He is translating the Scriptures into Peruvian, and showed me a Peruvian hieroglyphic, in which are Adam and Eve, and the Serpent.

"I went with my cousin Gray to see Windsor, last Sunday; and never enjoyed it so much before. We went to the chapel, and attended service with the Royal Couple; the organ and the chanting are beyond all praise; and really such a glorious pile of building nowhere exists—I mean of its kind. T. C."

* * * * *

The close of this year was attended with circumstances which, for a time, seriously affected his interests. Writing to Miss Moore, he says:—"December 30. You may have heard that I have given up the 'New Monthly,' as well as the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence,—the former, because it was utterly impossible to continue the Editor without interminable scrapes, together with a law-suit now and then! Sir Thomas's biography I could not finish, because

Colburn would insist on having it in a few months, and I could get no materials. Having thus ceased to write for others, I have retired upon my own resources, and am resolved to write for myself." . . . "The abandonment of the Magazine was a proper measure, and I am now really glad of it; but an inch makes a great odds to a man's nose—and so does 600*l.* a year off his income. I have had vast difficulty in getting rid of my house and finding comfortable lodgings, and it was only last night I got into them. T. C."

* * * * *

A temporary estrangement, arising out of a well-known question, in which Campbell and his friend, Mr. T. Moore, took opposite sides, had for some months interrupted their intercourse. This was a painful circumstance to both; and in a noble letter addressed to Mr. Moore, Campbell thus stepped forward to heal the breach:—

"LONDON, *Jan.* 2, 1831.

"I have been for a long time exceedingly sorry for the over-vehemence of manner in which I addressed you on the unfortunate subject which divided our opinions. With unaltered sentiments on the question,—though it would be worse than useless to re-argue it—with no bias from others, except that they may know my regard for you,—I ask you to forgive me for having forgotten, in the warmth of my zeal, that, even in a just cause—and a just one I still consider it—a mild tone of remonstrance was due to such a friend. It gave me a pang to reflect on this truth, when I recollected our last happy meeting. With a delicacy worthy of yourself, you have forborne to retaliate on the subject of that difference. With equal generosity, you will give me the hand of friendship once more; and it will be no apostasy from our creed and feelings, on either side, to be, as before, on terms of sincere cordiality.

"I should have conveyed to you my regrets on this subject long ago; but, though *you* would not have misconstrued my motives for wishing a reconcilement, the misjudging majority of the world would have imputed them to my fear of your castigation in the forthcoming volume. In reality, I had no such fear; not from undervaluing your polemic powers, but from a conviction that you would rather be warned by my warmth of manner, than led to copy it. It was necessary, however, that I should wait for the appearance of your work; and now it has come out, your conduct has touched me a thousand times more than even your wit could have wounded me.

"I leave to your sense and taste to make whatever use of this letter you may think most proper; but, if I may hope for that happiness, the most simple token of my being restored to your regard, would be for you to come, the next time you are in town, to The Literary Union, of which you are an honorary member, and I should manage to have a select company who would be but too proud to dine with so honoured a guest. Praising you, my dear Moore, is bringing coals to Newcastle; but allow me to trust that I am not permanently alienated from so much worth and genius; and that I may still call myself your affectionate friend, T. C."

An explanation so frankly offered, was as frankly accepted; and to this pleasing incident Mr. Moore has delicately alluded in one of his poems.*

* "Such was our host: and tho', since then,
Slight clouds have risen 'twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretched forth again in amity?
Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away."—POEMS, page 462.

* * * * *

The following letter, on a topic—the ruling passion of his life—and addressed to a most intimate and sympathising friend, speaks in a language thrillingly prophetic :—

"LONDON, *March* 11, 1831.

"I have news to make me sad, and news to make me savage. My poor brother Archibald* is dead at Richmond, in Virginia. Warsaw is taken, and a scene of butchery and horror! I had a letter from the place itself, dated 21st ult., from one of the Poles, approving of what I told him the Londoners meant to do,—namely, to send out medals, saying, 'Men of Poland, the hearts of Englishmen are with you!' But all is now over; and a brave nation is thrust a second time, assassinated, into her grave. Mysterious are the ways of heaven! We must not question its justice,—but I am sick, and fevered with indignation at Germany, for suffering this foolish Emperor of Austria; he fears letting his people taste a little freedom, more than resigning his own freedom to Russia,—for he will soon be the very vassal of the inhuman Sclaves, which will be worse for him than if he had a free parliament under his nose,—and so also will the King of Prussia be henceforth! All continental Europe, I distinctly anticipate, will be enslaved by Russia! France and Austria will worry each other till they are exhausted; and then down will Russia come on all the south of Europe, with millions and millions, and give law and the knout both to Germany and France." . . .

"To turn from public to private grief, I certainly cannot be so much affected by Archibald's death, as if we had not been all our lifetime divided; yet still his worth, and

* See Sketch of his Life in introductory Chapter, Vol. I.

intellect, and resemblance in placid character to my dear father, makes me think I am almost obdurate not to mourn for him more than I do. I feel most the difficulty of imparting the news to my poor old sisters, who, though their sensibilities are blunted by age, must recollect that he was their play-fellow in the nursery, and that he was younger than they. For my own part, I care little about money; but for the sake of my nephews and nieces, poor things, I wish it were something considerable. I shall send out a power of attorney to Richmond; for as to my going out to America, in person, I have one bond to England in *you*, that I could not break, if you bade me. I feel, besides, the progress of liberal opinions in England rivetting my native affections! God knows, in as far as personal sympathy goes, I regret that any of your family are sufferers; but I cannot disguise that the only antidote I have to the gloom of my mind, in forecasting what may be the fate of Europe, is the consolation of seeing free principles rooting themselves in England. Ay, and it is by their flourishing, and their fruits that—if the civilised world can be saved—it will be saved by England!

"I will remain, therefore; and though I am grieved at foreign events, I can tell you sincerely, my dearest M., that I am confident the affairs of the country will go on, domestically, much better than is mostly imagined—at least among you Tories.—I am not afraid of civil war, now that O'Connell has been put down; and I am sanguine that we shall get well through the crisis.

"I beg your pardon for descanting on politics; but out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh; and as my soul has been attached to the cause of Poland, from youth to age, I may be pardoned for speaking my grief and wrath to the one heart, in all the world, that most sympathises with me. T. C."

* * * * *

Campbell now embarked in a new literary speculation; and in reply to a letter from Mrs. Arkwright, he writes:—

"LONDON, *March* 14.

. . . "You may turn every line of me into music, if you think me worth the honour. Would to Heaven you could turn my poor self into a pleasant tune! But the difficulty would be how to set me. I am too graceless for a psalm tune, too dull for a glee, and too irregular for a march. I have to thank you, however, for your kind letter, putting me into harmony with myself. I have had troubles innumerable of late; and to the distraction of them has been added the death of a very deservedly dear brother in America—a singularly sagacious, accomplished, and amiable man.

"Your kindness, my dear madam, in renewing your hospitable invitation, affords me pleasure, because I cannot debar myself of the hope of being able to avail myself of it. But I must confidentially tell you, that the difficulty of my leaving London is very great. It was but lately that I formed the determined resolution to give up all literary labour, save *for myself*, and to adhere to writing a work that would not bind me to living in town, or any where, permanently. I therefore gave up the 'New Monthly,' and wished never more to embark in another periodical, but to retire on my own resources, and to live, as my wants are few, without the drudgery of authorship. But my high resolves were stopt by Mr. Colburn lately handing me a statement of my account, by which I am enormously in his debt; and I have been obliged to embark—not with him, but with a new publisher—in another editorial speculation, which will not certainly always confine me to London, but will make it difficult for me, at present, to

foresee when I can be entirely master of my time and movements. Be assured, however, that the prospect of paying you a visit is still a bright and pleasant thought in my mind. T. C."

After the life of daily excitement, which he had latterly been forced to lead in the metropolis, Campbell longed ardently for relaxation and retirement. Various localities were recommended on the coast, and inland, as likely to meet his wishes. At length, after a month's delay, and numerous excursions in search of "a quiet domicile," he fixed upon St. Leonards, which, in the end, fully realised his expectations. Among the first letters dated from his "marine villa" * is the following to his sister, fresh with new life and poetry :—

"St. Leonards, *June* 15, 1831.

. . . "My health is quite restored since I came to St. Leonards, by its balmy sea air, and still more by its charming society. Here I have, next door but one to me, my old friend Miss Bignell. I have also—though I lament to say they will soon be gone—your charming Milneses : the mother is a pattern of good old ladylike respectability; and the three daughters are all so differently pleasing, that I know not which of them I like best, unless I were to say, with much stuttering and hesitation, that Caroline is my favourite. . . . But they are altogether sweet people ; and I can well understand how they have bound your attachment to them. I see them every day, and Miss Jane has more than once joined the bevy of fair maids, whom I regularly lead out every fine evening to long

* One of the row of small houses, on the left hand, overlooking the sea, and commanding from its parlour window the glorious objects embodied in his "*Lines on the View from St. Leonards.*"

walks—two or three miles—along the cliffs of Hastings; listening to the nightingale—admiring the scenery—repeating poetry—and picking up wild flowers; myself the only beau of the party, old as I am, like another Apollo with his Muses!

"A very amiable family—great friends of the Milneses—of the name of Percival, are of our parties. They have with them an uncommonly interesting woman—a Miss M——; whose 'intended,' I am told, was a friend of yours. Alas! he died suddenly some two years ago. He was a medical man—young, but promising in his profession. Miss M—— is a fine, tall, Greek-looking beauty; melancholy is evidently marked in her countenance very deeply; but her manners have great amenity. I should not forget also to tell you of the Miss D—leys, who often ask for you, though you never met. Their society—and they are old friends unexpectedly met here—is a great treasure. They are perfect ladies—sensible, social, and accomplished musicians. They are also particular friends of the M——s; and when Mary joins us, we shall have a circle indeed. Ah, my own dearest sister, it would be complete if you were with us! * * * *

"I make no apology for telling you so much about my female society; for you are too wise not to know, that to a man situated as I am, respectable and refined female society is of great consequence. I find it here concentrated; it keeps me always lively, but never distracted. It leaves me the entire command of my own time—unlike the dinner-parties in London—and accordingly I have written more verses since I came to St. Leonards, than I have written for many years within the same time. The poem on the Sea * was finished in eight or nine days, and

* This and the "Lines on Poland" appeared in the Metropolitan Magazine. See Poems, pages 289—248.

I shall have another, on the subject of Poland, of equal length, finished this week. For your amusement I send you a sample of it." . . .

"Yesterday I had a long, long walk with *nine* ladies—including Miss Caroline and Miss Jane Milnes—to Fairlight, where we made an irruption on Dr. Batty, drank tea with him, and admired the glorious scenery from his house. I have seldom enjoyed a country excursion more. The views of the sea were inspiring; and I seemed to have the Muses all to myself: all the way, I made them laugh by comparing myself to Apollo! . . . . I have not yet learnt whether Mrs. Siddons has left me materials for writing her life; but if she has, I will—and must write it. The case is quite different from that of Sir Thomas Lawrence—for I promised that I should, if she left me memoranda. T. C."

* * * * * *

After a short visit to Lord Dillon, in Oxfordshire, Campbell returned to London, where his warm advocacy of the Polish cause was attended with beneficial results. His heart was in the subject of Poland; he could neither write, nor speak, upon any other with common patience; and if a word was dropt in company that did not harmonise with his feelings, he was very apt to consider it as a personal offence. His enthusiasm was not only strong but lasting; and, judging from the letters before me, it had the effect of bringing over to the cause many able and liberal supporters. Of the Poet's enthusiasm I have just been told the following anecdote:—He had been in town, as we have said, speaking, writing, wrestling in behalf of Poland. While the feverish excitement to which his feelings had been worked up, was still fresh, he went to Sydenham, and, dining with his friends, drew a picture of the calamities of Poland and her exiled children. All

were much struck by the "over-excitement" with which the facts were laid before them. During the solemn "protest" that followed, a lady—evincing her sympathy by a familiar but expressive phrase—said in an earnest but subdued tone, *Poor things!** This was a "coolness" the champion of Poland could not brook—"Poor things!" he exclaimed —"speak of the Poles as poor things! What are you?—a *mite!*" And forgetting himself, he was carried away by a strong feeling of resentment. In a moment the scene had fallen from the sublime to the ridiculous: but what excited only a smile among his friends, rendered the Poet more indignant. He did not recover his equanimity during the rest of the evening: but next day, he acknowledged his error in a frank and characteristic letter:—

"MAIDSTONE, *July* 6, 1831.

"I know that my zeal for Poland has put me half mad. But could you believe that, in declaiming on the subject, I deliberately intended to offend one endeared to me by so many rooted recollections? No, my dear friend, you misunderstood me. You should not take my words by the letter—I am offended with my country for its tameness at this crisis. But when I said *you*, my dear F——, to whom I owe so much, I could *not* mean you. I grant you, and most painfully sensible I am, that it was unlike myself, and unworthy of my cause, to inflict my harsh and misanthropic humour on her, who has all claims on my gentlest respect. But intention is everything. I thought you knew me enough to smile at my over-

* The expression perhaps was not forgotten when he wrote:—

"Poles! with what indignation I endure
The half-pitying servile mouths that call ye poor!
Poor! Is it England mocks you with her grief?" &c.

POEMS, page 248.

excitement. You must forgive me—not instantly, perhaps. I don't deserve instantaneous pardon. But my heart is so faithfully full of old regard for you, that I must not lose you for a slight fault.

"Turner, the painter, has promised to illustrate, with his powerful pencil, 'The Pleasures of Hope.' I came to this place in order to ascertain the price of paper for a new and splendid edition like Rogers' 'Italy,' at one of the paper-mills. If the day had not been so tormentingly hot, I should have wished you with me, to share the amusement of seeing paper manufactured. Why, the process is a vast deal simpler than that of making poetry—the simplicity of it charmed me. . . ."

"I have been exceedingly pleased with Kent. The art of agriculture here is in much higher perfection than in any part of England that I have seen. A farmer on whom I called this morning, pointed out to me a field where he assured me that eleven quarters of oats had been reaped in one year on several acres. This fact ought to be published. Raise me but eighty-eight bushels an acre of oats in England, and England would be a paradise. The field flowers already begin to be very rich on the road sides, almost rivalling Hastings. What I particularly admire in Kent is the economy as to ground. Every inch of ground is used; the hedges are trimmed and set, without vile useless ditches, and *wastages* on each side of them, as in Oxfordshire. The Medway, the hop grounds, and orchards, are quite inspiring.

"Disappointed in hearing that the paper-maker with whom I wished to contract was in London, but being determined not to lose a chance of seeing the paper mills, I went out at random, and called at the house of one of the proprietors. He, too, was unluckily absent. I called for his deputy or gentleman foreman, and introduced myself

by saying, 'Sir, I am a paper stainer, and should be glad to talk with you about the price of paper.' He took off his spectacles—flew to me—bowed to me—showed me all the manufactory, and my triumph was undiminished, until a man with a paper cap came and said to me, 'Sir, we should be happy to drink your health!' My spirits fell then half-a-crown lower; but lower still, when I undeceived the man of spectacles himself, and told him that I stained paper only with Author's ink! He became from that moment intensely disdainful of me.—I set out for Hastings to-morrow. T. C."

"ST. LEONARDS, *July* 7, 1831.

. . . "I have so much pleasure in seeing your handwriting—as it assures me of your being in more or less tolerable health—that I should almost *not* wish the risk of delay by your letter passing through his (the Lord Advocate's) hands; and when I begin grudging postage to hear from *you*, I shall be in the last stage of either beggary or avarice! from both of which evils, the Blessed Providence, who has showered so many mercies on my head, I trust, will all my life protect me. And I really request it as a favour, that when you find writing a supportable effort, you will not trouble your head about a frank to your 'rich and flourishing brother!' Yes, my dearest Mary, I am *rich*, when I compare myself with many men apparently wealthier. My wants are very few; and the absence of that most dreadful of all trials, anxiety about a family, gives full scope to all my mental powers. I am comparatively easy respecting Thomas—poor dear boy—he is not nearer any appearance of recovery, but he is in kind and careful hands.

"I spent a day at Sydenham last week, and saw ** frequently in town.—M. says I am *mad* on the subject

of the Poles! I shall only mention, however, that I have had a letter from their London envoy, the son of Napoleon, thanking me for my contribution of 100*l.* to the Hospital of Warsaw. An English gentleman from Poland, who is with the Count, says, that my letter which accompanied the contribution has been lithographed and circulated in Poland, and the original sent, by her own request, to the Dowager Princess Czartoryski, mother of the Prince who is now at the head of affairs in Poland.

"My efforts will not stop here. I have associated a Polish Committee in London, and we may get something done for the gallant sufferers, the moment this agitation about Reform begins to be allayed. My mite I should be ashamed to mention, excepting to one who shares in all my sentiments of joys and sorrows. The only relief to which my soul can fly, when I think of those noble martyrs, is the consciousness that I have given them all the little aid in my power. I am about to re-publish the lines on Poland, and the lines on the Sea, in a little *brochure;* and I expect, by selling them at a couple of shillings, I shall be able to raise 50*l.* more. I look farther to getting 40*l.* by an American legacy,* and that too shall be sent to the relief of the wounded Poles.

"In London, I saw Miss Siddons, who gave me an address written to me on her mother's memorandum book, almost with her dying hand, enjoining my affection to undertake the task of her Biography. . . T. C."

* * * * *

"You will wonder what took me to Oxfordshire. My friend Lord Dillon had been in London, and, as he thought, on his death-bed. He sent to St. Leonards for me. I

* This legacy fell very far short of the amount expected. See introductory Chapter, Vol. I., page 23.

could not go to town without intolerable inconvenience at that time, and as he was to be removed to his seat at Ditchley, near Blenheim, I though he could not be absolutely on the point of death—but I promised, as soon as I could leave St. Leonards and get out the July Number of the 'Metropolitan,' to go and see him at his country seat. I accordingly reached it last Saturday night, spent Sunday with him, and returned to town on Monday. I scolded the worthy Lord for not being at the point of danger, as I had come expressly on that understanding, and here was a man able to sit up and hold long arguments with me! To be serious, however, I found he had got a dreadful shake from a disease of the heart.—He and Lady Dillon were very attentive to me, on a certain melancholy occasion, and came often to see poor Matilda.

"After that event, Lord Dillon asked me to spend some weeks at Ditchley. He called twice to repeat the same question—'My dear Campbell, are you *sure* you can put up with plain fare?' 'Oh yes, the very plainest.' 'Because,' quoth my Lord, 'we live in such a miserable style, that unless you can put up with the most common fare, I won't ask you to see us.' I went accordingly, prepared to find them in a mud-cottage, and to have nothing to eat but sprats and potatoes. On leaving the coach, I gave my luggage to a man, who was to carry it for a shilling to the house, where I expected to find my noble friend; when, to my dismay and shame, at trudging with a porter behind me, I lifted up my eyes on a mansion, second only to Blenheim in magnificence. I verily believe the servants would not have let me in with my sorry equipage; but Lord D. came out and handed me into a hall with gilded cornices, pillars, pictures, and statues. The fare was of course something better than potatoes! This you will observe was on my visit two

years ago. Much did I make Lady D. laugh with describing the 'hard fare and poor accommodations' which Lord Dillon had made me anticipate!

On this occasion, I had an agreeable disappointment of another kind, in finding my brother poet among the Peers, *not* quite in a dying state. He has some darling children — one that was twelve, when we got first acquainted—a Greek model of beauty, who used to bring me an apple every morning, that Adam himself, even after his experience, could not have refused. She is now not quite so frank in her attentions, but still very fairly attentive to her old friend. Her little sister, six years old, made me very much in love. I wish I were a painter; for words cannot describe that child's loveliness. It is not regular, but it would make an enchanting picture.

* * * * *

"On my return to St. Leonards I find the worthy Milnes gone from hence, but I trust to their coming back. The sea is looking so beautiful beneath my windows.* This place is so exquisitely beautiful, and the air so balmy, that unless I had made a vow never more to make myself unworthy of the blessings I enjoy, by repining that I have not more, I should indulge in regret that I have not my two * * beside me. But it is unwise and irreligious to forget the blessings we have, in our wishes for those which we have not! And so, my dearest sister, with thanks to the Divine Providence that still allows me the pleasure of communicating the thoughts and inmost feelings of my heart to you, and praying that He may long spare you, I remain your affectionate brother,

T. C."

* ——"Potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles."—POEMS, page 290.

"LONDON, *July* 31, 1831.

". . . . Cochrane's party went off exceedingly well. We had Polish melodies by Wade—good music and bad words. The Polish people were there. It is wonderful to see men, on 'the giddiest brink of danger,' so much at ease in their behaviour. In their hearts they must be far otherwise; but they demean themselves with exemplary fortitude. Count Jelski, the president of the Bank of Poland, who is here on a mission for a loan, has conjured me to call a public meeting of the citizens of London.

"The envoy showed me a column of matter inserted in every Polish newspaper, that touched me deeply, or rather with deep melancholy. The Poles call me the stanchest friend they have in England. In large characters it is printed—'The gratitude of our nation is due to Campbell.' . . . . They think, dear souls, that if I were to speak publicly to the English, I could influence the proceedings of the English government. What simplicity! They conclude by comparing me with Byron; and by a declaration, that, if ever they be free, I shall experience their gratitude. To tell you the truth, I have prevented W—— from translating the whole of the extract from the Warsaw States Gazette.* For to read it, you would smile at the exaggerated importance the Poles attach to me! I have only twice in the course of my existence had experience of human gratitude, and this of the Poles is one. The preparations for the defence of Warsaw go on spiritedly. The Polish spirit is not yet bowed—it may have been shattered, but never has it been bent!

T. C."

* * * * *

* See Appendix.

On his return to St. Leonards, he writes:—"*Aug.* 6.—I was overcome with the heat and noise of London—so unlike this pleasant sea-side! Seldom have I spent a more fatiguing fortnight in town. My mind was inexpressibly agitated by the cause of Poland. All the Polish gentlemen were urgent with me to call a meeting of the Londoners, and take the chair, as they thought I had the character of a friend to Poland, obnoxious to no political party. I was of a different opinion. The Polish newspapers have exaggerated my importance in my own country, and I recommended the Envoy to ask Sir Francis Burdett to call a meeting. He has declined doing so. But France is about to take up the cause—thanks be to God! The news makes me twenty years younger."

"The subject of the following lines," he adds, "which will appear in the 'Metropolitan' for September, is a spot of ground, not far from the Castle of Hastings, on which I have ascertained, by a comparison of histories, the camp of William the Conqueror must have been placed, the evening before he defeated Harold:*—

"*Aug.* 11*th.*—I send you the Polish Minister's letter, addressed to me, and the page of a pamphlet published at Warsaw. . . . . Keep our Polish letter as the apple of your eye.† T. C."

* "In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the stars had appeared, one by one,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies, and the sweet setting sun—
I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold, &c."
POEMS, page 245.

† Further reference to these documents will be found in the Appendix.

Desirous of "going farther into the family history of the Siddons"* than his predecessor had done, he writes to Mrs. Arkwright:—

"*Aug.* 18*th.*—I think you must be able to guide me to some traditions, or to the sources where I may apply for them. Henry Siddons, many years ago—in Edinburgh I think—informed me that the names Kemble and Campbell were originally the same. I wish it may prove so; for, though we boast of having come over with the Conqueror, I should be prouder to be allied to you, than to the Normans themselves. What part of the country do you think the original sojourn of the Kemble name? Is it not Wales? I think it was Henry Siddons also told me that a proverb in the country still preserved the recollection of one of your ancestors, who died a martyr to his religion—in those days when Protestants and Catholics vied in Christian charity! Before he went to the scaffold, he called for a pipe of tobacco—and smoked it—and a last pipe long used to be called 'Kemble's Pipe.'

"I have written to Mr. C. Kemble in London, and I trust he will afford me some help on this point, which is the threshold of my Biography. I confide also in your kindly giving me any information in your power. T. C."

* To a private friend he writes:—"*August* 2*nd.*—Mr. Place, senior, of Charing Cross, has behaved to me in a manner that exceeds all praise. He had told me in a vague way, that he had collected some curious matter relative to our stage. I thought it might be of use to me for the Siddons Life—so I asked him for the use of it—offering to give him any security for the return of his MS., and fair remuneration. He immediately produced a bundle of MSS. the size of a quartern loaf—read me some admirable extracts—and putting the whole into my hand without a memorandum or inventory, said—'Do what you like with the MSS. I know you too well to be a good fellow, to take receipts or memorandums.' And he further added—'I will give you the loan of all, or any of the books from which I extracted my information.' T. C." This testimony is due to an old and faithful ally, whose advice and co-operation were much valued by Campbell.

"*Aug.* 24*th.*—We have a walk on the beach five hundred yards long—and there, every evening, whilst the band of music is playing (in compliment to your unworthy brother), 'The Campbells are coming,' 'The Mariners of England,' and 'The Exile of Erin,'—I meet a great number of pleasant acquaintances. They know my aversion to dinner parties; and, therefore, the only parties I join are those for the evening—after the music and the promenade are over.

"I could tire you out for hours with describing the good, amiable folks with whom I take my evening walk—enjoying society, air, and exercise, at the same time. The charm of the parties is, that the families bring their children with them; and as I dote upon children, I share a thousand loves among them. There is my townsman, Mr. Buchanan, with his elegant little wife, and three great little charmers; then a married beauty, Mrs. Grahame, who has a plot upon me to write a poem* upon her boy, three years old. Oh, such a boy! But in the way of writing lines on lovely children, I am engaged three deep, and dare not promise. But, if I could send you a picture

* Among the *Nugæ canoræ* addressed to his infant favourites, about this time, was the following:—

"TO THE INFANT SON OF MY DEAR FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. G——.

"Sweet bud of life! thy future doom
Is present to my eyes,
And joyously I see thee bloom
In Fortune's fairest skies.
One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
Shall burn with patriot flame;
And, fraught with love, that little brow
Shall wear the wreath of Fame.
When I am dead, dear boy! thou'lt take
These lines to thy regard—
Imprint them on thy heart, and make
A *Prophet* of the Bard! T. C."

of that cherub! He beats all the statues and all the paintings of the world to nothing; and when he meets me in the walk, he comes up and thumps me in all the triumphant consciousness that I am a slave to his beauty.

"Among the ladies that I flirted with on the promenade, there is one between five and six, who accepted my attentions so cordially, that I went up and took her by the hand. I made a sort of obeisance to the family she was with, and by degrees we contracted acquaintance. The mother, a most lady-looking and interesting person, said—'This is very singular—I have been wishing these thirty years to be acquainted with you. At that distance of time,' she continued, 'I was a girl of fifteen, at Edinburgh. I heard of you among the Stewarts, and Gregories, and Alisons; but we never met, for I was not then out. I am a Russian by birth; but I hope that won't prejudice you against me, for I wish well to the Poles.' * * * *

"On better acquaintance with Mrs. C——, she let me know a trait in their domestic history that seems to carry romance into private life:—A boy who called her mamma, and who I thought resembled her, struck me by his gentle manners—his elegance—his appearance of pride, and sensibility. When I complimented her on the person who, I thought, was her eldest son, she undeceived me. He was a foundling, whom they picked up on —— Heath, when he was two years old. His beauty and innocence endeared him to them, so that they brought him up as their own child; and he passed for their eldest son till lately, when it was necessary, from circumstances, to tell the truth to the dear boy himself. He has been melancholy, fitful, and almost unmanageable ever since. Mrs. C—— has taken my promise that I will obtain the confidence of the boy, and use my influence over him for the better regulation of his mind. . . . ."

"I am afraid, my dearest sister, that I have worn you out with my long gossiping; but as I have not *great* things to tell you, you must put up with small things. God bless you! If you would pluck up health and spirits, and be well, I should have nothing in this world to annoy me, beyond a little black kitten, that is biting and tearing my papers, and cuffing them about as arrogantly as if she were an Edinburgh *reviewer!* T. C."

* * * * *

Writing from town to Dr. Madden, August 28, he says, "I dined with 'Cambyses,' as I used to call him. We had a party of male creatures—Whigs and Tories—and were in all sixteen. I abstained from saying a word about politics, till he began by attacking me about the Polish Association; whereupon, as he had broken the ice, I thought it no harm to tell him plainly my mind about the whole foreign policy of the present administration. And, although I had fifteen to one—that is, the whole company against me, yet, as Winnifrid Jenkins says, 'I *fit* with them all round,' and laid in some particularly hard blows at my friend H——."

* * * * *

"*Sept.* 22*nd.**—I have occasion for all my philosophy—and the practical part of philosophy is resignation. I am resigned to fate. The gallant Poles have at least their fame! My moanings about them can do no good—so I struggle against despondency, or rather *try* not to think of them. For the present, all is up with them. But the scene is not closed. There may yet be a day of *retribution* for their oppressors on this side of time,—and nearer than may be generally suspected!

"I find St. Leonards still, on the whole, agree pretty

* Extract from a letter to his sister, "Miss Campbell, Edinburgh."

well with my health,—though the highly bracing effect of the sea-air has gone with its novelty; and there is something either in its saline particles, or in the glaring light of the place, that affects my eyes most disagreeably. The old gentleman, the Ocean, too, as if he meant to do honour to the greatest poet of St. Leonards,—and one who has bepraised* him so lustily,—thunders beneath my windows in his equinoctial high spirits, so loudly, as almost to disconcert me. But what can I do? I cannot unsay what I have said—I can make no reproach or objection, now, to the old gentleman—or he would expose me for inconsistency, and call me as fluctuating as himself! I tell you my distress only in confidence. The society also—though the sea is not accountable for others—is too changeable. The disagreeable gentry are, for the most part, the most permanent; and the *agreeables*—almost as soon as you begin to know the value of their society—like 'riches, take unto themselves wings and flee away.' I experience this mutability of the place very much in a little literary society which I have formed, and which is called *The Monks of St. Leonards*, and of which I am the venerable Abbot! All our best cowls are going away—and very dull ones remaining in their stead. The monastery, however, is still to be kept up.

"I have told you the news from Poland! You may

* Lines on the View from St. Leonards. POEMS, page 293.

> "Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
> 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not.
> * * * * * *
> Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
> Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
> Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes,
> And here the *Spring dips down her emerald urn*
> *For showers to glad the earth.*"—POEMS, page 293.

These "Lines" were latterly considered by the author as his best.

easily imagine that it is not without a strong effort I can rally my spirits under this flooring blow. I was obliged to put off a meeting of 'the Monks' the day of the fatal tidings. It seems to me, however, at this period—like a gift from Providence—to have formed a most interesting and instructive acquaintance with Mr. Pond, the Astronomer Royal, who is here with his accomplished and amiable wife. The philosopher seems really to like the poet—so does the philosopher's wife; and I am sure there is no love lost. I have spent every evening with them since their arrival in Hastings. They have brought a considerably magnifying telescope with them, through which we look at the planets; and Mr. Pond's remarks make this amusement very interesting. I had lately been dabbling in the astronomical relics of the Greek Alexandrian school, and had the idea of embodying my notes on ancient geography into a regular history, when this 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' suspended my intention. But I have of late been so interested in the subject, that I revised my mathematics, the better to understand the histories of ancient science given by Ideler and Delambre. Mr. Pond's conversation has been, therefore, eagerly sought by me,—and he is most affably communicative.

"We have just been gazing on Jupiter and his moons, through a glass that makes Jove appear as large as the sun's disk, and his satellites like ordinary stars! The moon appears through it as large as a church. His opinion of her ladyship is, that she is *not* inhabited—there being no atmosphere—and the whole region, probably, only ice and snow. Strange enough that a body, which creates such lively crotchets in so many human brains, should itself be cold and lifeless! Mrs. Pond—and her opinion is always worth hearing—thinks it diffuses positive *cold;* and I am sure I have sometimes thought the night colder

for moonshine. This is the second time that I have spent many delightful hours with a great astronomer.*

"Mrs. Pond is among the most agreeable and enlightened women I ever met with. It is now many and many a day since I first saw her, when she was walking—shortly after their marriage—a young, fair, graceful woman, arm in arm with her very plain and elderly husband. She was pointed out to me by M. There was an epigram in the newspaper about them. Mr. Pond had published some remarks on the planet 'Venus,'—and the wit asked him, 'Why he troubled himself about Venus in the skies, when he had got Venus beside him on earth?' She is now no Venus—but winningly, unaffectedly courteous in her manners,—deep read in both science and literature, and yet as humble as a modest child. I really love this worthy pair; and it grieves me that this is, probably, the last day I may ever enjoy their society, for any definite time. . . .

"I had a hundred things more to say—but I have yet to pack up and prepare for my journey to town. . . ." So God bless you, my dearest sister. T. C."

* See Vol. II., page 334. Herschel.

CHAPTER III.

DERBYSHIRE—ST. LEONARDS.

FROM the pressing cares to which his letters of this date bear testimony, Campbell found a short respite among his friends in Derbyshire. On the eve of starting, he tells Mrs. Arkwright—"I am resolved at last to give myself the long-promised pleasure of paying you a visit. I purpose setting off on Saturday—I ought to say, if it be convenient to receive me; but I waive this ceremony, because I scarcely anticipate that it will be *in*convenient. Accidental indisposition—a common cold of the most vulgar cast—prevents my sending a longer apologetical preparation for my arrival; but I shall cast off all colds, and indispositions, and be happy and renovated, when I reach your hospitable abode."

In this visit, Campbell enjoyed the twofold pleasure of congenial society and romantic scenery. In the family circle of Mr. Arkwright, he renewed his intimacy with the "Siddons and the Kembles"—all endeared to him by early and kindly recollections; while, in his walks and drives in the neighbourhood, he found himself on "haunted ground." From his "private and confidential letters," written during this visit, I select the following:—

"STOKE, NEAR BAKEWELL, *October* 6, 1831.

". . . . I have heard Neukomm play the organ. This is as great an era in my sensations as was the first

sight of the Apollo.* It has come to me at a time when hardly anything on earth can give me pleasure. It is still all that I can do to support a tolerable cheerfulness before these kind, hospitable people—for Poland preys on my heart night and day. It is sometimes a relief to me to weep in secret, and I do weep long and bitterly." . . "But I still know the duty and the beauty of manliness; and my wretchedness has not made my manners uncouth here; for I can see that I am very acceptable, and have tokens of growing esteem from every member of the family. Mr. Arkwright talks to me about farming and machinery, both of which are amusing subjects; and I read poetry to Mrs. Arkwright and the ladies. This is all well. It is better for me to be put on my good behaviour—great as the effort is.

"About my good fortune in hearing Neukomm, I know not what to say. You will think it strange—if anything in my strange nature can now surprise you—that his music gave me an ecstasy that has shaken my fortitude more than I could have wished; and, since I heard him, I have been more disposed to tears and agitation than I was before. Unhappy me! pleasure itself turns into agony in my mind. The stunning surprise of this man's performance baffles all description. I had heard the church organ at Bakewell played by an ordinary hand. Neukomm tells me it is really a right good organ; but when I joined the party to hear *him* perform on it, on Monday, I could not credit my senses, though I saw it was the same instrument. A little child of six years old, they tell me, expressed the same astonishment, and told his father that it could not possibly be the same organ. When assured that it was indeed the very same, he said, 'Then it is not played with hands.' Bless the little soul! Shakspeare could have said nothing finer.

* See his "Letters from Paris," vol. II. page 255.

"Neukomm, I had heard, was a learned musician and a great composer; but that a human being could *create* such sounds, I never imagined. Such glory—such radiance of sound—such mystery—such speaking dreams—that bring angels to smile upon you—such luxury and pathos! —Oh, it is no *learned* music—it is a soul speaking, as if from heaven! No disparagement to Paganini, *he* is the wonderful itself, in music—but Heavens! what has he to do with the *heart*, like this organ-music of Neukomm? I seem as if I had never heard music before. We were all wrapped in astonishment! It was strange to see the expressions of ecstasy in the vulgarest rustic faces. I was soon, however, blind to all around me. . . The trial to me was dreadful. . . I would have given much to have been alone—and even much to have seen a tear on Mrs. Arkwright's face, or any one's in the pew. But their minds were healthy and happy; and they only smiled with intense pleasure! My heart was like to burst—for I was ashamed to cry; and my eyes, head, and throat ached, and throbbed, with the effort to suppress tears and sobbing. I did, however, suppress both very manfully.

"Neukomm came, however, and dined with us, and as I was the only gentleman present who could speak French and German with him (for he speaks English with difficulty), I got his conversation a good deal to myself. He is a highly polished man, and as meek and amiable as he is wonderful. We became such friends that he has promised to come to see me in November, at St. Leonards. The pleasure of his company beguiled me to go and hear him again on the organ, yesterday, and I almost wish I had not gone. His playing was, if possible, more exquisite. It was too—too much. He made me imagine my child Alison was speaking to me from heaven! Again—as if he knew what was passing in my thoughts about Poland,

he introduced martial music, and what seemed to me lamentations for the slain. I suspect he did so purposely; for we had spoken much of the Poles. I could not support this. Luckily, I had a pew to myself; and I believe, and trust, I escaped notice. But when two pieces were over, I got out as quietly as I could to a lonely part of the churchyard, where I hid myself, and gave way to almost convulsive sensations. I have not recovered this inconceivably pleasing and painful shock.

* * * * *

"Among the acquaintance I had formed in the Monday dinner party, was a family with whom the Chevalier Neukomm lives at Bakewell, the B——s. He asked Mr. Arkwright's permission to take me away from Stoke for half a day, to show me the country, which is uncommonly beautiful round Mr. B——'s lead-works. The old gentleman drove me in his own curricle, and our only third companion was the most interesting of his daughters. . . We saw some sweet scenery, and went over Haddon Hall, where the brother of Henry VIII. was educated."

In ten days Campbell was again in London; and, with well-placed confidence in Mrs. Arkwright's sympathy, imparts to her the following "good news:"—

"11, WATERLOO PLACE, *October* 17, 1831.

. . . "All is well. I have seen my son, and I have been agreeably surprised. I have got a share in the 'Metropolitan!' I am ten inches taller than when you saw me! and my regret now is, that I showed so little pluck under my late misfortunes,* as to throw a shade of the slightest uneasiness over your reception of me. I don't believe the traditional remark that it is best for us *not* to

* These *misfortunes* will be found explained in a subsequent note.

foresee future events. How much happier I should have been at Stoke, if I could have foreseen future events! Had I known what I know now, I should have been happy at your house, instead of being the weak and dolorous man which I fear I was.

"I came to town just in the nick of time to prevent an injudicious visitation of my dear boy. I spent Sunday with him. No doubt all ideas of his recovery are to be set aside. I will cherish that delusion no longer. But he *is* better. The last time I saw him, his complexion was pale and sodden. It is now restored, and he is beautiful. His beauty may perhaps give me deeper grief for his case —but still, it takes off the horror which his bad looks inspired. All the time I was at Stoke, there was a suspicion blistering, or rather causticating my mind, that I had done wrong in allowing Dr. Allen to remove him —on account of some waywardness in his temper—from being a parlour-boarder, to live in a house where the keepers have patients. But imagine the relief that came into my heart, when my son told me that he liked his *new* residence better than his old one . . . .

"When I was with you, I was uncertain of being one of the proprietors of the journal—'The Metropolitan'—which I conduct. Let the name of my brother Poet, Rogers, be for ever sacred. He has bought me a share in the partnership; and, with noble generosity, has refused even the *mortgage* of my Scotch property, as security for the debt. But *mortgaged* my Scotch property shall be, in order that he may be secure.

"All this time I am an egotist. But egotism is, after all, a compliment to those for whom we may be believed, *bonâ fide*, to bear a regard. In the midst of all my egotism, your Derbyshire has a pleasant hold over my imagination. You are with me—and your music. Never

did I surrender to any one but to you my verses on ——.* They were too sacred (as to my feelings) to be given to the printer. My mind and heart are full of Derbyshire . . . . T. C."

The first notice of a "Polish Association" occurs in the following passage:—

"*Oct.* 18*th.*—To-morrow I am obliged to stop in town out of compassion to the poor Polish Poet,† whose grief in his old age may well be imagined. I am forming an *Association* who will support the good old man, and, I dare say, all the other Polish exiles.

"Turning from that horrid subject, let me tell you a piece of good luck. Captain Chamier, the principal proprietor of 'The Metropolitan,' who is very much attached to me, has always been pressing me to take a share in the work; but as it could not be got without money, and as I had given all my money to the Poles, I told him it was in vain to ask me to take a share. . . . I went to Rogers,

* The following verses, given to me many years ago by the Poet, are probably the same as those mentioned in the letter. They are addressed "*To* ——."

"Whirl'd by the steam's impetuous breath,
I mark'd yon engine's mighty wheel;
How fast it forged the arms of death
And moulded adamantine steel!
But soon, that life-like scene to stop—
The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
It needed but one single drop
Of water cold—and all was still!
Even so, one tear by * * shed—
It kills the bliss that once was mine:
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine.

T. C."

† Thee, Niemciewitz! whose song of stirring power,
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands.—POEMS, p. 260.

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and said I would insure my life, and hand over my library to him—which has been valued by an impartial bookseller at 700*l.*, at least. He said, 'You shall neither insure your life, nor hand over your library; you shall have the *money* when you want it.' Noble, generous, beautiful conduct! I am to get the 500*l.* to-morrow! but, in spite of his prohibition, I have insured my life, and I have got a legal instrument, by which my library and furniture will be at his disposal till the debt is repaid. T. C."

Under this pleasing delusion, he calls upon his sister to congratulate him on his good fortune, and adds:—

. . . "My partners in the concern are Mr. Cochrane the publisher, and Captain Chamier, author of 'The Life of a Sailor,' in 'The Metropolitan,' and several other amusing papers. He is one of the merriest, and dearest souls in existence; and, though diametrically opposite to me in politics, is the best literary partner I could possibly have got; for I laugh at his *Toryism*, and make the publication *Whiggish*, in spite of his teeth. And as my editorial power is absolute and dictatorial, I often threaten to make personal attacks upon him, by name and surname, in the 'Metropolitan,' if he presumes to interfere with me! But Chamier, though the merriest joker in the world, is a shrewd, active, and business-like man. I expect great gains from our co-operation. So God save our gracious King William the Fourth! preserve my sister Mary! and speed the sale of 'The Metropolitan!' T. C."

Full of "El Dorado prospects," Campbell returned to St. Leonards; and, writing to Mrs. Arkwright, says:—

"*Nov. 22nd.*—I snatch a moment to refresh myself with

the delightful recollection of Stoke—and the pleasurable recollection is more tempting, perhaps, for being illicit—I mean that I ought not to write till I could answer the question about Miss B——'s Polish letters. You ask about my health and spirits. Upon my truth I cannot tell you whether I am well or ill—I am so absorbed in the whirl of business—business composed of 'Metropolitan' proof-sheets—papers to be corrected—and correspondents, very unlike yourself—that my head spins. But my *heart* is not dizzy. It still recollects sweet tones of song, and sweet banks of streams.

"You thought, at Stoke, that I was a man rather too much given to sadness; but I was, on the whole, very happy! The world's affairs stand now pretty fairly with me; and when I can snatch leisure here, I am so fortunate as to find more pleasant society than I expected. The Ponds are here still, and Sir John and Lady Hobhouse, with other very covetable persons.

"Adieu, my dear Mrs. Arkwright. 'I scent the morning air, and my spirit must return to penal fires,'—but, even in these, still I am sincerely yours, T. C."

In the mean time, "a change came over the spirit of his dream,"—some startling facts were brought to light; and, in a hasty letter to his sister, he says:—

"*Nov. 25th.*—Very shortly after I wrote to you that I had taken a third share in 'The Metropolitan,' I learnt, with dismay, that Captain Chamier, as well as myself, had been too credulous! Chamier was off to Paris before I learnt this news. I wrote to him, saying—'Come back! all is not well; I am sorry I embarked my all in this property!' When he came home, he behaved exceedingly well, and gave up all claim to my money, as proprietor of

'The Metropolitan.' He only wrote to me, with the frankness of a gallant tar, saying—'As I have been honourable to you, be so to me. Don't give up the editorship of the Magazine, else it will sink, and I shall suffer.' My answer was—'Assuredly I shall be as honourable as you, but I cannot live on air. Assure me that the publisher pays my monthly salary, and I will stick fast to "The Metropolitan," for your sake.' His reply was—'I cannot be answerable for Cochrane.' 'Very well,' I wrote back, 'I inclose you a poem for next month; but I charge you not to give it to be published, until he has paid my 50*l.* of arrears for salary.'"

The subject of the Poem inclosed was "The power of Russia,"—"A strange subject for verse," he adds; "but I begin to think that men reason better in verse than in prose—in rhyme than in reason."' To account for this new opinion, he says—"I had been for weeks trying to hammer into the head of my friend, Dr. Madden, my views as to the danger of the world from Russia—and to no purpose. But when, in reading the Poem to him, I came to the line—

'The stripling *giant*,* strengthening year by year,'

he said—'Now you have convinced me more than by all that you ever said in prose.' Here, then, a metaphor convinced a man."

* * * * *

For some weeks Campbell was left in painful uncertainty as to the money; but, at last, it was recovered, and in a letter to Mr. Rogers he says:—

"*Dec. 6th.* . . I am very happy to tell you that

* In the printed Poem, giant was changed to *Titan*.—POEMS, p. 258.

the *five hundred*, which you so generously lent me, is safe at my banker's in St. James-street, and waits your calling for it. Blessed be God! that I have saved both it and myself from being involved, as partner, in 'The Metropolitan.'" . . .

"The pain I suffered before I made this rescue was not slight. Amidst the horror of bad news—public and private—I felt at times misanthropic enough to pronounce my species all rascals! But still, when I recalled your *loan*, ah—there, I thought to myself—there is a *fact* to show that benevolence has not left the earth! Ay—days and sleepless nights went over my head, in which I knew not whether even that loan was not to be thrown into a gulf of bankruptcy!

"All, however, is now safe; and my feeling of obligation to you is as thoroughly grateful as if all my chimerical dreams had been realised. I shall now go quietly on with 'Mrs. Siddons' Life.' . . . T. C."

With the feelings of a man who has just escaped shipwreck, Campbell returned to Hastings; and in a letter to Mrs. Arkwright,—the first depositary of his secret,—acquaints her with the result:—

"*Dec.* 21*st*. . . . I mentioned to you having been enabled, by my worthy friend Rogers, to purchase a third share of a periodical. Imagine how foolish I looked when I found the concern a bubble. After weeks of agitation, and many a sleepless night, I got back the money by dint of remonstrance, and Rogers has got it again, though he kindly offered to let me have it for another purpose. It was not till the business was settled, some ten days ago, that I could retire with an easy mind to my cabin here, where I am fallen once more in love with the sea; and I

have now set myself down in earnest, and with heart and hand disembarrassed, to 'Mrs. Siddons' Life.'" . . .

"In the first chapter of the Biography I had to speak of your father,* and his name brought strong feelings to my mind. The scene of honest Harry Siddons' lodgings on the Calton Hill—the landscape seen from the window—the plain but hospitable table, and the pleasantry, wit, and inexhaustible anecdote of your dear father, together with his kindness to me, a bashful boy, came in recollections as fresh as yesterday. They would have been desolate recollections, but I felt a really comforting thankfulness that you were alive, and that I could call you friend—to my sensations at the moment I could have almost said sister. T. C."

* * * *

The ensuing holidays Campbell spent in town, in daily intercourse with the friends of Poland, and her exiled Chief, whose noble bearing, under the weight of adversity, had added lustre to his name, and inspired deeper sympathy for his cause. Of his visit, the Poet gives the following account to his sister:—

"St. Leonards, *January* 17, 1832.

. . . "I went to town more than a fortnight ago, partly to pay my respects to the worthy Prince Czartoryski, and partly to look after our American legacy. The Prince I found, if possible, a more interesting man than I had imagined. He has lost 70,000*l.* a year, with the near prospect of being King of Poland. . . But he is as calm, and undepressed, as if he were in his palace. Now and then, when I have sat beside him at dinner, I could overhear a stifled and deep sigh; but his gentleman-

* See the anecdote, as already told, vol. I., page 257.

like self-command, suavity, and dignity, are most striking. He is now sixty-one, but looks much younger, and is a great deal handsomer than his portrait.

"As president of the Literary Union, I invited his Highness to dine with thirty of our members, and, at the same time, asked Prince Talleyrand to meet him. Talleyrand sent me a note in his own hand, 'extremely regretting an express engagement' to dine elsewhere, and mentioning the place. But, in spite of all his 'regret,' the old fox went immediately to Prince Czartoryski, and told him that he—Prince C.—should not join 'any political dinners at a London club!' Prince Czartoryski sent for me, but, being confined to bed with a cold, I could not go out. His friend then came to me and asked if the dinner was meant to be 'public and political?' I assured him not, but only an expression of private regard for his Highness. 'In that case,' said his friend, 'the Prince assures you that he will come.' . . . I was well enough to preside at the dinner. The Prince thanked us in French for drinking his health, and the party went off with great harmony and good feeling. . .

"I dined with the Prince next day at a private party, and before leaving town, had several interviews with him. . . He was in mourning for his mother, the venerable old Princess, who died last month, in her eighty-ninth year, and, I believe, of a broken heart, more than old age. The Prince asked me, 'Have you not got a letter from my mother?' I said 'No;' but shrinking from the touch of so tender a chord in his feelings, I dropt the subject. . . His question was explained to me this morning, when I received a letter from the now departed Princess, which must have been written a few days before her death. It is written, signed, and directed with her own hand. . .

"T. C."

* * * *

Writing a few days later, he says—"It turns out that the aged and august Princess is still alive—in her eighty-ninth year. May God preserve her!" *

After his return to London, much of his time, he tells us, was spent in search of materials for the Biography. At length, he writes:—

"*Feb. 20th.*—I have luckily met with Mr. Taylor, author of 'Monsieur Tonson,' who was exceedingly intimate with Mrs. Siddons, and has given me some interesting anecdotes. Mr. T. is seventy-six; but fresh, cheerful, and communicative. . . . Since I left the sea-side, I took a trip to Chertsey, to see Mrs. Whitelock, a sister of Mrs. Siddons. I am not sorry for my jaunt; for, if I got no news, I made at least a pleasant acquaintance. Mrs. Whitelock† acted almost all her life in America, with considerable fame, I believe, and certainly with much profit; for she has a nice income of 800*l.* a year. I never saw a more surprising woman of her years. At seventy-two, she is as sprightly as at twenty—with the remains of a noble-looking woman, and so full of pleasant anecdotes, that she made the day I passed with her seem short. She pressed me much to stop a few days: and I heard, on my way to Chertsey, that I was expected, and should receive a general welcome in the neighbourhood." . . . .

Much to his regret, the Poet could not profit by the hospitality offered; for, having heard from Admiral Stirling that a sad accident had happened to his friend Mr. R. Sullivan, whose name has been already mentioned, he was "much distressed; and, taking a post chaise, crossed the country to his friend's mansion, where he had formerly spent a most happy month." "My friend," he adds,

* See copy of the Princess's Letter in the APPENDIX.

† See Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons.

"was out riding; and not expecting me, it was late before he came home. Had he been my own son, I could not have been more nervously anxious to see how he looked. Mrs. Sullivan said so much about his not caring a straw about his disfigurement, that I foreboded it must be very considerable. But I was deceived; for though he has got some *scars* they have not materially altered any feature; and he received me with the same right joyous laugh, and cheerful countenance, that always greeted me whenever we met."

As to the nature of the accident, he says:—"Mr. Sullivan was three months ago, at Havre. One dark evening, he missed his way on the pier—just, 'he told me, as he was studying the completion of a tragedy, in which I had exhorted him to proceed,* and was precipitated twenty-five feet on the rocks beneath.' He was taken up horribly mangled, and carried insensible to his hotel, where poor Mrs. Sullivan's voice and tears first brought him to his senses."

* * * *

The news that waited Campbell's return from Chertsey threw him into great distress. To be compelled to witness misery, which he had no adequate power to relieve, was a constant burden upon his mind; and to contemplate its probable increase was still worse. By letters, and personal applications to his friends, he collected funds just sufficient to relieve the more urgent cases; but as the number of Exiles increased, the duty and difficulty were, how to increase the number of contributors. With this object, an appeal to British philanthropy was drawn up; and the liberality with which it was responded to by the public was the subject of grateful admiration.

A lady, to whom the Poet had written, having requested

* "Mr. S." he adds, "is the author of two sweet little dramas, which he dedicated to me."

his answer to a question respecting the actual amount of suffering among the Exiled Patriots, he sat down to his desk, intending to give her one instance, which had just come before him. Mr. Bach was in the room with him. After writing a short time, his friend observed that he became more and more agitated—sobbed and wept like a child,—and then, starting up, began to pace the room with a hurried step, and an expression of mental agony. Alarmed at the violence of his emotion, Mr. Bach imagined that he was labouring under acute bodily pain. "No," he said, "it is more than bodily pain—it is the thought that so many gallant patriots are starving! . . What is to be done?" and, turning earnestly to his friend, waited for an answer.

The question was difficult. At length, said Mr. Bach, "What would you say to an Association?" "Association?" said Campbell,—"'Association of the friends of Poland'! that is the very thing. Let us set about it directly." . .

They went out together—called upon Lord Panmuir in Cockspur Street—explained their object, and received from him twenty pounds as a first contribution to the funds of the Association.*

Anxious to profit by so auspicious a commencement, meetings were held—a committee was formed—and in a short time the Society was in full operation.

To Mr. Gray—his liberal adviser in all philanthropic schemes—he writes :—

"*March 7th.*—Let me consult you about a project that is very near my heart—an Association—a *literary* one, for collecting, publishing, and diffusing all such information respecting Poland, as may tend to interest the public mind, and keep alive in it a strong interest with respect

* This, Mr. Bach tells me, occurred the previous year. See *first* hint of an Association, page 101, Oct. 18.

to the condition of that brave but ill-used nation. The Germans are in a highly excited state; their patriots are forming—or rather have formed—Associations of the same nature; though, as I learn from them, they have to work up against the wind and tide of despotic governments. . . . .

"Forty most respectable individuals * have pledged themselves in London to support me in forming this Philo-Polish Association. We subscribe but a pound a piece; and shall publish, respecting Poland, such tracts as, by dragging into full light all the black and horrid facts of Russian cruelty towards her, may arouse public sympathy. . . ." With regard to the Autocrat's treatment of Poland, he concludes, his "sceptre is a *knout;* and his councils, to use the words of Æschylus, 'are embalmed in corruption.'"

On the same subject, and with "comforting assurance" to his sister, he writes:—

"*March 23rd.*—We will rouse the public attention to the Poles in England and over Europe, by showing, in authentic details, very little known, the unheard-of cruelties which Russia is inflicting on them, in defiance of her treaties; even the treaty with Great Britain, in which we were made guarantees to the *independence* of Poland!

"Our Society has taken chambers in Duke-street, St. James's-square, for the sittings of the committee. I have been appointed permanent chairman. It is singular that, after we had taken our chambers, we found that they had

* "Our Committee," he adds, "includes the following—Lord Camperdown—Lord Panmuir—(expect) Lord Darnley—Mr. Shiel, M.P.—Mr. Wyse, M.P.—Mr. Traill, M.P., for Orkney—Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.—Mr. Gillan, M.P.—Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, M.P.—Colonel Evans, M. P., and several more M.P.'s. I think at least to the number of ten."

been once tenanted by Milton, and that he wrote in them his 'Defence of the People of England.'"

* * * * *

During this exciting period, all labour, except what arose out of the Association, appears to have been suspended. His private letters are strongly tinctured with the sentiments already expressed—tirades against despotism, aspirations for Polish freedom, and the deepest sympathy for her children. But, in the following letter to Mrs. Arkwright, there is more variety, and much that is characteristic of the Poet:—

"St. Leonards, 10*th April*, 1832.

"I have been prevented, my dear Mrs. Arkwright, from answering your last very acceptable letter by rather too bad a cause—namely, an illness that has hung upon me for nearly two months in the shape of erysipelas. It began in that quarter of the head which the Scotch call the 'lugs.' . . . . All my neck and throat immediately joined in the disaffection, and I was forthwith wrapt in a black silk cowl and chin-piece, like a Culdee of St. Iona, or a monk of the dark ages; but, being in London, though I made a ridiculous figure in the streets, I could not nurse myself at home, having no home but a common lodging-house. I got worse and worse, and came back half dead to St. Leonards, where the balmy air and the beatific sea have recovered me. God bless them! I am now more than ever in love with St. Leonards; and during my convalescence you might have seen me in one of these late lovely days which the poet Herbert apostrophises—

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'*

* See "Specimens of the British Poets," last edition, p. 126.

skipping and sauntering among the rocks as happy as a whelp or a child—the two happiest things in this world, with the exception of a convalescent poet.

"I was so sorry that I did not see Miss T—ss in London; but, before the year is out, I trust to seeing you all again in the west, on my way to Wales. There I hope to find, at Mrs. Siddons's birth-place, some precious records about Sir Hugh Evans, the 'remnant of Welsh flannel,' (in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,') who was a native of Brecon. I have been interrupted in Mrs. Siddons's Life, but no way discouraged by my interruption. Two chapters are finished to perfection—about a hundred pages, or a fourth of the intended volume. I have got noble materials for the rest, and you will not be sorry for my being her biographer.

"Wheresoever I go, I hear nothing but your music, and either my poetry with it, or Lockhart's. Acquit poets of jealousy. Truly I love Lockhart's 'Lay your golden cushion down,' so that I always tell the fair songstress, 'Tut! give us none of Campbell's drawling things, but that lively Spanish ballad, "Get up, get up, Zeripha!"'* and on my return home from the party I sing it to myself all the way. I do think that air one of the happiest your happy genius ever threw off. It is 'wild, warbling nature all—above the reach of art!'

"Pray, don't relax in your ambition to be a popular melodist. The maker of melodies is a real poet; melody-making is a sort of distillery of the spirit of poetry; and the melodist may deny all submission in rank to the brewers and vintners of versification.

"Alas! with all my love of St. Leonards, and much it is, I shall be obliged to give up housekeeping here, for I have taken chambers in London, and cannot well afford

* "Rise up, rise up, Zeripha!"—See Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, now beautifully illustrated.

two establishments. But I have bespoken lodgings, where I can be accommodated whenever I shall be able to get away from London, and so St. Leonards and I shall not part for ever. Show me such a sea and such a shore! It was wise in the Conqueror to make it the first part of his conquest of England. . . . T. C."

In a style of lively gossip, he next writes to his sister :*

"St. Leonards, *April* 12, 1832.

"I am now recovered, my dearest sister, and enjoying the beauty and the balmy air of this place, as well as the society of your lovely pupils and their venerable mother. We are always talking of you, and wishing that, by either a miracle or some natural means, you could be brought amongst us. Will these *railroads* do nothing for us when they are finished—so as to enable us to travel to Edinburgh in eight hours!! I see the M—es almost every day. One of them—the handsomest I think—(though there is a difference of opinion)—came to see me in my sickness, and brought her nieces with her. The dear simple girls had a vague idea that they were coming to see a *sister* of Miss Campbell—or, at least, they were not sure whether I was to turn out your sister or your brother! I received them enrobed in my flowing night-gown, and had on, moreover, a black silk cowl, with a strap under my chin, of the same silken materials, that made me look like

* This sister, as the reader may remember, was the Poet's senior by twenty years; and, some time previous to this date, had been stricken with palsy. Under these circumstances, "her brother's letters were a cordial" to her; and nothing could exceed the affectionate solicitude with which he strove to mitigate her sufferings, by diverting her mind to persons, and subjects, in which she took a deep interest. In this amiable task he found also a temporary escape from his own pressing cares.

an ambiguous figure—something between a monk of the dark ages, and a distressed old lady of modern times—so the poor girls sat and stared at me, in utter doubtfulness as to my sex. It was not till I called upon their grandmamma and aunts, dismounting from a handsome steed—a whip in my hand—my best blue coat half buttoned over a handsome waiscoat—with dandy spurs and trowsers—and all the air of 'a fine young man,' that they gave up considering me as an elderly spinster!!

* * * * *

"Yesterday I dined with the W—vills, and my favourite Rachel (so I call her) was of the party. She has agreed to accept of my silken *cowl* with the strap, and to wear it for her cold, and for my sake. I told her if silk be an electric-conductor, it will carry news from my brain to hers, and tell her how much I think of her. The family are going over to Holland, on their way to Italy; and I made a jocular arrangement with their tutor—the brother of an old deceased friend of mine—to take his place, and go out as their Dominie. The W—vills* are a pair exactly to my liking; and of their children, my stars! you should see their boy Rhodes, ten years old—a model of boyish beauty and sweet expression. Children are good physiognomists; they know with great discrimination those who notice them, with unaffected fondness for childish innocence.† This darling boy kept by me the whole evening, as if grateful for my saying that I should

* April 30, he writes—"I was particularly happy that I could give Mr. and Mrs. W. a demonstration of my regard for the family, in the shape of introductory letters to two of the most illustrious of my friends now abroad—Sir Walter Scott, and the dramatic historian Schlegel, &c."

† ". . . For by its instinct, childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy:
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart."—LINES, &c. in 1842.

'delight to be his tutor. For a tutor, however, they are admirably well off in the brother of Mathews, author of the 'Diary of an Invalid.' T. C."

* * * * *

The Magazine, a source of much disquietude to "the editor," was now passing into other hands. The Polish Association required his presence; and he prepared, though reluctantly, to exchange the "balmy air of St. Leonards" for the crowded streets of St. James's. "The publisher," he writes, "has been obliged to sell the property of 'The Metropolitan;' and the proprietor, Mr. Valpy, has offered me the continuance of the editorship, which I have accepted, on condition of being paid past arrears, and my future salary more regularly." But, with respect to "this sweet sea-side," he adds, "such wonders does it work upon my health, and so much do I love the place, that I shall certainly make St. Leonards my abode for as great a portion of the year as I can."—This intention, unhappily, was never realised; but his "Lines" have rendered it classic ground.

His return to town—with a little domestic episode, very characteristic of the Poet's heart—is thus told to his sister:—

"*April* 30*th.*—I have left St. Leonards, and given up my house there. It was inconvenient for me to be so far from town; but I shall always have a kindly feeling to the place. The sea restored my health, and, excepting the agony I felt at the news from Poland, I never felt half-a-year pass over with more tolerable tranquillity. I had, besides the Milneses, some very pleasant acquaintances. My small, neat house hung over the sea,* almost like the

* "With thee, *beneath my windows*, pleasant Sea,
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades,
Or green savannahs, &c."—POEMS. "*View from St. Leonards.*"

stern of a ship. I was fortunate in a most honest, attentive servant—an old woman—who thought my place a God-send, and would have willingly come and served me in London, without wages, if I had had occasion for a servant. But, for a year to come, I shall not take up house again. Poor old soul! my heart smites me for its own hardness in not giving her a larger present than I could afford, at parting. When I stepped into the stage-coach at my door, she came out with red and streaming eyes, which she wiped with her apron. I would have shaken hands with her, in saying 'Good bye;' but, though her grief was sincere, it so overcame her, that, seeing some satirical-looking people on the top of the coach, I thought I should best consult the old lady's character—not to speak of my own—by avoiding all appearance of familiarity.—And so poor dame Wilsted and I parted without shaking hands."

With regard to literary matters, he says:—"I came to London with the firm resolution of giving up 'The Metropolitan.' The property of this Journal has changed hands several times. At last, it belongs to Captain Marryat, R.N., author of 'The King's Own,' a popular novel. He and I are old friends. I told him that it was from no lack of confidence in him, that I wished to give up the editorship; but because it interrupted me in other objects, and particularly in my Life of Mrs. Siddons. He requested me, however, to continue—saying, that he would take the burden of correspondence, &c. off my hands; and, as to contributions, would leave me entirely at my own disposal, and at leisure to finish the Siddons's Life. Thus entreated, I could scarcely in honour refuse. In strict confidence I am not sure that Marryat's views and mine are quite similar on a great, though distracting subject—the West Indies. But, on that subject, I shall keep my ground

firmly; and on all others I have no fear of our disagreeing. In character, Marryat is a blunt, rough diamond—but a clever fellow, and a gentleman. If I go on with him, I shall be able to afford my poor discarded servant some relief, which I fear she needs—for I believed her but too well, when she said that such a place as *mine*, she should never get!

"My prospects for the coming year," he adds, "are better than when I left St. Leonards. I counted on living for a good many months solely on my own resources, which—as my Poems are mortgaged for Colburn's debt * —are not very munificent. Still, I could live very well on a few pounds a week; and now I shall be still better off, if Marryat and I go on smoothly. My present most pressing employment is the drawing up of a declaration for the Polish Association, which will appear in a week.

"T. C."

Dr. Madden,† who enjoyed the personal regard and

* In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated 14th October [1831], Campbell says:—"In spring I parted with Mr. Colburn, who had sent me in a bill of 700*l.*—partly for the expense of the current, unsold, edition of my Poems, and partly for numbers of books. . I could not help myself. . Cochrane and Co., however, offered to discharge the debt, in return for my undertaking the 'Metropolitan,' and allowing the twelve hundred unsold copies of my Poems to be put into their hands. It never entered into my head that Cochrane could not keep his word. From week to week, I found that the release of my Poems in Colburn's hands, was put off, till he candidly confessed his inability to pay the sum. I have, therefore, been obliged to raise 700*l.*, the best way I could, by pledging the rent of my house, and by selling off the copies of my Poems at any price they would fetch. T. C."

† Author of "Travels in the East," "The Mussulman," "The West Indies," &c. &c., and whose parody of Campbell's "Lines on the View from St. Leonards" caused no little mirth to "the Abbot and his Monks." "Mr. Madden (says Campbell, writing to Mr. Rogers, December 6), an extremely sensible and amiable man, constitutes, I may say, all my conversible society in this place."

confidence of the Poet, has favoured me with the following recollections :—

"Campbell's interest in the cause of Poland is well known. His devotion to it was a passion, that had all the fervour of patriotism, the purity of philanthropy, the fidelity of a genuine love of liberty. I was with him on the day he received an account of the fall of Warsaw. Never in my life did I see a man so stricken with profound sorrow! He looked utterly woe-begone; his features were haggard, his eyes sunken, his lips pale, his colour almost yellow. I feared that if this prostration of all energy of mind and body continued, his life or his reason must have sunk under the blow. On this occasion every kindness and attention were shown to him. He spent much of his time in my house, and Mrs. Madden's care and considerate regards for an honoured guest were acceptable and useful to him.

"In fits of abstraction, and absence of mind, he used frequently to start from reveries of long continuance, with such exclamations as, 'Poor Poland!'—'Warsaw is taken!'—'Order reigns at Warsaw!'—'The miscreant Autocrat!'—'The murderer of this brave people!'—'The cause of Poland is lost for ever!'*

"If I had been told that any man could have been similarly affected by the news of any political event, or catastrophe, I could not have believed it. It was not regret, deep concern, or mere melancholy, at tidings of a distressing public nature, but real heart-felt sorrow, stupifying grief, an astounding trouble of mind for the loss of a beloved object, in which all his hopes centred. That beloved object was Poland. It was his idol. He wrote for it—he worked for it—he sold his literary labour for it; he used his influence with all persons of eminence in political life, of his acquaintance, in favour of it; and, when it was lost, in favour of those brave defenders of it who had survived its fall. He threw himself heart and soul into the cause—he identified all his feelings, nay his very being with it.

* * * * * *

"The Poet's tenderness for children was carried to an extent that very often was the cause of pain to his feelings. He could not bear to see a child crossed, or to hear it cry, or see it confined reluctantly to books. It distressed him beyond measure to see a child suffer pain, from illness of any kind. He had a notion, or rather a theory, respecting children, that seemed to be an extension of Lady Morgan's idea, namely, that

* *Vide* Campbell's letter of March 11, 1831.

children have so recently come out of the hands of the Creator, that they have not had time to lose the impress of their Divine origin. One of his great juvenile idols at St. Leonards was a boy of mine about three years old, whom he called then and ever after, 'my audacious boy.'* He would not have this child 'tormented with senseless teaching,' as he deemed the ordinary mode of instructing children; but many a time he has had him on his knee 'teaching a child in the right way;' which was, in fact, teaching little more than uproarious fun, orgies of most boisterous hilarity. I think Campbell delighted in this more than any earthly amusement; and it was usually, as I observed, on the evenings of days of much labour that he came to teach the child, or, in other words, to recruit himself with the outbreaks of boldness and frolic of his 'audacious boy.'

"He thought it was time enough for a child to begin to learn from books when he was seven years of age. I was walking with him one day at St. Leonards, when a nurse passed us on the promenade with a child in her arms retching violently. Campbell ran after the nurse, pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, and began wiping the child's face, and soothing, as he thought, the poor child's sufferings with all kinds of strange noises, which I presume were attempts to imitate the lullabies of nurses in Scotland, suddenly called to his mind. These, however, had a very different effect from what was intended. The child screamed and kicked, and the more Campbell tried to soothe it, the more fractious it became. The nurse looked alternately at the strange person before her, and the screaming child, as bewildered in her regards as the wedding guest in 'The Ancient Mariner,' not knowing what to make of the elderly gentleman and his apparent attempts on the child's life!

* * * * * *

"'A conversation after dinner,' on the subject of a convivial society in Dublin, some fifty years ago, of which Curran and the first men of the Irish bar, of that bright day, were members. 'The Monks of the Screw' led to the formation of a social club, which Campbell christened 'The Monks of St. Leonards.' Our first dinner meeting was a very jovial one. It was held at the New Hotel of Mr. Hudson; and Campbell, who was put in the chair, and duly installed in the office of Superior of the Order, with a table-cloth thrown over his head and shoulders for a few minutes, as a cowl. He was in glorious spirits; I never saw him so full of mirth, humour, and repartee. There were about fifteen or sixteen persons present: some members of the family of Mr. Burton; the Rev.

* Mr. Ford Madden, a distinguished pupil in the College of Versailles, and now a civil engineer of high promise.—Ed. 1848.

Mr. H——, now a grave doctor of divinity, and head master, I believe, of Eton; Dr. Maccabe of Hastings; Mr. Horace Smith, and several residents and visitors of St. Leonards. A merrier set of men, 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' it would have been difficult to find than 'the Monks of St. Leonards.' The sin of parodying 'The Meeting of the Waters,' in celebration of the 'Meeting of the Monks of St. Leonards,' was committed by me for this occasion. We had five or six subsequent meetings; and then they became like the 'angels' visits' of the Superior, 'few and far between.' The Monks of St. Leonards dropped off one after the other, and eventually 'the order was suppressed,' or rather it merged into a mere whist club."

* * * * * *

As a playful contrast to his graver "Verses, written at St. Leonards,"—and a piece that shows an union of very opposite qualities—I venture to present the following:—

FORLORN DITTY ON RED-RIDING-HOOD.

Brighter than gem ever polish'd by jeweller,
Fairer than flower that in garden e'er grew!
Yet I 'm sorry to say that to me you 've been crueller
Than the wolf in the fable to granny and you!
I once was a fat man—the merriest of jokers;
But my phiz now 's as lank as an old Jewish broker's,
And I toddle about on two legs thin as pokers,
Lamenting the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn!

I cannot eat food, and I cannot recover sleep:
Madden can cure all his patients but me!
And I verily think, when I 've taken the Lover's leap,*
That my heart, like a cinder, will hiss in the sea!
Little Red-Riding-Hood! why won't you speak to me?
Your cause of offence is all Hebrew and Greek to me!
I conjure a compassionate smile on your cheek to me,
By all the salt tears that have scalded my nose!

When I drown myself, punsters will pun† in each coterie,
Saying, "Strangely his actions and words were at strife!
For the fellow determined his *bier* should be watery—
Though he vowed that he hated small beer all his life!"

* A romantic rock, so called, near Hastings.

† "At this time," says Dr. Madden, "Campbell had fits of punning, which

Yes, cruel maiden! when least o't thou thinkest,
I 'll hie to the sea-beach ere yonder sun sink west;
And the verdict shall be, of the Coroner's Inquest—
"He died by the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn!"

From his chambers in Duke-Street, St. James's, he writes:—

"*May* 3*rd.*—The business that engrosses me is two-fold. The Polish Association in the first place—a sacred duty which I, for one, will not abandon, and which I have still hopes that the public will countenance. Bach, our Secretary, is very ill, and I have all the trouble of forming the Society on my own hands. Bach seems to me my friend Clason restored from the dead. He has an ardour of heart like Clason's, and a sagacity that reminds me, in his conversation, of the all-grasping mind of Bacon. He came down to me at St. Leonards, but was seized with a fever, and with difficulty brought to town. I take lodgings in the same house with him, in order to prevent him from wasting his feeble strength in writing the correspondence of our Association. I have my fears that he is a dying man.*

"Then, in the second place, I have got into a pretty mess by Sir G. Duckett's failure. I am trustee for the Literary Union, and answerable for 2800*l.*! The Society behaves exceedingly well, and deprecates the idea of making the trustees pay the sum: and, indeed, to get it from *me* would be like getting the 'breeks off a Highlandman!' But as a trustee, I have to attend the Court of

he indulged in at times for days together." Of these many instances occur in his letters; but if ever successful in this species of wit, it was when he found himself in social contact with his friend, Mr. Horace Smith, to whom he afterwards addressed his "Punning Epistle," from Algiers.

* This eminent German lawyer is still living, and as warmly devoted as ever to the cause of philanthropy.

Bankruptcy, and a world of botheration to go through. To-day, they stole my great-coat in the very Court. I had hung it for a moment on the railing, and scarcely turned my back; but when I looked round, it was off and away!"

* * * * *

"*May* 31*st*.—We have had a dinner in the Association Chambers—the room where Milton wrote his 'Defence of the People of England!' Prince Czartoryski, and the other Poles now in London, were our guests; and we sat down fifty-three in number. Never did a fête go off better. The Rev. Dr. Wade, in full canonicals, offered a solemn prayer in form of grace, which was strikingly impressive. He several times repeated the words—'Hear us, oh God of mercy and justice!' and every one responded to the words. He implored the Almighty by his holiest attributes, and by the redeeming blood and agony of the Saviour, to mitigate the fate of Poland! . . . ."

"I was in the chair. When we had the cloth removed, at 7, P.M., I had not one word prepared for the score of toasts I had to give. But I felt no difficulty in speaking—except that of being overcome by my feelings—and the general feeling was so strong, that one of the Birmingham deputies—a noble-looking man—burst into tears, and sobbed audibly. The same individual (a half millionaire), promised, when his health was drunk, that he would make his sons take an oath, never to cease being the enemies of any English Administration that should not try to befriend Poland. The Birmingham people, I anticipate, will be staunch to us, and form a branch Association: pray do something of the same kind in Glasgow. We are much in want of funds. If we had but a little of the needful, we could blow a coal in Germany that would soon make

it too hot for despotism! Prince Czartoryski was evidently cheered by this dinner. T. C."*

"*June 7th.* . . . My friend Bach was the first who put me up to forming the Polish Association. He is my great, I may say my sole, supporter in the plan; and, without exception, is the most enlightened and virtuous man whom I could name. . . .

"Our Association flourishes. The carrying of the Reform Bill will be the making of us! More Polish refugees have come to London, and among them some distinguished statesmen and generals, whose appearance, intellect, history, and conversation are quite inspiring. I this morning passed an hour with two of them, who struck me as the most perfectly interesting and heroic men I had ever seen.

"I still continue chained to 'The Metropolitan,' though rather by Marryat's kindness and persuasion than my own choice. I shall write for next number an 'Ode to the Germans,'† exhorting them to rise and assist the Poles.‡

"T. C."

Having received from Dr. Borthwick more favourable

* Extract from a letter to W. Gray, Esq., Glasgow.

† Translated, and widely circulated in Germany:—

"The spirit of Britannia
Invokes, across the main,
Her sister, Allémannia,
To burst the tyrant's chain,
By our kindred blood, she cries,
Rise! Allémannians, rise!
And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be *the land*
Of the free—of the free!"—POEMS, p. 288.

‡ Extract from a letter to his sister Mary.

accounts of his sister's health, Campbell expressed himself full of gratitude for his kind attentions; and, thinking he could make her physician no more agreeable return, presented him to Prince Czartoryski. Then, writing to his sister, he says:—

"*June 9th.*—Dr. B. has seen my favourite Prince and Princess Czartoryski, and their little angel, who has now learnt to lisp to me in Polish, 'Dear Campbell, our best friend!' The darling has been unwell, and I have called every day to see him. I had him in my arms this morning quite recovered. He would scarcely part from me to go to the servant, who was to take him out an airing. It might seem strange to you to know how much that little darling's illness alarmed me; but when I speak of beautiful children, my fondness makes me a fool and a child."*

So much absorbed was Campbell by the business of Poland, that even the passing of the Reform Bill was hardly noticed in his correspondence. But, on receiving an invitation from his distinguished friend, the Lord Mayor, he went to the great City banquet on the eleventh of August. On this subject he has left several amusing

* The concluding paragraph expresses a sentiment of such frequent recurrence in the Poet's letters, and so similar to the following, that, to those who knew him intimately, it will seem as if the poet himself had sat for the picture. It is given by a French writer as an *épreuve du cœur humain*:—"Madame Geoffries," he says, "avait tous les goûts d'une âme sensible et douce; elle aimait les enfans avec passion; elle n'en voyait pas un seul, sans attendrissement; elle s'intéressait à l'innocence, et à la faiblesse de cette age. Elle aimait à observer la nature, qui, grace à nos mœurs, ne se laisse plus voir que dans l'enfance; elle se plaisait à causer avec eux, a leur faire des questions, et ne souffrait pas que les gouvernantes leur suggérassent la réponse.—'J'aime mieux,' leur disait-elle, 'les sottises qu'il me dira, que celles que vous lui dicterez.'—'*Je voudrais*,' ajoutait-elle, '*qu'on fit une question à tous les malheureux qui vont subir la mort, pour leurs crimes*: 'AVEZ-VOUS AIMÉ LES ENFANS?' *Je suis sûre qu'ils répondraient que non!*"

letters; but nothing, perhaps, more graphic than the following sketch, sent to a private friend :—

"*June 12th.*—I was yesterday at the grand Guildhall dinner, to celebrate the triumph of Reform; and such a scene of splendour, stuffing, speechifying, potting and stewing, I never went through! We had 160 tureens of turtle soup; and I had my full share of the glorious green fat—which tasted as if it had already felt the beneficent effects of Reform! It was mellow and *constitutional*, and savoured distinctly of the wholesome principles that placed the reigning family on the throne! Before my eyes, whilst I turned them up in extacy with the spoon in my mouth, was the statue of Beckford, in the attitude of addressing his memorable rebuke to George III. Thinks I to myself, how pleasant it is, in the act of spooning myself with reform-turtle, to see the effigy of a Whig showing *sauce* to a King. Then, Guildhall was all in a blaze with gas-lights. At one end was the word REFORM! in characters of light, with W. R. below it—showing that we have got, not reform under William IV., but William IV. under Reform! At the other end, amidst the drums and banners, there was a star of clustered lamps, immensely large, which, while expecting to be called upon to make a speech, I was determined to apostrophise as the 'Star of Reform!' All the time, a fine English band played from one gallery at intervals, whilst the Russian horn-band played on the one opposite. The effect of their music, in a hall, is exactly like an organ, but not so fine as I heard it in Germany; for there it was in the fields, calling echoes from the woods and rocks! To be serious, the effect of the whole was impressive, and I shall never forget it. But still, I would rather almost forget it, than go through it again. . . ."

"My exhaustion and pain, which turned out to be nervous, and not inflammatory, was beguiled by interest in the speeches of the Ministers, who returned thanks for their healths being drunk. There were, I dare say, 900 persons present; and to make them all hear in an echoing hall is not easy. The last time I dined with the Lord Mayor, I remember exulting in being the only one of many speakers who could manage his voice, so as to be heard distinctly. This art I acquired by the habit of speaking in the Common Hall at Glasgow College. Well, thought I to myself, Whigs as they are, there is not one of these Ministers, excepting Brougham, that will make himself distinctly heard on this occasion; and my presage was fulfilled. The Duke of Sussex got up, and I *saw* him speak; but of what he said I knew as much after as before he rose. Half-a-dozen of them gesticulated and uttered sounds; but the sounds were just exactly as articulate as the horns of the Russians."

* * * * *

"Next in turn, after Lord Grey, came my Lord Brougham. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'Hal! I have known thee, young devil—old devil—these thirty years!' . . . *Thou* wilt make thyself heard, articulately and distinctly, to the utmost ends and corners of the room. He did so. He spoke with no straining; but the hall was hushed, and his voice went over and round it in low, deep, but clear tones,—like the voice of a lion in the desert.* . . . He met me with great kindness in the anteroom: but, between ourselves, I disliked the *substance* of his speech, whilst I admired its style. He spoke of the

* In another letter he writes—"Brougham spoke and fulfilled what I had presaged in my own mind. I know that he will be heard when others are unheard. He spoke like a lion roaring, not angrily, but distinctly, in an African desert."

peace of Europe, and of its being the grand object of the present Ministry to insure it! Peace of Europe, with the ghost of Poland rising up before us! No, no! I exclaim, like Constance, 'Peace is to me a war;' and expecting to be called upon for a speech, I was determined to have quoted these words of Shakspeare. But the Ministers went off the moment the last of their healths had been drunk, and I was preparing to go off also. But the Lord Mayor requested his friends not wholly to forsake him. I returned to my seat, waiting as patiently as I could, under pain, for my health to be drunk, and for leave to depart after paying a speech as my share in the reckoning. I had in my mind a jumble of ideas, but it depended on a toss of accident whether I should have made out of them a foolish or a passable harangue. I had the Star of Reform—the statue of Beckford—and the ensigns of England, to apostrophise! together with chivalrous allusions to the antiquity of London's glory;—but, altogether, I am glad I did not speak. . . At the end of ten minutes I could bear confinement no longer, and I bolted irrecoverably! On getting to chambers, I treated my temperance to half a pint of wine,—went to bed, slept soundly, and woke quite free from pain. T. C."

"*June 28th.*—The affairs of Poland are getting more and more interesting. . . We have got the subject into Parliament. We have auxiliary Polish Societies in the provinces. Everywhere the subject stirs up indignation and enthusiasm: and, though one's interest in it is painful, it is still an *irresistible* subject. The business of the Association has accordingly engrossed much of my time: I have a heavy correspondence to keep up—both with friends at home, and with foreigners. I have letters in French, German, and even Latin to write—for we have

correspondents as far as Hungary—and these afford me nothing like a sinecure. This very evening, Mr. Cutlar Fergusson's motion on the question of Poland, comes on in the House of Commons. The decision of that question —whatever it be—will bring things to a crisis, and abridge the future labours of the Association; so that I now look in earnest to getting the Life of Mrs. Siddons finished." *

* * * *

"*June* 28*th*.—You may have heard that a strong party of my friends have already agreed to bring me in (if they can) for Glasgow. What my chance is, I believe no mortal alive, without preternatural powers, could determine. But I am really not at all anxious to get into Parliament. It entails a life of dreadful hardship, and would cut up my literary occupation. I must not think of it. But, in thus deprecating the honour of representing Glasgow, I don't deserve to be compared with the fox and the sour grapes; for I really do not pretend to say, that the grapes are within my reach; I only mean that, if I could get them, it would not be safe for me to eat them." †

* * * *

"*June* 30*th*.—I have this morning been breakfasting with the best of all good men—Prince Czartoryski. His Princess presided at the breakfast table, and fascinated every body. She is as sweet and unassuming a person as your own Fanny M—ton, or my * * *. I could scarcely persuade her to allow me to pour out the tea and coffee. She brought us her three boys—one twelve, another three, a third, one year and a half old—darling boys! but, above all, the second, who is a perfect beauty. He sat on my knee all breakfast time—talking Polish, while I talked

* Extracts from Letters to private friends. † Ibid.

English and French to him—and we understood each other exactly to the same degree." . . .

"At breakfast, the papers told us of the monster Nicholas's robbing the Polish families of their children! I ventured a jest—that, perhaps, savoured too much of levity—when pressing the little angel to my breast, I said to the Princess—Why, really your Polish infants are a temptation to rob you of them; and, if I were at this moment the Emperor Nicholas, I should take away this boy from you, by an imperial *ukase!* The Princess laughed and said—'Why then, Mr. Campbell, *you* should be welcome to him.'

"Lord Durham's going out to St. Petersburgh is looked upon as a glorious omen of a change in the British Councils. . . . Lady Gray called on the Princess the day before yesterday, and congratulated her on the event. . . T. C."

The offer of a seat in Parliament was again pressingly urged upon him; and, from what appears in the correspondence between the Poet and his Glasgow constituents, his return seems to have been tolerably certain. His repugnance, however, to present himself as a candidate, remained unshaken. He reflected that, even if returned, loss of time and increased expenses must necessarily accrue; and that, in his mind, no honour, however flattering, could compensate for the loss of independence. Adverting to the subject, in a letter to Mr. Gray, he writes:—

"*July* 31.—After full and frequent deliberation, I have come to the resolution not to make the attempt to get into Parliament. . . If I were elected to-morrow—elected even for Glasgow—I am convinced that the seeming good fortune would be a misfortune to me. I find myself implicated in the Polish Association to a degree that half

absorbs my time and attention. The German question—another and the same with the Polish—involves me also in correspondence with the German Patriots; and really, at this moment, my own private studies are so much impeded, that to go into Parliament—even if I could get into it—would be my ruin." . . . .

"In point of spirits I must own that I am often cast down. It is scarcely wonderful that the fate of this poor, poor people should afflict me! In order to be able in our monthly journal, called 'Polonia,' to repel the doubts of Sir Robert Peel, I sat down with others to examine, and probe to the quick, the truth of those reports of Russian cruelty which have reached us. Oh, my dear friend! it is as true as that you are reading my writing! . . . The wife of General Rubynski, on receiving the refusal of the Russians to abstain from tearing them from her, literally killed her own children, and then cut her own throat over their corpses! About fifty suicides have taken place in Warsaw, and mostly by *mothers!* . . . T. C."

* * * *

Turning from these horrors,—the bare recital of which had made him ill for days together,—he gives his sister, as usual, a cheerful account of his affairs. After a long *newsy* preface about mutual friends, he says:—

"*Aug. 25th.*—Here, in the Polish Chambers, I daily parade the main room,—a superb hall,—where all my books are ensconced, and where old 'Noll' used to give audience to his foreign ambassadors. Opposite to me, and divided by a wooden staircase, are Milton's apartments, in which he wrote his immortal 'Defence of the English People.' I am thus on holy, haunted ground! and here I defy the Emperor Nicholas, the cholera, and all the attacks of the devil! I even dine upon salad to show my

fearlessness of cholera; but my health is not quite what it was at St. Leonards! Strength of some kind, however, I must have; for I get up at seven, and work at one thing or another till midnight." . . .

"I presided lately at a meeting of the friends of Germany* —it went off most successfully. There was a subsequent meeting of the Germans, in which thanks were voted to me as the *first* who had taken up the cause of German liberty in this country. But, at such meetings, it is impossible to prevent imprudent persons from appearing; and some intemperate speeches, of which I disapproved, made me quit the assembly before it closed. I receive such letters from Germany, as make me sanguine that they will resist the tyrants. I send you my 'Song to the Germans,' which has been translated into their language, and set to popular music."

With respect to "my literary affairs,"—meaning those from which he was likely to derive profit,—he says:—"I still keep hold of 'The Metropolitan,' and am proceeding with 'The Life of Mrs. Siddons.'" But, distracted by so many conflicting duties, his progress in the biography was inevitably slow. As an event of great comfort to himself, and of certain benefit to his magazine, he writes—"Tom Moore has now joined 'The Metropolitan,'† and you may see that we go on in very good heart." "The Literary Union," he adds, "of which I was the founder, and still

* Shortly after this event, an address, signed by six hundred citizens of Frankfort and Hanau, was presented to Campbell by a German deputation in London. It thus concludes:—. . . "The undersigned have the conviction that millions of their countrymen share their feelings; and that they would loudly declare them before the world, if they were not prevented by brute force. The inhabitants of Frankfort express an ardent wish that their city may always enjoy, with the *free and generous Englishmen*, a better regard than the six articles of the Protocol are calculated to bestow upon it." Many of those who signed this paper were fined and imprisoned by their governments.

† See the "Lines" by Mr. Moore, already quoted, page 74.

retain the name of president, has hitherto had a house exceedingly narrow and inconvenient. To-day I took the chair at a public meeting, in which it was determined that we should take another house in St. James's-square. We are to get it for 1400*l* a year; its furniture, mirrors, pictures, elegance, remind one of Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence;' and this palace, this fairy land, is to be inhabited by 'my club!' It is within four hundred yards of my chambers too; so you may imagine, my dearest sister, that I am very happy. T. C."*

"*Sept.* 28*th.*—I am not dissatisfied with my existence, as it is *now* occupied. . . I get up at *seven*—write letters for the Polish Association until half-past *nine*—breakfast—go to the club, and read the newspapers till *twelve.* Then, I sit down to my own studies; and with many—and, alas, vexatious—interruptions, do what I can till *four.* I then walk round the Park, and generally dine out at *six.* Between nine and ten, I return to chambers, read a book, or write a letter; and go to bed always before *twelve.*" . . "But my own proper business, you will ask, what is that? Why, *now,* it is in earnest the 'Life of Mrs. Siddons.' How it has been impeded, I can scarcely tell you. 'The Metropolitan' will hardly account for it—though, really, my random contributions to that journal break up more time than you would imagine. But our journal, '*Polonia,*' has imposed a great deal of trouble upon me."

"I told you in my last of having got a drawing from Gruse's 'girl in prayer'—a picture in Lady Stepney's possession. The drawing is really charming. I have owned to you being a raving lover of this dearest girl!

* The epistle concludes—"*P.S.* Mr. Adolphus Bach—my indefatigable supporter in the P. Association—sends 'to the worthy sister of his dear friend, T. Campbell, his kindest regards.'"

I believe she was Gruse's own daughter—and both are dead a hundred years; but my sweetheart in painting will be immortal!" *

* * * * *

The next month brought an increase of duties, which, with all his zeal and activity in the cause, he found it very hard to perform. His practical philanthropy indeed, was not apt to shrink at trifles; but the want of funds crippled his benevolence, and made him a frequent, and much distressed witness of human misery. Writing from the Association Chambers in Duke Street, he says:—

"*Nov. 5th.*—I am sure you would make allowance for me, if you knew what I have undergone by finding myself —with the exception of honest, faithful Bach—standing between the Polish exiles and utter famine! Numbers have arrived in London, chased by Russian influence from Germany. . . It is a horrid fact that the Czar's edicts to banish them, even from German hospitality, are obeyed by the slavish Courts. . . If I were not conscious of being broad awake, and of detesting all exaggeration, on so sore a subject, I could imagine myself engaged in some scene of tragic fiction, rather than reality, when I look upon the Polish applicants. Some days ago, for example, a respectable, decent Swiss merchant, in the city, came to me with a Polish captain, who spoke not a word of English. 'I found this poor man,' he said, 'inquiring for the "Polish Association." I saw him pale and staggering—I asked

* This picture, as the reader knows, was turned to excellent account—and now the immortality of Gruse's daughter owes as much to poetry, as it then did to painting—

"Was man e'er doomed that beauty, made
By mimic art, should haunt him?
Like Orpheus, I adore a shade
And dote upon a phantom!" &c.—*Poems*, p. 287.

what ailed him. I found that he had not tasted food for two days! I took him to an eating-house, and gave him a meal; and, now, I have brought him to you.'

"To this the Swiss added a circumstance peculiarly touching. The poor Pole had a *ring* on his finger. 'I hinted to him,' said the Swiss, 'my wonder that, when suffering from hunger, he had not sold the ring. But he showed me that it was a mourning ring—and said that he wore it in memory of a dear lost friend.'" . . . "Well, I took him to General Rubynski's, who assured me that he was no impostor; and with Sir Francis Burdett's, and the dear, good Lord Dover's assistance, we shall get him and three others out to America, where they will join a Polish Colony."

"The same day there came another Polish officer to thank me for our support of him, and for procuring him a passage to Belgium.

"It is strange that there should be such romance in reality. Yet such was the impression made by this fine, heroic-looking man, that even those members, who give themselves no trouble in the business of the Association, declared they had never seen so interesting a figure. He is six feet high, and with such a soldier-like front as I have never seen surpassed—even in the grenadier company of the 42nd Highlanders; and, indeed, he reminded me much of a Highlander. At the same time, we all remarked a mildness that tempered the martial expression of his eyes, and countenance, and the tones of his broad chest. He might have stood for the picture of William Tell! Poor fellow! when we told him that he should have his travelling expenses to Brussels, and thirty shillings besides, his fierce eyebrows and moustache relaxed to a most grateful smile, and then quivered with gratitude, till he burst into tears. This man was a landed proprietor in Poland, and

had been eight times wounded in battle. He showed us his scars. It was too much to see the bravest of the brave weeping in gratitude for a morsel of bread! He literally shed tears on my hand." . . .

* * * *

"The increasing number of cases of distress among the Polish refugees has compelled Bach and myself to be as active as possible in stirring about for them. Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Dover have been most praiseworthy in their co-operation; and we hope by their aid to raise a sufficient fund. Lord Dover came to town for the purpose of aiding the fund, and gave us 20*l.* from his own pocket. In reality, I do not believe that people's hearts are intentionally callous; but they are all out of town, and the greater part of our rich and respectable gentry have not been applied to. Lord Dover put me down a list of about sixty, to whom, he thinks, if I write in a strong manner, I shall get them to contribute. Lady Burdett has also been very kind, both in donations and promises of more."

* * * *

"I dined with Sir Francis Burdett on Monday, and whom should I meet but the Count de Survilliers? I was the first who came up to the drawing-room before dinner, and was sitting with one of the Miss Burdetts on a sofa, when the Count was announced. I rose, as she did, to receive him. The only thing I remarked about him was, his extreme politeness in refusing to seat himself beside Miss Burdett, as 'Monsieur'—that was myself—had been seated there. But the stranger seemed a goodly, decent gentleman; and I resolved to patronise him! I thought he was some French *savant*. I asked him if this was the first time of his being in England, and how he liked us, with a great deal of matter of that sort. When we had talked some ten minutes, Sir Francis came in, and

introduced me to the stranger, who shook hands with me. Sir Francis, turning aside, said—'it is Joseph Buonaparte!' Then flashed upon me his family resemblance to Napoleon: and, by the way, I had just been talking to him about the *tyranny* of Napoleon!"

"The ex-King of Spain is a good-looking man, near sixty, with *bonhommie* distinct upon his countenance, and in his manners. His likeness to Napoleon is very striking, and very droll; for, in thinking of Napoleon, you always imagine a pale, marble face—an *unworldly* face—a something abstracted and ideal. But the dear, good Joseph is a perfectly unideal figure. He is terrestrial—beef-fed and bread-fed; rosy-gilled, and—to make himself more human-like, he wears a *wig!* ay, and a cunning one too; it is jet-black, and much at variance with his age-worn face. How much wiser would he be to wear a semblance of hair a little grizzled?* The party was not large; and the conversation after dinner became very interesting. I observed that Joseph, on the one hand, never committed himself; but, on the other, it was tolerably evident that he wished not to abjure his interest in France. . . . T. C."

* * * *

"*Nov.* 12*th.*—The Life of Mrs. Siddons is now far advanced, and would have been out of my hands altogether, but for the distraction and business of the Polish Association. And yet, can I regret being so employed, even to the retarding of Mrs. Siddons's Life? Oh, no! Under Providence, our Association has been the means of assuaging the misery of many brave Poles; and I look back to the last half-year with real satisfaction.

* This may amuse the reader, who recollects that, when the Poet had arrived at the same age as the ex-King, he was not "*wiser*" as to the colour of his *wig*—but always preferred the "jet-black" to the "semblance of hair a little grizzled."

"On Friday we had a superb day at the Guildhall, where I was pleasantly situated, and had Wilkie the painter, and Allan Cunningham, for my neighbours."

After paying a just compliment to the Association, he says:—

"*Dec. 4th.*—About four-score refugees have been supported or relieved, and sent abroad, by our Society. But the task of doing so was left entirely to your humble servant and our indefatigable and worthy secretary, Adolphus Bach. He has injured his business, as a German Jurist, by giving up so much of his time for this purpose; and I have injured my health. Since May 1st, I have never been in bed later than six—devoting regularly four hours to writing letters to the rich and charitable—and hundreds have I written, in order to raise some hundreds of pounds to our four-score patriots."

* * * * *

With respect to "the Siddons," he says:—"Despite all obstacles, I finished a neat 8vo., and offered it to the booksellers. The tyrants would not give me a farthing for it, unless it were in *two* volumes! So I am obliged to make out two volumes, which I expect to accomplish in a couple of months—as my matter will bear diffusion. That being done, I shall spring up like Gulliver from the bands of Lilliput! I have almost every day finished my allowance of pages. But, with those double drums, hurdy-gurdies, and girls dancing in breeches, under my very nose, I lose my senses at times—and look, I suppose, like the Ajax of Sophocles, or Hogarth's Enraged Musician. . . . I was almost tempted to give three guineas a week for rooms in the Albany, when I found to my joy that a high back

apartment, as silent as a desert, might be had for half-a-guinea a week, in these very chambers. To-day they are laying down my carpet, putting up a few shelves, and fitting it for a study. It is a nice, airy room, as well as quiet. I would enter it to-day—but I have a superstition about removals on a *Saturday*. You cannot imagine what a fillip this seemingly trifling incident has given to my spirits—if anything can be called *trifling* which relieves the brain from rack and torture. I retain my bed-room below—use the spacious Association-room as a parlour—and here in my attic,* I shall spin away at 'The Life!' "

Returning to the grand objects of the Association, he adds :—

"One of the heaviest cases on our hands, was a bed-rid martyr to rheumatism and bullet-wounds, to whom I gave your pound, and another of my own. He had a picture of a child, by an old Venetian painter, for which Lady Stepney gave him seven pounds—the picture being redeemable on returning the money. With this, he and his servant will be got to Paris, where they will have their

* The Poet's room is now distinguished by a white marble tablet, affixed to the wall by his friend, Adolphus Bach, and bearing the following inscription :—

IN THIS ATTIC,
THOMAS CAMPBELL,
HOPE'S BARD, AND MOURNING FREEDOM'S HOPE,
LIVED AND THOUGHT,
A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,
WHILE AT THE HEAD OF THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION
OF THE FRIENDS OF POLAND,
HIS CREATION.

DIVINÆ VIRTUTIS PIETATI
AMICITIA,
MDCCCXLVII.

A. B. *col.*

maintenance. I thought Lady S. very kind to give so much, and told her that I felt almost ashamed at my ingratitude and ungallantry, in laying a child to her charge."

Of a private meeting of the Polish exiles and their friends, at Christmas, he gives the following notice :—

"We had a glorious evening—lots of ladies, and very pretty ones—a Polish exile, who played the fiddle almost like Paganini, and a flute-player. You will say, perhaps, 'all my geese are swans;' but, seriously, since Neukomm, I have heard no music with such a fairy dance of sounds. We had also a paper read on the patriotism of Polish women; and, at its close, was handed round one of the ducats coined at Warsaw, out of *marriage-rings*, sent in by the Polish matrons!

"The national Polish airs produced an electrifying effect. I never saw sixty people in a drawing-room in such an *émeute*. The striking thing was that the English all looked melancholy; whilst the Poles, mostly dressed in their military costume, stood up with swelling chests, and a look of triumph. Our own sweet young countrywomen got all round the venerable, white-headed old Polish poet, Niemciewitz, and did not leave him, till they got his promise to sit for his picture, which is to be hung up in the Association-room.

"On Christmas-eve, Bach and I gave a supper to all the Polish exiles. With them, Christmas-eve is a solemn festival; they fast all day—meet and break bread in the evening. The prescribed fare is—*rue*, milk, and fish. After supper, almost every Pole then present repeated some part of Niemciewitz's poetry. T. C."

Jan. 24*th.*—After many and vexatious interruptions,

the "Biography" was to be sent to the press not later than March; "and then," he tells his sister, "I shall be able to write you long and full letters: but I cannot tell you how much I have been affected by the death of our dear cousin, Robert Campbell; I have just had a letter from his widow, which I have answered." *

During the next two months, most of his time was given to the Polish Association; but at last, he confesses, the business part had become "too exciting and oppressive," for his health; and a visit to his friend Mr. Horace Smith was recommended as the best means for "setting him to rights." At the commencement of the journey, a little incident occurred very characteristic of the poet; for, when about half way to Brighton, he suddenly discovered that he had left all his money on the table in his lodgings. Stopping the coach at the nearest inn, he explained the circumstance, and ordering a chaise, posted back to town. The purse was found where he had left it; and hastily placing it in safer custody, he returned to the chaise, and the same evening was engaged with his friend at Brighton † in "a cross-fire of puns."

* Captain Robert Campbell, of H. M. S. Hesper, between whom and the poet an early friendship had been fostered by frequent intercourse at Sydenham. He died at Leith. His widow, Mrs. R. Campbell, is mentioned by the poet as a lady of exquisite taste.

† These short runs into the country, or to the sea coast, seldom failed to produce relief—both moral and physical. They were latterly the only means to which his medical adviser could look with confidence. Without due influence upon the patient's mind, his bodily health was in constant jeopardy; and to find due exercise for the one,—either in conversation, or by fixing it to some congenial subject—was to provide certain benefit for the other. Instead therefore of medicine which, in similar cases, was not only disagreeable to the patient, but precarious in its effects, I endeavoured to enforce the necessity of *regimen*—with a literary task, something in which his taste and feelings might be enlisted—or a short run to the coast. This method, adopted at intervals, was often attended with the happiest results. As in other and similar cases, where the mind is highly cultivated and exerts undue influence

In the month of April, Campbell sat to Mr. Thomson for his portrait, which was considered a good likeness, and has very recently been engraved and published*. After another visit to Brighton, he returned with some reluctance to his town lodgings; for there, he was beset every hour of the day by appeals to his sympathy—solicitations for assistance—literary and pecuniary—and these, to a man who had seldom fortitude enough to resist a pressing request, became more and more intolerable. Instead of growing callous, however, he seemed to become more and more sensitive with experience: and to have witnessed any distress in the morning, which he had not the means of relieving, poisoned his enjoyments for the rest of the day. I saw him almost daily, under these circumstances; very rarely without some "new and most deserving case" to be taken in hand; and, whenever I acted "professionally," or otherwise, in concert with the poet, the relief he experienced in his own feelings, was often as great as that which we had ministered to the patient. "Well, Doctor," he would say, "I have found you a new patient —no *fee*, I am afraid—But, never mind; let us see what can be done." The result was an immediate visit with such ministry as the case seemed to require.†

over the body, I found nothing so effectual in restoring its relaxed tone, as a vigilant observance of the intellectual mood in which I found him—so as to turn it to account.

* May 18th, in a playful mood, he writes:—"I have been sitting for a new picture. The artist is Thomson, Princes Street, Hanover Square. He is very nervous about the success of it. For my part, I am quite vaunty about it. I cannot help thinking it the best likeness of me that ever was painted—a sensible man you would say, and not so like an old T.om C.at as you might suppose.

† This partnership between the warm-hearted poet and the writer terminated only at his death-bed; and if, among the numerous instances that now start up in retrospect, much good was done or evil prevented, the merit was his. He was the good Samaritan, who, while others avoided, sought out cases of distress for the sole pleasure of relieving them.

Writing to his sister in Edinburgh, he says :—

"*May* 14*th.*—I now find that the town atmosphere is too hot for me. I have bespoken lodgings at Highgate—retaining my London chambers only for occasional visits to town—once or twice a week. I lament that I have had of late so little communication with you ; but the fault has lain in my health, not in my heart. . . . To say the truth, I have been a good deal worried, both morally and physically. The business of the presidency has cost me so much time, and money—with a total interruption of literary industry, that I at last entreated the Society to find another president. They sent me a flattering and regretful letter of thanks for my long labours. I parted with them on amicable terms : but even for Poland, I could no longer sacrifice myself. I then applied morning, noon, and night to finish the Life of Mrs. Siddons. . . But in correcting the first sheet, I was laid prostrate by influenza ; and my physician told me that unless I desisted from even the comparative labour of correcting the press, I should sacrifice my own life to that of Mrs. Siddons. I am compelled, therefore, to be as idle, for the present, as a dog or a fine gentleman."—Then, turning to a subject, in which his sister "and all good people" had expressed the greatest satisfaction, he says : "I wish you joy in the prospect of the Negroes being emancipated. It is a great and glorious measure." *

* A measure that appeared to realise his own ardent (but then almost hopeless) aspirations, when he wrote :—

> "Yet—yet, degraded men ! the expected day
> That breaks your bitter cup, is far away ; "—
> "Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
> A wretch, a coward—yes, because a *slave !*"—*Pleasures of Hope.*

A few days later, the Polish poet Niemciewitz,*—with whom, in song and sentiment, he believed himself to be in strict unison,—proposed visiting Scotland. Campbell was anxious to insure him a favourable reception in Glasgow; and well remembering what his own had been, in that hospitable city, wrote to his cousin—"This will be handed to you by the poet Niemciewitz—the friend of Kosciusko—the most eminent literary patriot of Poland—and one of the most inestimable men of genius that ever lived. I know that the heart of my Cousin Gray beats too well in its right place, not to receive my brother poet cordially."

The change from Duke Street, St. James's, to a more bracing atmosphere, was very beneficial. "*May* 18," he writes, "I have slept, since I wrote you last, in the pure air of Highgate. I think I shall soon be able to resume the printing of Mrs. Siddons's Life. My Welsh correspondent has furnished me with the means of proving to a probability, if not a certainty, that Shakspeare visited the Priory of the town of Brecon, where Mrs. Siddons was born; and that he not only found there his 'Sir Hugh Evans,' but also, in the glen of the fairy Pucca, near Brecon, the locality and machinery of most of his 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' How delightful to trace Shakspeare on the birth-ground of the Siddons!"

* * * * *

Another month in the same locality restored him to health and spirits. To his sister he writes:—"*July* 1.—I have taken a good long holiday, and come back to my chamber, looking—everybody tells me—ten years younger, and stout and hearty! I have resumed my studies, and

* This poetical worthy—in justice to whom the passage is quoted—preceded Campbell to the tomb, at a very mature age.

correspondence with my dearest friends; but, for many weeks, I had a horror at holding a pen! I have got so nearly through with Mrs. Siddons's Life, that I should by this time have gone to the Continent; but with a doubt about the health of * * * *, I could not go away; and so my departure is indefinitely postponed. "With respect to my finances," he adds, "within three years I shall have paid off some 900*l.* A year hence, I shall, please God, be on my legs again; and in a house of my own.* The pinching economy with which I have lived for three years, defies description. I glory, however, in my power to confront circumstances, and in my prospects for the future; and among these is the hope of being useful to our nephew, who seems to me a modest and well-principled young man."

* * * * *

Mr. Alexander Campbell, the nephew just named, was at this time the subject of a ludicrous mistake, very characteristic of the Poet. Writing again to his sister, he says:—

"I have introduced Alexander to my *best* friends, not to my most *fashionable;* for invitations to gay parties, that might tempt him to buy a fashionable waistcoat when he could but ill afford it, would render him no real benefit. But among my true friends, I take him about with me, and he is everywhere well received. An incident, however, occurred last week, which gave me some pain; but at which I can now laugh. He was, as usual, to have

* The cause of parting with his house in Whitehall was his suddenly breaking off with "The New Monthly," Mr. Colburn's bill of 700*l.*, and other bills from his upholsterer—("a most persuasive Inverness man," who "brought him to a furniture fascination," see page 54), which it cost him many privations to overtake. These two letters are to his sister.

dined at my chambers yesterday (Sunday); but mid-week I got a letter from Mr. Denham, brother of the African traveller, pressing me, in the name of his wife,* to come and dine with them. I wrote to Denham that I had a raw, red-headed Scotch nephew, whom I must bring to dine at Chelsea! I added, however, that he was a very fine young man, that I loved him as a son, and must insist on taking him with me. I then wrote to our nephew, to say that he must be with me at four o'clock, to set out for Chelsea. But lo, and behold! the letter meant for Denham, about my 'red-headed nephew,' I sent to nephew himself; and the note meant for the 'red-headed,' I sent to Denham! I was pained, as you may conceive, by the accident; but Alexander called next day, and behaved exceedingly well. When I asked him to send me back the letter, he said 'No; for although you call me a red-headed Scotchman, you speak of me so kindly, that I could not destroy the note.'

"We went accordingly to Chelsea; and a more delightful party could not have been. Mrs. Denham, who gave me, long ago, a beautiful diamond pin, that had belonged to the illustrious and unfortunate Major Denham, thanked me for coming with her present sparkling in my breast. She was particularly attentive to Alexander. We had rank, beauty, and talent at the party, and a sort of harmony, worth more than all put together. Among the company was Miss Jane Porter, whose talents my nephew adores. She is a pleasing woman, and made quite a conquest of him. T. C."

* * * * *

Owing to "unavoidable delays," the biography was

* "Mrs. Denham," he adds, "was the widow of the great painter, Hamilton, and a pet beauty in the coterie of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, &c." For this lady the poet entertained the greatest respect.

again interrupted; but "would certainly appear in November," when he projected a long visit to his sister, in Edinburgh. During this summer, I saw Campbell more frequently than hitherto. In September, his health was again much impaired—his spirits were uncertain and fluctuating, and his whole appearance indicated the progress of disease; but which, the use of medicine, it was hoped, with a strict regimen, might still mitigate or arrest. It was suggested to him that he should go to reside at my cottage in Hampstead, where, on former occasions, he had experienced much benefit, and where I could see him every day. To this he cheerfully assented; for nowhere, he observed, could he feel so happy; and immediately took possession of the room which he distinguished as "Campbell's ward"—the name by which it is still known. There, by morning walks on the Heath, visits to Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister, writing, reading, conversation, and music, his mind was agreeably occupied, and his health rapidly improved. Every evening, on my return from town, I thought I could perceive increased cheerfulness, and that healthy tone of mind, that, whenever the subject was happily pitched, made his conversation so edifying and delightful. These visits in after life were frequently repeated; and whenever he found himself relapsing into a depressed state of health and spirits,—"Well," he would say, "I *must* come into hospital!" and, packing up the little hand *valise*, which he always carried about with him, he would repair for "another week to the Campbell-ward!"

During these visits, he went occasionally into town, saw his friends, transacted business, or joined an evening party. Of one of these—a rather memorable one—he writes:—

"*August* 18.—What a reception I had at a party, from

Lucien Buonaparte! He said he had known me for many years; shook me by both hands, asked me to come and see him, and promised to breakfast with me. He reminded me of John Kemble; but he is easier and simpler in his manners."

* * * * *

"*Sept.* 23*rd.**. . . . I write to you from the house of my physician. It is a pity that I should need one; but I rejoice to say, that this skilful physician is also my kind friend. Dr. Beattie, who has set me on my legs again, has published a very sensible book, of his remarks on Germany, where he travelled many years, as the physician of the present king. I know nothing derogatory to his taste, except that he has got by heart, and is constantly repeating your brother's poetry! . . . .

"I was going on in flourishing health, till some three weeks ago, when I was so infatuated as to let one of those insane men, the phrenologists, take a cast of my head, in cold plaster. I was very ill when Dr. Beattie called; but he would not prescribe till I agreed to go out with him to his pleasant villa, at Hampstead, and remain under his care. . . . . His society, and that of his wife and sister, have been to me a sort of moral medicine, they are such kind, amiable, and happy people. Beattie has been a fortunate man . . . . he married a charming woman.† . . . . Their home is a little picture of paradise! . . . . I cannot

* The Poet's letters, addressed to various friends from Hampstead, are too complimentary to those who had the pleasure to receive him as their guest, to be of interest to the general reader. But in justice to one, whoso soon followed him to the tomb—and whose life was spent in promoting the health and happiness of others, I cannot withhold the Poet's testimony. The extract is from a long letter addressed to his sister, and dated from my cottage.—"*Rose Villa, Hampstead, Sept.* 23, 1833."

† Mrs. Beattie died at Brighton, June 13, 1845, a twelvemonth after attending the Poet's death-bed, at Boulogne, June 15, 1844.

describe to you how they have tended your brother's health. . . . . T. C."

* * * * *

Much of the ensuing month was spent in correspondence with dramatic friends, on the characters personated by Mrs. Siddons, during her long and brilliant career. Most of the opinions and recollections thus obtained, are now incorporated with the "Life;" but the following communication, from Godwin, dated October 18, will interest the reader:—

"In Mrs. Siddons's performance of Portia, there was a most striking fascination in her manner of exhibiting what she had to do in the fifth Act. The scene is merely a light one—of the perplexity into which she throws Bassanio, by persisting that he had given his ring to a woman, and not to a man. This would appear almost nothing from a female of a gamesome and rattling character, and would have made little impression; but Mrs. Siddons had a particular advantage, from the gravity of her general demeanour; and there was something inexpressibly delightful in beholding a woman of her general majesty condescending for once to become sportive. There was a marvellous grace in her mode of doing this; and her demure and queen-like smile—when, appearing to be most in earnest, she was really most in jest—gave her a loveliness that it would be in vain for me to endeavour to find words to express. W. G."

The "biography" was now finally revised—in several places re-cast; and to the Poet's nervous anxiety to render it worthy of the subject, and of his own reputation, may be attributed much of that ill health which was now almost habitual. Nor was this the only anxiety: "to clear off some old debts, he had adopted a rigid economy," denying himself various little indulgences, which long habit had rendered necessary to his comfort; and, with that keen sense of honour which formed a distinctive feature in his character, the grand object of his life was to "quit his score," and recover his independence.

In November, he writes :—"I have been again obliged to go out and take my bed at the house of my kind, dear physician, at Hampstead. . . . ." There, as usual, he recovered his health and spirits; and returning to town, took lodgings at 18, Old Cavendish Street.

To minister to a friend in distress, as I have said, either by personal visits or pecuniary aid, was to Campbell a real luxury. As an example :—

"*Nov. 26th,*" he says, "I have been dining to-day in a strange place, namely, a spunging-house! You will not, of course, suppose that I was the *spungee* in any other sense than that I had to pay for my own dinner as well as that of my dear incarcerated friend. It is poor * * *, the secretary of Prince C—. Your friends, the Whigs, made him consul at . . . . . , but recalled him, at the instance of your more particular friend, Princess L—n. To recall him was to ruin him; for he had to buy a drosky, value 100*l.*, for his express duties as a consul. He returned to London, and was arrested for the price of the carriage! Count V. will soon send money from Paris to liberate him; but meanwhile, his friend, M'K., myself, and others, are obliged to do duty, day about, in visiting the poor fellow, and paying for his room, as well as the numberless extortions for everything he eats, drinks, and enjoys. The monster who keeps this iniquitous house makes 2000*l.* a-year out of his wretched victims! I paid, to-day, for a dinner to two of us, the moderate sum of fifteen shillings! These abuses, it may be trusted, will be at last done away with. . . . .

"T. C."

Hitherto, as he confesses, "the Biography" was incomplete; but at last, by frequent communications with Mr. Bartley and others, he had "settled the pestiferous doubts

which had long haunted him regarding the manner in which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons acted in King Lear." *

So deeply interested was Campbell in his subject, and so scrupulous in weighing the testimony offered, that it was still the absorbing task of every day. But if this year must be considered poetically barren, it was in consequence of devoting himself so exclusively to the Tragic Muse, that his service to the others was neglected.

* In all the prompt-books of Drury Lane he found the old story of Cordelia in love with Edgar and the skinned eels—old Lear and Cordelia being unmercifully supposed to live. Mr. Bartley assured him that never in town or country (and he had been thirty years on the stage) had he seen King Lear performed otherwise than according to the perversion (by Nahum Tate) of Shakspeare's play. "I satisfied myself," he says, "that there was no earthly reason to suspect, from the prompt-books, that the *true* Shakspearian tragedy was ever played in the last century, or even in this, till Kean made an attempt to restore it on the London boards. . . . . Dr. Sigmond, however, told me that, although in London he always saw the false copy played, yet he remembered, about seventeen or eighteen years ago, having seen the true Shakspearian play performed at Bath. He noticed the peculiarly fine effect of Lear's expiring on the stage, after he has said to his attendant—'Pray, sir, undo this button!' Bartley was so interested that he called in an old player, and his testimony was, that always, in his memory, Edgar and Cordelia were lovers; and that the plot ended happily. But Young," he adds, "is to be in town next week, and from him I expect a full solution of this perplexity.

"T. C."

CHAPTER IV.

POETICAL RETROSPECT—PARIS.

HAVING already adverted to his fugitive poetry, I shall now endeavour to lay before the reader a brief notice of those pieces which, within the last ten years, had appeared with the name and sanction of the author. These, though few, and produced at various intervals, were all of standard merit, and still maintain their popularity.

Ever since his return from Germany in 1820, the leisure, so necessary for poetical composition, was continually interrupted by more urgent, but far less congenial labours. He became a reviewer of the poems of others, when he should have added to the number of his own. Whatever he wrote, during his connection with "The New Monthly" and "The Metropolitan," was written hurriedly. If a subject was proposed for the end of the month, he seldom gave it a thought until it was no longer possible to delay the task. He would then sit down in the quietest corner of his chambers; or, if quiet was not to be found in town, he would start off to the country, and there, shut in among the green fields, complete his task. If the subject was congenial, and finished to his own satisfaction, he returned to his friends in apparently renewed health and spirits; but, if at all distrustful of its merits, he became nervously apprehensive of its reception by the public; and under this impression, much that might have added to his fame, appears to have been hastily defaced, thrown away, or left in fragments, with an expressive "cætera desunt."

The coldness with which "Theodric" had been received by his private friends, and the faint impression it made on the public taste, were facts very mortifying to the Poet's sensitive mind; and the feeling was painfully increased by a conviction, cherished to the last, that the sentence pronounced on that poem was unfair. He confidently predicted that the day would yet arrive, when "Theodric," after surviving the shafts of criticism, would obtain a steady popularity. This remains to be proved; but, without concurring either with the author, or in the verdict of the critics, there are beauties in that poem which I humbly think have been greatly overlooked—beauties which, had he given to the world nothing more, would have insured him a name and reputation among the poets. The genius of Campbell took so lofty a position at the first soar, that in every successive flight, whatever did not literally surpass, was pronounced to fall short of his former efforts. He was his own rival; and they who had admired, and wept over, "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming," were unmoved by the "domestic," simple pathos of "Theodric."

The "Rhenish Baron," already alluded to, was probably, of the two poems, the prior conception, and, though afterwards rejected, gave rise to the story of "Theodric." The subjects, however, differ so considerably as to evince little, if any, resemblance between their respective characters.*

* The following passage, taken at random, may serve as a specimen:—

"....the Abbot's mien was high,
And fiery black his persecuting eye;
And swarthy his complexion—void of bloom,
As if the times had steeped it in their gloom.
No butt for sophists, they got back from him
Shafts venomous with zeal, and winged with whim:
For he had wit—'twas whispered, even to shine
In merriment, and joys not quite divine.
His bigotry itself had something gay,

Between the autumn of 1825 and the close of the present year, the published lyrics amount to only seventeen; but most of these, though drawn from various sources, bear the stamp of his genius.*

* "Hallowed Ground," "Field Flowers," "Deathboat of Heligoland," "Lines on the Departure of Emigrants," with the pieces written during his retreat at St. Leonards, were all received with enthusiasm, and retain their full share of popularity. 1825 produced "Hallowed Ground;" 1826, "Field Flowers," and "Lines on revisiting a Scottish River;" 1827, no poetry; 1828, "Battle of Navarino," "Deathboat of Heligoland," and "Lines on the Departure of Emigrants;" 1829, Song, "When Love came first to Earth;" 1830, "Farewell to Love," and "Lines to a Girl in the attitude of Prayer;" 1831 was unusually fertile—"Lines on the View from St. Leonards," "Lines on Poland," "Lines on the Camp Hill, Hastings," "Lines written in a blank leaf of La Perouse's Voyages," "The Power of Russia," and "Ode to the Germans;" 1832, "To Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., on his Speech delivered in Parliament, August 2nd," and "The Cherubs;" 1833, no poetry published or acknowledged, so far as I have ascertained.

A tiger's strength—exuberant even to play.
But—make him serious! and how trivial then
Was all the gravity of other men
Compared to his! At the High Mass, you saw
His presence deepening the mysterious awe.
What—though his creed, a Babel-structure, frowned
In human pride, usurping Scripture ground,
His preaching terrified the heart to scan
Its faith, and stunn'd the reasoning powers of man;
Yet still the effect was awful, and the mind
Was kindled by the flash it left behind.
Wild legends, relics, things grotesque and naught,
He made them great by passions which he wrought;
Till visions cross'd the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene became a waking trance!
Then tears of pictured saints appear'd to fall—
Then written texts seemed speaking from the wall:
The halleluja burst—the tapers blazed—
With more than earthly pomp: and Bernard raised
A voice that filled the abbey with its tones,
Till Fancy dreamt the very tombs and stones
Of Martyrs, glaring through the aisle's long track,
Were conscious of the sounds they echoed back!" &c.

During the interval between his election in November, 1826, and the close of his third year's Rectorship, in November, 1829, his public and official duties, with others of a painful and private nature, absorbed nearly all those hours previously given to the Muses. The grand objects which had successively engaged his time and energies, during the ten or twelve years previous to this date, were the founding of the London University; the Lord-Rectorship of the Glasgow University; the Editorship of "The New Monthly" and "The Metropolitan" Magazines; the cause of Poland; the organising and direction of "The Literary Association of the Friends of Poland;" the establishment of a club in Glasgow, and of "The Literary Union" in London; the "Life of Mrs. Siddons;" various letters and pamphlets in support of the London University, public education," &c.; numerous critiques on classic history and works of fiction; with a correspondence which, as he informs us, occupied four hours every morning—obliging him to write not only in French and German, but also, for the sake of his Hungarian friends, in Latin. These, exclusive of much fugitive poetry, and many social duties, not only engaged his mind, but, in the end, exhausted his constitution. He could seldom act with the moderation necessary for his health. Whatever object he once took in hand, he determined to carry out, and found no rest until it was accomplished. But the accomplishment of one object was a fresh stimulus to another; and what at first promised him relaxation from labour, brought only its renewal. His whole life, so far as I can trace it, appears to have been a life of excitement—the excitement of philanthropy. Sincere himself in all that he said or did, he never questioned the sincerity of others; or if he did, it neither suspended, nor chilled his active benevolence. He listened to every case of distress; and before

the sufferer's tale was half told, the Poet's hand was stretched forth to relieve him. "In tales of human misery," he said, "we can never believe too much." But this facility, as I have more than once remarked, operated too often to his prejudice, and made him an easy prey to the subtle and designing.

Having mentioned his fugitive poetry, I shall merely observe in passing, that, in denying it a place in his authorised edition, he acted with the same nervous diffidence of his own powers, which led to the exclusion of the "Dirge of Wallace"—"Lines on visiting a scene in Bavaria," &c., from the early editions of his poems. Some of these rejected pieces, though in certain instances too personal, evince a talent for that playful satire, which first distinguished him as a boy at college; and in his latter years, often beguiled his own sad thoughts, and amused his friends. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Campbell wrote Latin epigrams with considerable point and force; among the last pieces put into my hand, when he finally retired from London, was a Latin epigram on a mutual friend. These were generally written in moments of political exasperation; but the milk of human kindness flowed with such warmth and constancy in his own heart, that it neutralised all the gall; and his epigrams, instead of alienating, endeared him to his friends.

Among the playful effusions which found their way into the Paris edition of Campbell's poems, is "The Friars of Dijon," a sort of "buffo-burlesque poem," in which two "*frères ignorants*" are the heroes. This, perhaps, is the only piece in which Campbell has made a sustained effort to blend the pungency of wit and broad humour with grotesque and ludicrous description. It appeared first in the "New Monthly; and by its singular

union of opposite talents, found many readers. The author, however, considered it a failure — as he did some other pieces of acknowledged merit, and only written, as an experiment, to drive away melancholy. Like other grave didactic poets, who, for a similar purpose, have left proofs of the same lively vein, Campbell found habitual relief in these sallies. He was subject, as we have seen, to great mental depression; and, while the fit was upon him, his struggles to overcome the pressure were like those of a captive striving to break his chain. In writing his "Friars," he had probably before his eyes "the facetious history of John Gilpin;" and, fairly launched into a new region of ludicrous scenes and images, it may easily be imagined that his spirits enjoyed a complete holiday.*

Among the fugitive pieces of 1823 is a martial lyric—"The Spanish Patriot's Song"—which, though never republished by Campbell, was set to music and first sung by the Patriots at one of their evening parties, in Seymour street. The following is an extract:—

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand!
There's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow!
To the glorious revelry
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle.

---

* Had Campbell ever revised this "Merrie Conceit"—lopt off a few excrescencies—softened some of the expressions—and bestowed a little more point and polish on others, the story might have been unique. But it remains, as he first threw it off—and, with an exuberance of laughable description, shows an under current of satire, that conveys a clear and not uninstructive moral.

Of rights for which our swords outspring,
Shall Angoulême bereave us?
We 've pluck'd a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
In Spain the proud, be freedom's shroud?
Oh never, never, never! . . .

No! ere they quell our valour's veins,
They 'll upward to their fountains,
Turn back the rivers in our plains,
And trample flat our mountains.
Follow, follow!
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us.

Among the MSS. quoted, or referred to, in the preceding chapters, I find several fragments varying from two to ten or twenty lines, written in every possible mood—grave and gay—from an epitaph to a pun, but with no traces of a revising pen. One of the epitaphs, apparently untouched, is the following:—

"MARRYAT,* farewell! thy outward traits express'd
A manliness of nature, that combin'd
The thinking head and honourable breast.
In thee thy country lost a leading mind;
Yet they, who saw not private life draw forth
Thy heart's affections, knew but half thy worth—
A worth that soothes ev'n friendship's bitterest sigh,
To lose thee; for thy virtues sprung from Faith,
And that high trust in Immortality
Which reason hinteth, and religion saith
Shall best enable man, when he has trod
Life's path, to meet the mercy of his GOD."—T. C.

* Joseph Marryat, Esq., M.P., whose friendship has been already noticed.

The *punning* epistle, sent from Algiers to his friend Horace Smith is, perhaps, the best specimen yet discovered of the Poet's ingenuity in that species of wit.* But it is only one of a hundred; his letters abound in punning allusions; but their merit, as it depended on the circumstances under which they were uttered, is now less obvious. A taste for *charades* appears to have usurped for a time the place of puns.

In a lively note to a friend, he says:—"I have been so busy composing *extempore* charades, that I have not had time to acknowledge your very flattering poetical compliment. I should gladly send you some of those *spontaneous* effusions, but they are not yet finished! Meanwhile try the following,—perhaps more pun than charade:—

> "What do the stricken-blind and wise
> In common? They *philosophize!* (*feel-loss-of-eyes!*)"

The following songs, in the Poet's own hand, and written, probably, for some musical collection, are dated Sydenham, Jan. 23, 1809:—

> "My mind is my kingdom! but if thou wilt deign
> A queen there to sway without measure;
> Then come o'er my wishes and homage to reign,
> And make it an empire of pleasure.
>
> Then of thoughts, and emotions, each mutinous crowd
> That rebelled at stern reason and duty,
> Returning, shall yield all their loyalty proud
> To the halcyon dominion of Beauty!

---

* This propensity was very strong during his social hours at St. Leonards, where, as Dr. Madden observed, his conversation was often a string of puns. But this profusion, as his letters clearly show, arose neither from levity nor exuberance of animal spirits—but rather from a strong effort to disguise his own private sorrows, and disappointments.

What arm that entwines thee, need envy the fame
Of conquest, in War's bloody story?
Thy smiles are my triumphs—my motto thy name;
And thy picture my 'scutcheon of Glory!"

* * * * *

"All mortal joys I could forsake,
Bid home and friends adieu!
Of life itself a parting take,
But never of you, my love—
Never of you!

For sure of all that know thy worth,
This bosom beats most true;
And where could I behold on earth
Another form like you, my love—
Another like you!"

His lines "On accidentally possessing and returning Miss B—'s picture," though rejected by the author, are too lively and characteristic to be forgotten :—

"I KNOW not, Lady, which commandment
In painting *this* the artist's hand meant
To make us chiefly break;
But sure the owner's bliss I covet,
And half would, for possession of it,
Turn thief, and risk my neck.

Yet, as Prometheus rued the fetching
Of fire from Heaven to light his kitchen;
So, if I stole this treasure
To warm my fancy at the light
Of those young eyes, perhaps I might
Repent it at my leisure.

An old man for a young maid dying,
Grave forty-five for nineteen sighing,
Would merit Wisdom's stricture!
And so, to save myself from kindling,
As well as being sued for swindling,
I send you back the picture.—C."

Short essays, and letters in blank verse—all on subjects the most adverse to poetry *—are frequent in his correspondence. The style assumed is generally that of some living or ancient master of the art, whose manner he has caught with a minuteness that perfectly recals the original. His attempts in parody are often felicitous, never dull; and whenever the humour is upon him, his own poetry comes in for its full share of the travestie. In light sallies of this description, he gave way to the natural playfulness of his disposition; and found, at the same time, that relaxation from severer study, which enabled him to return to it with improved zest. But these are, in general, the index to feelings the very opposite of what they profess. They are, so to speak, the erratic movements of a great mind thrown for a moment off its balance, and striving to recover its natural tone and 'propriety.' Though often ludicrous in description and grotesque in imagery, the Poet's forte lay not in the comic, but in the epic and didactic strain; and whenever he attempts to move in a livelier step, the constraint of his movements shows very clearly that he is not quite at ease in the new measure.

* * * * * *

The only lines, written for some months, were the following, enclosed to me, (Jan. 19), as a *motto* for my "Switzerland Illustrated;" a work in which he took great interest:—

"The Switzer's land! where Glory is encamped,
Impregnably, in mountain tents of snow;
Realms, that by human foot-print ne'er were stamped—
Where th' eagle wheels, and glacial ramparts glow!

* Among these is a long dolorous piece, called "*The Cruel Seamstress*, in imitation of Mister William Shakspeare," in which the Author details his own personal sufferings, caused by "the broken faith of a fair shirt-maker, and the wilful detention of new linen—one of the miseries of human life!"

Seek, Nature's worshipper, those landscapes! Go
Where all her fiercest, fairest, charms are joined:
Go to the land where TELL drew Freedom's bow! *
And in the Patriot's Country thou shalt find
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind!—T. C."

Under the same date, he writes:—"The printing of the Siddons' Life is now begun; I see daylight through it, and when finished I shall jump for joy. I have got the first vol. of Crabbe's Life and Poems published by Murray to present to you."

Early in February, however, his old friends—always alive to his best interests, were again very solicitous that he should appear as candidate for a Chair then vacant in the University of Edinburgh.† But, in reply to one of those friends, who had both the will and the power to serve him, he writes:—

"*Feb. 27th.* . . . If you enter into all my feelings you will see that I should not be wise in asking it. . . . I have not more, and possibly less, than ten† years of a working life to look forward to.‡ One half of those years should go in preparing a course of lectures for the Edinburgh Belles-Lettres Chair—for professors are never independent until they have a four or five-fold course of lectures; and thus a half or a whole extinguisher would be put on the possibility of my ever producing, as long as I live, anything original! Next June I count on being disentangled, with a small competence, just enough to live

* "Fate and Freedom in the shaft of Tell."

† See Letter from Sir Walter Scott to the Poet, Vol. II., page 315.

‡ This estimate of his own life amounts to a prediction; for he lived only a few weeks beyond the limits so unconsciously assigned to it.

upon, and to write when I may feel inspired. I love my friends in Scotland—and yourself at the head of them; but my heart sinks at the prospect of going to lecture in Edinburgh—for what? not for fame: for what is it to write about others—with the mortifying reflection that I have not written enough for myself. For money? I have nobody with whom to share it. If I attain, in the month of June, to the happiness I look forward to—namely, the power of saying I have a little independence, which, though little, will allow me to look about me, and project something original (if I ever reach this felicity), you may see some good consequences from it. But Fate laughs at human hopes; and these hopes of mine may all prove to be 'Castles in Spain!' . . . T. C."

The object, obscurely referred to in this letter, was to travel on the continent; to visit the prominent sites of classical history; and, among other subjects arising out of his tour, he intended to compile a work on ancient geography. But the hope of writing another poem, worthy of his early fame, was that which retained the first and strongest hold of his imagination; and the projected tour, it was expected, would furnish him with much original materials. He delighted to speak on the subject; and in all our conversations at this period, nothing gratified his curiosity so much as my personal recollections of Italy and the Mediterranean. His health was also indifferent; and finding, as I have already said, that to fix his attention upon a congenial subject had an effect beyond the reach of medicine, I sympathised with him in his cheering prospect, and predicted the good that might result from its fulfilment. But at last, as he had himself suspected, the plan of a classical pilgrimage was soon effaced by others of less interest, but more urgency; and instead of Italy

and Rome, a change of tide in his affairs carried him to Algiers and Oran.

The spring was diversified by a few days at Cheltenham, where, although he never "bowed to taste the wave," the pure air and novelty of the place had a renovating effect upon his health and temperament. On the 20th of June, his Life of "the Siddons" was announced ready for publication; and, now released from his pious, but laborious task of four years, he thus intimates the fact to his sister:

"*June 26th.*—I use one of the earliest hours of my newly acquired liberty, to write to you. I finished 'The Life of Mrs. Siddons;' that is, I put the last corrections to the last sheet on Monday. It will be out to-morrow, and your copy will reach you as soon as Effingham Wilson can find means of sending it without expense to you."

The publication of the work was attended with no little anxiety; for, whatever indifference he might express in his letters, he was in reality nervously sensitive about its reception. In the same letter he says:—"I have been such a victim to bile and anxiety of mind, that I have been obliged to give up correspondence. The newly discovered Spa at Beulah, tempted me by its celebrity, and still more by its vicinity to Sydenham, to give it a trial. I have been three days here, and find myself rather better for the waters."

Without detracting from the merit of the waters, however, the benefit must be ascribed to the vicinity of Sydenham, where he spent a few hours every day in the society of his friends, and among those tranquil shades now consecrated by his genius. He tells his sister that he has undertaken "a new work," which will oblige him to

go abroad for some weeks, perhaps months: but the nature of the work does not exactly appear. On his return from Beulah, he spent a day or two with us in town, where it was arranged that we should meet in Paris, and then proceed by way of Lyons, to Switzerland. His last hours in England were passed with his son.*

On the 1st of July, Campbell was again on his way to Paris, with which the autumn of 1814 had left many pleasing as well as painful associations. The Siddons, Kemble, De Stäel, Schlegel, and several of the French savants, whose society and friendship had formed the charm of his first visit, had left the scene for ever. Even the Apollo, the Venus, and other master-pieces of Art, on which he had gazed with rapture, had all parted company in the Louvre, and "returned home." But the great libraries were still accessible; and in these Campbell intended to immure himself for at least six weeks. His arrival, and subsequent residence, in Paris, are thus described:—

"*Paris, July.*—I am thankful to be within a short league of the Louvre and the King's library. I must own, to be sure, that the outset was a rough one—such a passage I never endured before—it makes me ill to think of it; though, between you and me, I thought it shabby behaviour on the part of the sea, to make me sick with his rudeness, after I had said such civil things of him at St. Leonards. He 'wallopped' us all indiscriminately that dared to stop on deck, and gave me a facer that nearly floored me, besides spoiling a fine old hat. Next day I had a grilling hot passage to Rouen, whither I went summâ *Diligentiâ*. I arrived in Paris yesterday morning.

* "The meeting," he writes, "was far more comfortable than I expected. He was more tranquil, and more affectionate than I had found him for a long time."—*Letter, August 14th.*

My first anxiety was to get out of the fetid smell of the central city, as well as the noise, and I found a very pleasant boarding-house at 42, Boulevard de l'Hôpital.

"Hitherto, of course, I have seen nothing of the changes that twenty years have wrought in this capital; I hope you will come in person, however, and judge for yourself. The heat is desperately oppressive; but I am comforted by hearing that it is 'nothing to what it will soon be!' I must still revert to the idea you threw out of crossing the channel, and which Mrs. C—d half confirmed to my great joy. In September, how delightful it would be to take a trip to Switzerland or the Pyrenees! * T. C."

"*July.*—I have gone into a boarding-house, or '*pension*, as they call it. You have written so much against 'pensions' that I dare say you will set to abusing me in the 'Dispatch,' for the place of my abode! It is, nevertheless, very comfortable—a good-sized, well-furnished room; coffee, bread and butter, for breakfast; a meat luncheon; and a good dinner at *six*. How much do you think it costs? Why so little, that I will not tell you; for in your malice you would go about telling that poor Campbell was reduced to board at — francs a week in Paris, a sum that would not support a jolly beggar in London!" †

"*July* 14*th.*—I feel ashamed at being able to send you

* Extract from a letter to Dr. Beattie.

† In the same letter, and with characteristic disregard of *expense*, where literary comfort was the object, he requests his friend to forward a small library of Classics—"for until I get them," he says, "I shall be like a fish out of water." As the books, however, might be hired, or even purchased, in Paris, for much less than the carriage would have cost from London, he consented, with some reluctance, to dispense with his old favourites, and provide substitutes in Paris. The letter is addressed to his friend, *Mr. D. E. Williams.*

no interesting news from this important place; but in reality, the heat has knocked me up so, that I have hardly stirred out beyond the garden for a week. All yesterday, Fahrenheit stood at 90° in the shade. To-day it is cooler, but when the French boast to me of their '*beau climat*,' I tell them it is fit only for devils. Their gnats seem also to have a natural antipathy towards me, for their bites have swollen my arm so, that I can scarcely get it into my coat sleeve; and with two or three bumps about my face and eyes, I am the most forlorn of human figures. I look forward, however, to a view of the lakes and glaciers.

"T. C."

The arrival of the "Poet of Freedom" was no sooner announced, than a deputation from the Polish Literary Society of Paris waited upon him with a complimentary address. Arrangements were then made for a public dinner, at which their illustrious chief, Prince Czartoryski, took the chair, and, in proposing the health of Campbell, thus addressed the company:—

"We feel the deepest satisfaction in seeing amongst us one of the worthiest, the oldest, and most constant friends of our unfortunate country. It is to testify to him our sensations of gratitude and affection that we are met. He must submit to hear from our lips some expressions which his modesty would possibly wish to be spared, but which, in our regard for him, we cannot forbear from uttering. For nearly forty years Thomas Campbell has never ceased to be the pleader, the champion, the zealous and unwearied apostle of our holy cause. Our disasters have never damped him; on the contrary, as is the case with souls that are truly noble, our very calamities have deepened his attachment to us; and Campbell has been as obstinately our friend, as Fortune has been our enemy. ' When Kosciusko fell, his poetical accents were among the first that awakened Europe from her insensibility to our fate, and evoked, on the tomb of the country, the tears of all men capable of rendering homage to truth, to justice, and to liberty. As soon as our last revolution burst forth, his eloquent pen was again drawn in our behalf. Nor was it by his

voice alone that he aided us, for he transmitted to us considerable sums. In proportion as his high poetry had touched us, his donations affected our hearts. We recorded them as an offering agreeable to Providence, and that ought to bring a blessing with them; for they were the sparings of a very moderate fortune, which the philanthropy of its owner had not permitted him to augment. When frightful disasters put a period to our last struggle, still our Campbell did not desert us. He made our griefs his own—he preached to us sublime consolations, and he predicted that we might yet see better days! Oh! doubtless, nothing would be wanting to Poland, if the wishes of this faithful friend—if the predictions of this illustrious poet,—could be fulfilled. Nor do I doubt that they will one day be fulfilled, and that the verses of his poetry will then be quoted to show that, by the light of his genius and his virtue, he had foreseen futurity! You all know how useful the Polish Literary Association of England has been to our cause—how beneficial it has been to our countrymen, who have taken refuge in England, and who it was that created this Association which has been so precious to us! Who was the first man who thought of it, and who was the man who supported it during its first years, in the midst of the thousand vexations and difficulties which usually embarrass new institutions. Still it was Thomas Campbell! I regret, gentlemen, that we are not met in greater numbers, for there is not a true Pole on earth that would not have been happy to be with us; and they would have all received with acclamation the toast I have to give:—'To the health of Thomas Campbell, and may our wishes for his happiness be accomplished!'"

When the enthusiasm had partly subsided, Campbell returned thanks in the following terms:—

"Prince, and Gentlemen,—In returning you thanks for the honour you have done me, I must take the liberty of refusing some exaggerated compliments that have been paid to my humble merit—an exaggeration which I, at least, ought to pardon, as it proceeds from your kindness towards me. Alas! what could be done for the sacred cause of Poland by an individual like myself—without wealth, without political power, and without extensive influence on the public mind? Almost nothing! But there is one part of your praise which I cannot refuse—it is when you give me the title of the faithful friend, the zealous friend, the devoted friend of Poland! For, though it is true that my feeble power has failed to effect anything considerable for your cause, still my good will has never failed; and as long as there is life-blood in my veins, this good will shall

never be deficient. In this respect I feel myself worthy of the title of your *friend!*—Gentlemen, these expressions might perhaps appear to a satirical spirit to be the language of vanity and self-complacency. Why, truly, if it be a fault and a proof of vanity to be proud of my feelings regarding Poland, I shall plead guilty—for I am proud of those feelings. But your hearts, which are as generous as they are brave, will not give an uncharitable interpretation to my words. Gentlemen, I have good reason to be proud of my friendship towards the Poles. The name of your country, and the history of your struggle with your oppressors, will be remembered eternally! The latest posterity will listen with interest to the recital of your efforts. The generations to come "*et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis*" will read your history with the liveliest emotions; and they will pronounce that your misfortunes have been the shame, as your heroism has been the glory, of the present age. And, remember, my gallant friends! that one dies not wholly in this world, when one bequeaths to posterity a bright example, and an honourable memory. Without flattering you, I venture to say that you are happier than your oppressors. Let me ask if your tyrants possess that calm of conscience, which constitutes the happiness of existence? No—there is a God—there *is* a Supreme Judge—and, in another world, there will be rewards and punishments! Men, wiser than the Emperor Nicholas, such men as Socrates and Bacon, have held this belief. And this thought of a God, how much ought it to terrify the consciences of your executioners! No, they are not happy; for God will call them to a severe account. Though I speak of their punishments in a future world, I wish only that they should expiate their crimes in this world. As for you, my friends, your consciences are without fear, and without reproach. If Providence were to say to me, 'I mean to change your existence into that of another; choose whether you will be the Emperor of Russia or Prince Czartoryski,' I should answer—'Make me Czartoryski!'—Brave Poles! my sentiments towards you are such that I may adopt the motto of the myrtle leaf—'Je ne change qu'en mourant.'—Je prierai toujours le Ciel pour votre bonheur, et pour la résurrection de la cause sainte de la Pologne."

This public tribute of respect, followed by others of a private but not less gratifying nature, had the effect of detaining Campbell another month in Paris:—

"*August* 4.—Even a Parisian August agrees with me;

and a new neighbourhood, with a tannery under my nose, leaves me such palpable health, that when I shave in the morning, I can see as fresh a complexion on my face, as if I had been traversing the Highland hills! . . I often wonder how my spirits keep up so well. I should fancy, indeed, that they stood at their greatest possible height, if it were not that a letter from England makes them mount higher.

"I have been so fortunate as to hear Louis Philippe deliver his address to the Peers and Deputies. He spoke it right well; it was a masterly piece of composition; and the whole spectacle of the throne, hall, and spectators was strikingly fine. . . . T. C."

These passages are followed by a learned disquisition on the characteristics of French beauty, which, after "a very patient and dispassionate inquiry," he determines must yield the palm to that of England. After a series of hasty sketches of the ladies of the "Pensionnat," (to not one of whom he allows any pretensions to beauty,) "our old women in England," he affirms, "are loves—sirens—in comparison. I doubt much if Shakspeare's imagination ever figured such old girls dancing round a cauldron. This astounds me the more, that the French old *men* retain their good looks—even better than our own. We have three old gentlemen in this boarding-house, past eighty, and all, all of them good looking. One noble fellow, gracious, gay, and fresh at eighty-two, is positively handsome. I guessed him at seventy. When he told me his age, I could not help exclaiming, 'What a pity you are so old!' He bowed and thanked me for the compliment, perfectly understanding me to mean, that I was sorry so agreeable a man should not have more years to live."

* * * * *

[*August* 10.] ". . . I have begun a new work,* the title of which I will tell you when we meet. It will be a work of research. I have collected matter for it in the royal library of Paris. I get up at half-past four; and am every morning at work by five. About nine at night I get as sleepy as a hedgehog, and fear I scarcely keep till ten out of bed; but altogether, I suppose, I study twelve hours a-day."

"The day before yesterday, we had a grand review of the National Guards. It was a splendid military spectacle. There must have been 20,000 men under arms. I was close to the king when he passed. He was well received. The National Guards are as fine a body of men as any capital in Europe could turn out. The troops of the line are short, active men—decidedly lower in stature than our troops."

"I am a curious observer of national persons and faces; and, as such, I began to make observations. It struck me with horror, all along the ramparts, to see such innumerable groups of old, lame, crutched, double-bent women. What! I exclaimed, are *all* the women of Paris old and crutched? But I laughed to learn that, of an evening, three thousand old women, perhaps, walk out from the hospitals; and as they must be seventy before they are admitted, one can hardly expect them to look blooming, or to trip lightly along; I therefore corrected my opinion of Parisian beauty, in so far as not to judge of it by the 3000 girls of the hospitals. . . . T. C."

"*August* 14. . . . . Well, I have seen Paris after an absence of twenty years! It is changed, I think, for the better. There are many new edifices, and things are

* The Geography of Classical History.

cheaper. It grieved me, I own, to see the Louvre stripped. In sober reasoning and justice, perhaps, I was wrong. But woe's me, to see the Apollo displaced by a large ugly Minerva!—the Venus eloped—the Transfiguration and countless charming things removed!—Ah, reason as you will, it was a melancholy sight to me.

"I saw the king open the Chambers, and heard him deliver a most adroit speech with excellent elocution. It was a rare speech—and yet, when you opened it next day in the journals, it contained nothing! It was like a coin which the juggler puts into your hand, and bids you hold it fast. Then, he cries, Puff—presto—begone! and when you open your hand, devil a coin is there!"

"I shall be in Paris until the middle of September. . . . I am particularly anxious to get to Algiers; for several very sensible Frenchmen have told me, that nothing is more wanted than a faithful observer of what is passing there. The accounts they receive here are mutilated and suppressed, on the government side; and on the opposition side, they are blackened and exaggerated. My curiosity to see the country exceeds all power of description. I dream about it every night. T. C."*

The following extracts are taken from letters to Samuel Rogers, Esq. :—

"*August* 15.—This is the anniversary of the Ascension (Assumption), and all the churches in Paris are pealing away, as if for a wager, at the expense of my heretical ears. In the midst of all the confusion of ideas, which this jingling has produced, I have recollection enough left me to consider that as my letter is to contain a request, I

* Extract of a letter to John Richardson, Esq.

had better get over that disagreeable part of it first, in order to have more pleasure in writing the rest. The request I have to make is—to be allowed to trespass once more on your kindness for the use of twenty-five pounds, from the middle of September, expressly, till the 17th of November. I find I made rather an under estimate of what my travels would cost me; and, unless I return within a few weeks—which would be mortifying disappointment to me—I shall be far down in the purse. Now, that I am on the south side of the Channel, I wish to go pretty far south—as far indeed, if I can, as Algiers. Now, I pray you to take what I have to say about this payment of my *third* loan, not as words of course, but of strictly literal meaning. In proposing this new accommodation, I am only forestalling the money which I shall be entitled to in November; and the draft which I shall send you on George Webster* in November will be as sure of acceptance as a Bank-note."

"By November I must be in Algiers, where I have a vague sort of fear of not receiving cash so far from London. Again—I mean to write a book about the colony; and it will be a great thing if I can afford the assistance of a good artist, of whom, I am told, there are some in the French army.

"When I explain to you the sole reason for wishing my resolution of proceeding to Algiers—provided the means reach me—not to be known yet for a little time, I am sure your kind heart will enter into my feelings. Though I have not had the means of joining my fate with a certain inestimable person whom you have seen, and whom, perhaps, I need not name, yet our friendship is unabated, and her anxiety about my health and welfare is as watchful

* George Webster, Esq., W.S., Old Palace Yard, "legal agent for the Scotch property held in life-rent by Campbell," and now inherited by his son.

as ever. In good time I shall communicate to her my intention; but, if I did so suddenly, and at present, her imagination would conjure up all manner of deaths and dangers as awaiting me—fevers—Arabs of the desert! &c. Now—though I know there is a sort of fever in the colony—I am one of the fearless creatures that never catch contagion—and, altogether, I would wish that my African scheme were not mentioned."

* * * * *

"At the distribution of prizes among the élèves at the *sourds-muets*, a French lady sent in my name to the president, and we were transferred from a bad station near the door to the *dais*, and seated fast by the President's chair. One of the ex-élèves, a remarkably sprightly young man, came up to me, making signs of great cordiality, and wrote a very complimentary note on the crown of his hat—saying, that he knew English well, and proved to me that he had read my poems by a quotation. He sat near me, and we conversed on paper. He mentioned, also your works with evident acquaintance and admiration. I was going to say he spoke—for there was almost speech in his gesticulations. The exhibition of the poor young creatures was touchingly interesting: but the effect was a little spoilt by a pedantic schoolmaster, who was their show-man. I saw, at an exchange of looks, that my friend the ex-élève had the same opinion of him with myself. I wrote to him—'Your orator makes me begin to doubt if speech be such a blessing; for this half hour I have been wishing myself deaf, and him dumb!' My dumb friend rubbed his hands with a look of delight, and immediately turned round to another ex-élève, telling him my joke on his fingers. He again told it to his neighbour; and, in a few minutes, it was telegraphed through the whole benches of the ex-élèves. T. C."

* * * * *

"*Aug.* 30*th.**—I wrote to you, I think, a fortnight ago, but I have other reasons, besides that of not having heard from you, for concluding that you have not received my letter—at least in due time. I am going to Algiers . . being therefore anxious to fortify my purse against the African expedition, I proposed to borrow 25*l.* of your kindness. . . . This, however, will not now be necessary; for I shall have no need of any new supply before December; and by that time, so easy is the transaction of money matters with Algiers, that the money due to me in November, in England, can be forwarded to me at Algiers, as easily as if I were at Paris. Had I known this I never should have troubled you.†

"Monsieur Laurence, the government Inspector of Algiers, has offered to take me with him in his carriage to Toulon; but as he cannot accommodate my baggage, I shall prefer travelling singly. I am anxious to get to Toulon, where we shall embark, so that I shall leave Paris on Tuesday the 2nd of September. I shall be delighted to hear from you; and I am anxious to know the fate of my letter. If you have forwarded any draft to me, it will be sent back, or, at all events, not changed; for I see my way clearly as to money matters, though I should be a twelvemonth abroad. Excuse your troublesome but affectionate friend. T. C."

* * * * *

* London post-mark, September 2nd. Address—"Samuel Rogers, Esq., St. James's Place," &c.

† The previous letter of the 15th, owing to some unaccountable delay, did not reach London until eight days after date—Paris post-mark, August 21; that of London, August 23—hence the anxiety felt by Campbell as to its reception. During this suspense he had recourse to a fresh calculation, and thus all difficulties were removed.

CHAPTER V.

AFRICA—ALGIERS—ORAN.

CAMPBELL'S sudden determination to visit Africa took his friends by surprise. On first starting for the Continent, his tour was not intended to exceed the limits of Italy; but once in Paris, where much of the conversation turned upon the new "empire of Algeria," his curiosity was excited, and, with that ardent thirst for information and novelty, which formed a leading feature in his character, he fixed his thoughts on the Regency. "One day,"* he writes, "that I was in the King's Library, exploring books on ancient geography, I cast my eyes on a point of the map—the ancient Roman city of Icosium—that corresponded with the site of Algiers. Its eventful history rushed on my thoughts, and seemed to rebuke me for dwelling on the dead more than the living. Is not the question of how widely this conquest of Algiers may throw open the gates of African civilisation, more interesting than any musty debate among classic topographers? To confine our studies to mere antiquities, is like reading by candle-light after the sun has risen. So I closed the volume I was perusing, and with all my soul wished myself at Algiers! Ah, but the distance—the heat that *must* be endured—the pestilence that *may* be encountered! —do not these considerations make the thing impossible?

* Extract from a letter addressed to Miss W. M.

No—the distance is not so great—the risk of contagion has been braved by thousands—I will see this curious place! Yes, the prospect of seeing a new quarter of the globe, of descrying, even afar off, Mount Atlas, with his head in the clouds and his feet in the sands of the desert, made my thoughts I may almost say delicious; and I blessed my fate that I had not in youth exhausted the enjoyment of travelling."

Animated by this delightful vision, Campbell left Paris on the 2nd of September, embarked at Toulon on the 11th, and, crossing the *mare sævum et importuosum*, landed at Algiers on the 18th. But as the incidents of the voyage, with his residence in Algiers, and excursions among the Arab tribes—have already appeared in his "Letters from the South," I shall restrict myself, in what follows, to extracts from various letters, and other documents, still new to the public. Of these, the first is a letter to Mr. Richardson:—

"ALGIERS, *Wednesday, Oct.* 8, 1834.

"YOUR letter, my dear and good old friend, bearing date the 28th of August, is the first from Europe which I have opened in this foreign land. . . . . After I had made up my mind at Paris to this expedition, I met with M. Laurence, a distinguished Deputy of the French Chamber, who was nominated Inspector of the Colony. He offered to take me in his own carriage to Toulon; but, as he could not accommodate my baggage, I preferred going by Diligence. We set out the same day. . . . On reaching Marseilles, I found that he had passed through it, and was assured that he had sailed from Toulon on board the steamer. This was a false report; but I believed it; and, in despair, took my passage for Algiers on board a wretched merchant vessel. In six days we crossed the

Mediterranean, a fairly short passage; but oh, such days of sickness, where there was no choice but between a burning deck and a filthy cabin, eight feet square, in which twelve live passengers were *potted!*

"I was all but a dead passenger, when I got ashore, and staggered, with the help of a friendly fellow, a barber, to the best hotel—and bad is the best! They laid me up in a stone-room, where I could not get a drink of water. . . . I had no servant. M. Laurence had advised me to hire one at Marseilles, and so I had; but my squire, though I got a passable character with him, turned out a vagabond. When he went to the Police, he gave himself out one day for Piedmontese,—another, he was born at Naples,—another, at Genoa. In short, he made out as many birth-places as tradition ascribes to Homer; but the rivalship among the cities was rather to disown than claim the honour of his nativity, for not one of the Consuls would give him a passport; and I was obliged to go forth, a knight-errant without a squire. My little barber,* however, who is the exact image of * *, was very attentive to me. He came to the hotel, and kindly explained the meaning of my English in more significant French than I could translate. . . . I then told my friend to go and take private lodgings for me. He came, after having done so,—but warned me that they would cost *thirty* francs!

* "With a shaver from France I came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend;
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a barber alone is my friend."
Epistle from Algiers to Horace Smith.

In a note to the poem it is added:—"On board the vessel I met with a fellow-passenger, whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attention he paid me. He turned out to be a *peruquier*; but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions till he passed my baggage through the Customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel."

I supposed, of course, by the week. Humph—I said—that is as dear as London!—but let me get into them. When we reached the house it was wretched enough. 'What!' I said, 'thirty francs a-week for such rooms!'—'Oh, no,' quoth the barber; 'by the *month*.' Well, I grudged throwing away thirty francs, so I have put up with the rooms between two and three weeks.

"The people are all civility; but it will not do to be thus meanly housed; so I have bespoken apartments in one of the finest houses of the town. The landlord is a retail merchant—a broker; but, without exception, one of the most gentlemanlike and best informed men I ever knew. He is an old officer of Napoleon's staff—a noble-looking fellow—a great amateur of music, painting, and natural history, and colonel of the National Guards. The first time I called on him was to see his cabinet of Moorish antiquities, when he very civilly pressed on my acceptance a silver Roman coin, that was dug up during the siege. I had not at that time any idea that he let a part of his house; and when I came next day to ask the price of the chambers—'It is only,' he said, 'for fear of hurting your feelings that I don't offer them to you for nothing.' He then named a price notoriously below the value of the rooms. 'Monsieur Descousse,' I said, 'they are worth twice that rent. I am rather a rich man than otherwise, and let me pay for them what is fair and just.' But he would take not a *sou* more.

"The British Consul, Mr. St. John, offered me apartments in his town-house; but, as it is necessary for me to maintain the character of an independent English gentleman among the French officers here,—on whose information I depend,—I declined his friendly offer. Mr. St. John is a known Tory; I have brought with me the character of a staunch *Whig;* and it is a curious fact (I assure you I

am not romancing) that, in a French pamphlet published about the colony, I find my own opinion quoted from a paper in 'The New Monthly,' and my name honourably mentioned. What is still more curious, I actually found the aide-de-camp of the Commander in Chief of the Colonial Army, (a very accomplished man,) Captain St. Palais, translating my poems, and about to publish the translation. His general, Baron Voirol, is returning home, having been succeeded by General Comte D'Erlon, to whom I was presented at his first levee by our Consul. I dine with Baron Voirol to-day. He is to try to get the Commandant of Oran to take me with him in the steamer as his pretended secretary,—and also to furnish me with an Arab at Oran, who will take me sixty leagues into the interior, among the patriarchal encampments of the Bedouins. . . .

"St. John, our Consul-General, has been excessively kind to me. As for his wife, he is almost as well off as yourself—she is quite a darling—pleasing, animated, and intelligent. They have a sweet family, a noble old Moorish house, and a paradise of a garden around it.

"Oh, my old crony! it would do your heart good to see your friend prancing gloriously on an Arabian barb over the hills of the white city, (for Algiers, with all its forts, battlements, mosques, and minarets, is as dazzling white as snow,) and enjoying the splendid scenery! * I have no words to convey the impression it has made on me. I felt, on my ride, as if I had dropt into a new planet! Some parts of the hills, it is true, are bare; but wherever there is verdure it has a bold, gigantic richness, a brilliancy and odour, that mock even the productions of our hot-houses. Never shall I forget my first ride! It was early morning: the blue Mediterranean spread a hundred

* In all Campbell's writings, there is nothing perhaps more poetical than the following descriptions.

miles beneath—a line of flamingos shot over the wave—the white city blazed in the rising sun—the Arabs, with their dromedaries loaded with fruits for the market, were coming down the steeps. Around, in countless numbers, were the white, square, castle-looking country houses of the Moors, inclosed in gardens; the romantic tombs of the Marabouts, held sacred, and surrounded with trees and flowers, that are watered with a perpetual spring from marble fountains, where you see the palm towering with its feathery tufts as high as a minaret. Wherever I looked, the vegetable world was all novelty in its beauty and grandeur. Save the blackberry, the ivy, and a sort of wild *lint-bell*, I recognised not one old friend among the 'field-flowers.' The fig-tree—the nopal—the banyan—the cork-tree—the vine and myrtle, all were growing wild on the road-side, with aloes ten feet high, in long rows—like the sword-blades of a race of giants; and the *cactus*, with oval leaves, a foot long and an inch thick—sticking one at the end of another, and forming with their fantastic trunks an impregnable hedge. Its fruit, called the Barbary fig, so rich and delicious, grows on the road side, to the size of a lemon: it is to be had for the gathering, and sells at twelve for a *sou*. These are a day's food for an Arab or a Cabyle. The latter is the old Numidian, different both from the Moor and the Arab.

"Then the ravines that run down to the sea! I alighted to explore one of them, and found a *burn*, that might have gurgled in a Scottish glen. A thousand sweet novelties of wild flowers grew above its borders; and a dear little bird sang among its trees. The view terminated in the discharge of the stream among the rocks and foam of the sea—

"'And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard—and scarcely heard to flow.'*

* Thomson's "Castle of Indolence."

"In short, my dear John, I feel as if my soul had grown an inch taller since I came here. I have a thousand, and a thousand curious things to tell you; but I shall keep them all bottled up to tell you in Fludyer Street—unless the cholera comes over me. If it should, I have at least had some happy days; and the little void that I leave in the world will be soon filled up. I commend my poor nephew to your kindness. He is a good, and intelligent young man; and being now deprived of almost the only solace of his hard-working life—that is, of coming to me of a Sunday—he is rather forlorn. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Richardson—remember me affectionately to Sir Charles and Lady Bell; and with all my heart, believe me ever, as of old, yours, T. C."*

* * * * * *

The impressions, thus vividly described, lost nothing of their freshness by a longer residence. To his nephew, Mr. Alexander Campbell, he writes:—

"*Nov.* 9.—I had the greatest pleasure in receiving your letter—the second that I have opened in Africa—and I need not tell you with what sensations. . . . . The country is superb. The vegetation, though scorched at this season, is indescribably magnificent. . . . To say that I have been satisfied with the sight of this country, is far short of the truth—I have been delighted with it to ecstacy. . . . I mix much with the French general officers, from whom I expect my principal information regarding Algiers, as well as designs from their artists. . . . . The English Consul, Mr. St. John, has been

* In a P.S. he adds: "Thursday I dined at Baron Voirol's, and the Commandant of Oran is to take me thither; but about my getting among the Arabs, there seems to be some difficulty and danger. We shall see."

most kindly attentive, and so has the Vice-consul, Mr. Tulin. . . . . I keep two horses, a groom, and a valet. You will say, 'Mine uncle hath grown a dandy!' No, no: this is all necessary: no body here in the rank of a gentleman walks beyond the walls: all is horseback, or muleback—equally costly; so that I must keep a saddle for my servant as well as myself. This deuced expense, however, irks me a little; but I have no fear, it is true, of running aground as to finances. . . . T. C."

* * * * * *

So much enjoyment, however, could not be lasting; he had begun to feel the effects of climate; and in the next letter to his nephew he says:—

"*Nov.* 21.—The extreme change of the weather from broiling heat to moist, damp, cold, has a good deal affected me. I was two days seriously ill in bed; and, though set upon my legs again, I am weak in animal spirits. My resolution to brave the chance of cholera, which is getting nearer, is not shaken. I am determined to remain, most probably, till March; but my mind is often very uneasy about the possibility of being carried off by that deadly fiend, and, with one thing and another, I cannot boast of being very happy. I am annoyed on the subject of money—being on the very verge of running in debt; for after buying a horse at a good price, I lent him to a French friend, who accidentally made the animal slip his shoulder—and so I have six hundred francs to pay for another. Here a gentleman can no more dispense with a horse, than with his trowsers. I have, also, been obliged to shift into another suite of M. Descousse's chambers. The additional furniture has cost me about 20*l.*; for the tiled floors require thick carpeting, and the expense of making a chimney is quite ruinous!"

"Well, I will not croak any more, except to tell you about one anxiety that is preying upon my mind; and upon which it is in your power to relieve me—at least from suspense. I write to ——*, according to agreement, every week; and until the last three, she has regularly answered me. I believe you know in what a state of health I left her—now she knows my solicitude about her health too well to be silent from any other cause than sheer inability to hold a pen. I am thus left shaping the gloomiest fears respecting her. Do, my dearest nephew, make inquiries about her at ——."

* * * * * *

He then adverts to the 'state of his Exchequer'—gives directions for another remittance, and adds:—

"You will think I am a 'Gargantua' for swallowing money! But in truth, every object I have in travelling will be frustrated, if I am not amply supplied, so that I must call in all my resources. . . . I wish very much to see Tunis, in order to inspect the ruins of Carthage. I have here found some Roman ruins that are not mentioned by any traveller that I have read. . . .

"Among the amusing novelties which I have lately seen, I may reckon that of a Sacrifice to Devils. There are seven fountains near the sea shore of Algiers, which are regularly haunted by Demons—but they are good-natured demons, when you appease them by sacrificing a fowl or a sheep. Nay, the flesh of the victims, when eaten by sick people, recovers them; and for this purpose, crowds of negroes, Jews, Arabs, Cabyles, and Moors, all go out pell-mell, men and women, to sacrifice at the fountains, and bring home healing food for their sick friends. The institution is not warranted by the Koran,

* See letters to Mr. Richardson and to Mr. Rogers, pages 172-3.

and seems a superstition more Pagan than Mahometan. The high-priest is a negro from Timbuctoo. I saw no mark of priesthood about him, except that he collected money. They sang a hymn quit fit for Devil-worship. They washed the victim in the sea—then turned to the east; an old woman squatted before the priest, who waved the knife thrice round her, and then killed the fowl by cutting its throat. The whole ceremony reminded me somewhat of Homer. A merchant here introduced me to the high-priest, as a Christian Marabout who 'had preached divine things against black slavery;' so that the 'niggers and niggeresses' came all grinning about me, and the Blacky hierophant did me the honour of giving me snuff out of his 'bacco-box. T. C."

* * * * *

The ill health and anxiety of mind, under which he was suffering at the above date, were speedily removed by unexpected good news* from home; so that he returned to the grand object of his pilgrimage with unabated ardour.

The ensuing two months were spent in short excursions within the frontier—among the native tribes, and in collecting such materials from oral and written testimony, regarding their political history, social habits, and prospects, as were likely to interest a curious and indefatigable traveller. To the success with which he prosecuted his research—relieving the gravity of history, by lively and characteristic anecdotes; sketches of society—peculiar customs—classic associations—climate, produce, and population; by everything, in short, that is amusing, or instructive—the two volumes, since given to the public, bear unequivocal testimony, and establish his title as an authority, in all that relates to the French domination in Algiers.

* A legacy of 1000*l.* had just been left him.

At length, taking a much wider circuit, with Leo Africanus in his hand, Campbell made several voyages along the coast—visited Bougia, Bona, and Oran, entered into familiar intercourse with Arab Chiefs—feasted and slept in their encampments—heard the lion roar in his native desert—wrote lines on a Dead Eagle—and, after a journey full of novelty and adventure, returned, at the end of April, to the British Consulate at Algiers. But to return to his letters :—

"ORAN, *March 18th*, 1835.

"I RECEIVED your kind and welcome letter, announcing Mr. Telford's legacy* before I left Algiers. I need not say the bequest is a providential windfall—but how strange it is that the executors gave me no notice of it!

"I had a dreadful passage in the steam-boat from Algiers to Oran.† The Captain at one time had the idea of taking refuge in the nearest Spanish port: but, happily, before his last bushel of coals was consumed, we got into Arzei, where, after waiting two days, we got a fair wind that brought us hither. I was so ill with sea-sickness during this passage, that I brought up blood, and have been debilitated ever since; otherwise, I am in good health and spirits.—I reckon on remaining here till the middle of April—when the stormy season will be over—then to Algiers, for a week or so, and next to France and old England! You will find me, I fear, a little changed for the worse, in appearance, by my African adventures, but in heart and feelings *unchangeable*. T. C."

* This legacy from his early and munificent friend was nominally 1000*l.*, part of which was paid to Campbell soon after his return to London—the last and greater portion, still in the hands of Mr. Telford's executors, is payable to the Poet's niece, Mrs. W. Alfred Hill.

† "During the danger, and even my sickness," he told the Editor, "I was haunted by the picture of your happy fireside, and the friends there."

Contrary to what he facetiously imagined, the dormant spirit of song was not rekindled by a nearer approach to the sun. Phœbus, indeed, was more propitious on the north than on the south side of the Mediterranean; for with the exception of the Dead Eagle—and an exordium, written at the instance of his friend Neukomm—with a laughable "Ode," composed for Mr. St. John's children—the African tour was poetically barren. But his letters are full of poetry: and had not unforeseen objects diverted his attention from the subject, it is very probable that Algiers would have become the scene of a new poem.

Early in May, Campbell embarked for Europe; and writing to his nephew, gives the following retrospective sketch of his tour:—

"TOULON, *Lazaretto, May 22nd,* 1835.

"YOU must excuse the shabbiness of the sheet of paper on which I write to you—for I am now in the Lazaretto of Toulon, a sort of hospital prison, where I must perform quarantine for six days; and where it is impossible to purchase any convenience. I am happy enough to get something to eat and drink.—In spite of all this inconvenience, I am right happy to be once more in Europe. Since I wrote to you, I have visited the whole coast of Algiers from Bona to Oran;—and have penetrated seventy miles into the interior, as far as Mascara, the capital of a province, which is purely African, and which the French have not conquered. I have slept for several nights under the tents of the Arabs—I have heard a lion roar in his native savage freedom, and I have seen the noble animal brought in dead—measuring seven feet and a half independently of the tail. I dined also at General Trizel's table off the said lion's tongue, and it was as nice as a neat's tongue.

"The excursion to the interior is what has most affected my health and strength. The night before setting out for Mascara, the Arab guides and the interpreter came and told me that several murders had occurred in the very neighbourhood of Oran, where I then was; and that they would not venture on the journey—Diable! I thought, this was tormenting!—but I must see Mascara, cost what it may. I spent at my lodgings in Oran a dreadful night, but at break of day I went and beat up the quarters of a Jew—whom I shall ever regard as my friend*—'Sir'—I said, 'I demand your assistance to help me to go to Mascara. You know that when I return to London, I can be of service to you'—alluding to an affair in which I can serve him. You understand Arabic—come with me; and immediately Mr. Buznach came out like a hero—'Yes,' he said, 'Mr. Campbell, I will go with you, and place you under the protection of a friendly tribe of Arabs.' He then turned round to the Arab guides, who were unwilling to go with me, and said:—'You dogs—you swine! do you talk of refusing to go with this English nobleman?—If you do, the Bey of Mascara, who is my friend, will strike off your heads, for your refusal! Get arms and mount!'—In an instant six of us were

* "Buznach is the most influential Jew in the Regency; he understands Arabic: he mediated between the French and the Arab tribes, and was the chief means of bringing about peace. . . . . When I saw him first, his appearance reminded me strongly of that of the late statesman Wyndham. I thought him haughty, even to an air of misanthropy; but still there was something of strong character, which I liked, in his mien and manner. This was the second time I had ever spoken to him. . . . 'Mr. Buznach,' I said, 'you lay me under an overwhelming debt of gratitude!' Here was a proud man—in every sense of the word, a gentleman—to whom I could have no more offered a remuneration, without offending him, than to Mr. Wyndham, had he been alive—taking the trouble to ride forty miles under an African sun, and who must measure back the same journey to-morrow—ay, and sleep on the ground in an Arab tent—all out of gratuitous kindness to a mere stranger."—*Letters from the South, Vol. II. p.* 208.

armed with muskets, sabres, and pistols, and on the road to Mascara.

"I slept at Mascara, in the house of a Syrian Christian, who showed me a world of kindness. But for his hospitality, I must have slept in the streets—for there is no such thing as an Inn or Hotel. The manners of the people are so simple, that they weigh their wool and grain with stones, which of course have a determined weight. Abdallah, my Syrian host, sent me back with some Arab protectors,—if they could be called such, for they were the greatest thieves on earth. They drank my wine before my face—going under a tree, where they laughingly said that Mahomet could not see them!—This was a dreadful misfortune; for the water one finds in Africa, is turbid and unwholesome; but luckily we reached some Arab camps, which furnished us with sour milk from time to time. Oh, that delicious beverage, I shall bless it all my life! My chief misfortune was to be bit by a dog, one night in an Arab tent—when I was going out to see if the dawn was approaching. I had a sabre in my hand, with which I defended myself against a host of curs, and sent off some of them limping and howling—but one of them got up to me, and bit me in the thigh. The wound is now, thank God, healed; but the whole journey has been trying. The heat was excessive, as it blistered my face, so that the skin of it came off like the skin of a boiled pea. T. C."

* * * * *

Of the Poet's residence in Algeria, I have been favoured with the following reminiscence from H. M. Consul-general, Mr. St. John :—

"ALGIERS, *May* 20, 1846.

"WHAT struck me most in Campbell was his extreme modesty respecting his works, and a certain degree of vanity regarding points where it was ill placed. But his weaknesses were all caused by goodness of heart. His extreme violence about Poland was carried to such an extent that when I once asked him how he could have published certain odes calling Nicholas 'a scoundrel,'* &c. &c., he replied, 'Oh, we are not always polite!'

"He seemed more anxious to be considered a good Greek scholar than a Poet; and you will see that he alludes to it in the little *jeu d' esprit* which I enclose. This was a proof of his good-nature: one of my children at dinner told him a favourite cat had just kittened, and that he ought to write a copy of verses about it. He laughed at the suggestion; and after dinner scrawled the laughable lines which, although they have no poetical pretension, are full of good nonsense; and the winding up is really good.

"When he was at Oran, he sent me, in a letter which I now have, the original verses written there on an Eagle's Feather, afterwards published, requesting my opinion—to my great surprise; and when he came back he, at my suggestion, made some trifling alterations. In reply to a question I put to him as to which of his works he thought the best, and when I expected to hear—if not his larger poems—either 'Ye Mariners,' 'Lochiel,' or the 'Scene in Argyllshire,' I was surprised to hear him name his 'Lines on the View from St. Leonards.' He was much respected here, even by the French with whom he disputed in the most downright manner. He was careless of his money to such a degree that his servant might have cheated him to any extent. During his visit, the Chevalier Neukomm came here for a few days, and asked Campbell to turn part of the Book of Job into verse for an oratorio. The consequence was, that these two and myself got an English bible, and Campbell turned a part of it into verse, —and that, without altering the simplicity of the original. Neukomm *did* compose music; but whether it was published or not, you will know better than myself. The Poet," concludes Mr. St. John, "lived with us for some months, and left us with the most pleasing remembrance of him. I have quantities of his letters written to me on his rambles; but their contents are mostly in his 'Letters from the South.'" †

* This epithet was applied to the Czar, at a moment when the atrocities perpetrated upon Polish mothers and their infants, by the emperor's authority, were related to the Poet in "descriptions which harassed his very soul."—See his letters from St. Leonards.

† Letter, dated Algiers, May 20, 1846, addressed to the Editor, and to which

Here follow the verses alluded to :—

"ODE ON THE BIRTH OF FIVE KITTENS IN THE HOUSE OF HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL-GENERAL AT ALGIERS."

Tune—"THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING."

"The cat she has kitten'd, Ohon! Ohon!
In the Consular house of St. John, St. John;
Of her five little cats
(They are all blind as bats)
There are two to be drown'd, that are gone, are gone!

"But the rest 'twere a pity to drown, to drown;
Zugasti * and Campbell, and Brown and Brown,†
Are to save all the three
From this *cat-as-trophee*,
And to rear them as cats of renown, renown.

"These three pretty kittens, so sleek, so sleek,
There 's Campbell to teach them their *Greek*, their *Greek!*
Brown will train them to mew
'*Yankee doodle*, doo, doo!'
And Zugasti in Spanish to speak, to speak.

"*Five* lives they shall have, every one, one, one;
Faine's domestics shall beat a rattan, rattan,
On the Barbary coast,
Of their beauty to boast,
From the shores of Bougie to Oran, Oran!

"Musicians their cat-gut shall bring, shall bring,
And our kittens shall caper and sing, and sing,
To the glorious years
Of the French in Algiers,
And the *health of her* CITIZEN KING, King, King!"

* * * * * *

reference has been already made, Vol. I., respecting the Poet's *Greek*. The reader may also read the effect Neukomm's music produced upon his mind at Bakewell Church, Vol. III., page 96.

* The Chevalier Zugasti, Spanish Consul at Algiers.

† Mr. Brown, Consul of the United States, America.

About the end of May, Campbell arrived in Paris; and, being presented at the Tuileries by Lord Granville, was honoured by the King with a long and gracious audience. Curious to know the sentiments of an enlightened Englishman upon the actual state of the Regency, his Majesty questioned the Poet rather closely on the subject, and appeared much gratified by his answers. This interview, he told me, was very interesting; and, after a frank statement of the impressions left upon his mind by the late tour, he took leave of the "Citizen King," much pleased with his reception.

He returned to London in improved health, looking, as every one observed, "some years younger" than when he set forth on his travels.* His old friends were delighted to see him; but not more so, he remarked, than he was "to find himself once more in their society." His African adventures having invested him with new attractions, curiosity was excited, invitations multiplied; and, for a time, the company and conversation of the "African traveller" were more courted than those of "the Poet." He never appeared to greater advantage than immediately after his return; for, like his physical frame, his mind had recovered its tone; and without ever availing himself of a "traveller's privilege," he delighted to expatiate in the friendly circle, upon the strange scenes he had witnessed, the stories he had heard, the wild society in which he had mixed—with numerous personal anecdotes and adventures, which were shortly afterwards detailed in the pages of the NEW MONTHLY. There was a marked difference, however, between the spoken and the written records; his anecdotes lost much of their sparkling qualities by transfusion; and,

* The munificent legacy left to him by Mr. Telford had placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties; and though the journey had been expensive, it did not perhaps cost him more than his ordinary residence in London.

graphic and characteristic as they are, his "Letters from the South" present but a portion of the peculiar talent that animated his conversation.

He continued in town during the season; removed his quarters to York Chambers, St. James's-street, fitted up his library for the seventh time, and then sat down to prepare his "Letters" for the press. In the midst of these, he was haunted by a beautiful air which he had heard at a private party, and could find no rest until he wrote to Mrs. Arkwright:—

"*Aug.* 19*th.*—I have a request to make, which I hope you will not think assuming. All the world that has heard what I believe is your last composition, is charmed with it—I mean the song beginning—

'Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To treat me thus discourteously.'—

The words are apparently old; and as an amateur, and a sort of connoisseur, of our old poetry, I have been applied to, to tell where those words are to be found. But I have been obliged, with a little mortification, to confess my ignorance on the subject.—Will you oblige me by telling me where I can find the little poem? I should like to insert it in the next edition of my Specimens of the British Poets.

"I have been a great wanderer since I saw you; but sure it was strange enough to meet at Algiers with the same individual Chevalier Neukomm, whom I met at your hospitable mansion. You may guess how glad I was to see him. He has imposed a task upon me which the anticipated honour of joining my name with his, would not allow me to decline. It is composing the words of an Oratorio, from the book of Job. It is so difficult—I should

rather say, so impossible—to versify the sublime text of the Bible, that I fear it will require the 'patience of Job' to read my poetical lucubration. It will not be out till winter.

"I have listened in Africa to the native strains, both vocal and instrumental, of the Moors and Arabs; but their music is really not worth going so far to hear. It has no discernible rhythm; but from the kindness of a charming French vocalist, Madame De Verger—the wife of a French colonel at Algiers, and a great friend of Neukomm's—I have been able to bring home three popular Algerine melodies, which will be published in 'The New Monthly.' T. C."

* * * * *

A new edition of his Poems being called for, it was agreed that, in imitation of Rogers's "Italy," it should be brought out with all the attractions that tasteful designs and finished engravings could bestow.

Mr. Turner was commissioned to furnish the designs, Goodall the engravings. With such a combination of talent, the profits of an "illustrated Edition" promised to indemnify the author for all expenses, and leave a handsome surplus at his disposal. The cost of the drawings and engravings, as he calculated, would amount to 800*l.*; but in the end, I believe, it much exceeded that sum.

About the same time, he entered into an arrangement with Mr. Colburn to supply "The New Monthly" with a regular series of "Letters from the South." For this undertaking he was well prepared, as it only required that he should carefully revise the original letters, which he had forwarded in weekly despatches to a friend in England, from the time of his first landing at Algiers.

Thus employed, his health continued firm, his activity unabated; and as his letters successively appeared in "The New Monthly," he had the pleasure to observe that

the novelty of the subject, and the manner in which it was handled, were fully appreciated by the readers of that popular Journal.

After a long blank in his private correspondence, he writes :—

"*Feb.* 14*th.*—I console myself with rewriting to you my fourteenth Letter from Algiers. At present I am on my voyage to Bona, and stopping at Bugia. From thence you will have some matter which I trust will be interesting to you. It is the history of a little Irish girl, the daughter of a Count Burke, an officer in the Spanish service, who, about a hundred years ago, was wrecked near Bugia with her uncle, and some domestics; and after romantic hazards, was relieved from her captivity by the Kabyles. The story might be the subject of a melo-drama. The son of a Kabyle Chief fell in love with Miss Burke, and demanded her in marriage; but the neighbouring Chiefs interposed, being anxious to have her ransom. She was restored uninjured; but her mother and brother perished in the shipwreck."—

"Turner has sent three more drawings for my poems to the engraver, making in all, five out of the twelve for which he engaged. Two are finished by Goodall, very exquisitely; but he is now rising in price, and demands 30*l.* for each vignette, the size of a crown piece. Turner's drawing for 'O'Connor's Child,' is a charming thing.

T. C."

* * * *

Arrangements being made for a visit to his "Northern brethren," as he often designated his friends in Scotland, he writes to Mr. Gray :—

"*May* 24*th.*—In the midst of my preparations for my

departure northward, I think it may be as well to give warning to you as to the particular time of my arrival in Glasgow. I have taken my place in the steamer for next Saturday, the 28th, and expect to be in Leith on the 31st. I shall tarry at Edinburgh, perhaps, three days; and then you are as sure of seeing me at Claremont Place, as of seeing King William at the Plain Stanes! So be sure to have plenty of salt herrings and white puddings for your poor, dependent relation!* T. C."

As the history of this visit—the "happiest he had ever made in Scotland" †—is faithfully preserved in his private letters, the reader will be pleased to have its details in the Poet's own words: with this view, the extracts which follow, extending over a period of four months, are carefully arranged in the form of a diary:—

"EDINBURGH, *May* 31.

"As far as company was concerned, the voyage was an agreeable one. In the intervals between my fits of illness, I could enjoy even the romps of a playful little family of children from the West Indies. There never were prettier misses to flirt with the Nestor of flirtation! The eldest was only six. Their mother, on being told who I was, said, 'I am delighted to hear that our fellow-passenger is C. the poet; for the moment I saw him look at my little ones, I said, that man is a devoted lover of children." Mrs. M—e, their mother, told me that she

* For these two national dainties the Poet had always a particular relish. "Homer and a salt herring," he used to say, were indispensable at his breakfast table.

† His residence, during this visit, was chiefly at the house of his cousin, Mr. Gray, of Blairbeth, near Glasgow; and in Edinburgh, at that of Mr. Alison.

was bringing them home for their education, and was looking out for a governess. At that moment, word was brought me that a young lady—and a very elegant one too—regretted that she was too ill to see me. The name recalled to me Miss D—s, whom. I had met often at Algiers, where she was governess to the family of Mr. Lacroutz the banker. As soon as she was well enough to meet me, I introduced her to Mrs. M—e, reminding her of her wish to have a most respectable governess for her children. Here I said is a trustworthy person. The St. Johns, the Lacroutzes, and all who knew her at Algiers, held Miss D—s in the greatest regard, and lamented that her health had obliged her to leave Africa. In consequence of this conversation, Miss D—s is engaged as governess to the M—es."

"On Monday morning, as I was sitting languidly up at breakfast—Mrs. M. said—'Mr. C. do you see a lady who is looking very hard at you?' and, sure enough, I saw a comely Scotch leddie smiling and looking at me very kindly. She then came and addressed me in broad Scotch: 'Maister Cammel—eh me! have ye forgotten Sabina L—?' and this was the daughter of one of my dancing-school sweethearts, Mrs. L., on whose three daughters, older than Sabina, I once wrote a long foolish poem. Sabina then introduced me to her husband, a Scotch gentleman of fortune; and thus we had agreeable society enough, if I could have enjoyed it.

"At five this morning I reached Leith more dead than alive. Luckily my friend Blair is with me, whose attentions are of great use to me. . . I repaired instantly to my sister Mary. Oh, the meeting was painful! She is almost entirely deaf and blind. I was taken very ill under her roof, in consequence of the agitation I felt at seeing her—poor dear soul, her memory is going. . I

have not yet seen Mrs. Dugald Stewart or Mr. Alison; they are in the country; and I have not nerve to stand a meeting with them—but shall see them on my return from Glasgow. . . T. C."

"BLAIRBETH, *June 8th.*

"WHAT a blessing it is to be under this roof, in my present state of prostrated strength! The attention of the three Miss Grays is sisterliness itself. Every species of comfort that can be thought of is found for me; and the moral solace of kind-hearted society is more effective than medicine—if I took medicine, which I do not; for I trust to repose—and the *medicatrix vis naturæ.* But by repose, I don't mean sleep; I even avoid resting on a sofa for fear of dozing in the day-time, which I find by experience to be noxious. My convalescence, though slow, seems to be sure—as this very letter proves; for I could not have achieved it yesterday. . . I have grown so saucy to-day, as to eat a whole chop to my luncheon, and to be independent, for hours together, of the society of my kind cousins, which hitherto I could not dispense with. . . You would only need some lessons in Scotch, and some acquaintance with those good dear souls, to appreciate them as I do. You would respect them for a strong vein of shrewd sense—and you would love them for that affection for their kinsman, which has descended to them from their mother.* They have been travellers, like myself—having been as far as the island of Madeira, of which they give an entertaining account."

"The grounds about the house are pleasant, and the view from it is magnificent. It stretches northward, over undulations of rich green hills to the Clyde, and the spacious, well-steepled city of Glasgow. Beyond, lie the

* See her character, as drawn by the Poet, Vol. II., pp. 455-6.

Grampian mountains, terminating to the west in a hill, at the foot of which Galgacus fought the Romans at the head of his Caledonians. If Herbert is beside you, and has a copy of Tacitus with him, make him translate to you the speech of the Caledonian King. T. C."

"*June, 9th.*—Yesterday my letter was interrupted by a deputation from 'the Campbell Club,' to congratulate me on my arrival, and ask me to fix a day for dining with them. I expected two or three persons; but there arrived two coach-loads of them; and, as hospitality required, cold fowls, tongue, wine, &c., were liberally supplied by the Grays, at a three o'clock luncheon. I gave them a promise to dine with them this day fortnight —health permitting. Among the invitations which I must regret being unable to accept, is one from Samuel H——, the Editor of the Glasgow 'Argus'—a flaming *tory*, but a most original, honest fellow, whom the very radicals like. Sam is a sort of Falstaff, without either his knavery or his drunkenness. His facetiousness is a god-send in relieving the fudge of a public dinner. . . Tory as he is, he supported me in my election to the Rectorship, and when some waggish enemy published that my mother had been a 'washerwoman in the Goose-dubs of Glasgow,' * Samuel's zeal to repel the calumny was perfectly amusing.

* *Tickler.* Our worthy friends, the people of the West Country, did themselves infinite credit by their cordial reception of their Bard and Rector.

North. They did so indeed. Campbell's speeches and addresses, on his installation, and at the public dinner, contained very many happy touches—apt, ingenious, hearty, and grateful.

Tickler. You heard, I presume, that the Gander tried to disturb the genial feeling of sympathy and admiration, by his *Goose-dub* gabble, but got hissed and hooted back to his green-mantled pool.

North. I noticed, with pleasure, an able castigation of this creature in

"I have exhorted * * , in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, to stand for Glasgow, but without effect: one cause of his reluctance is the zealous admiration he entertains for Lord W. Bentinck, whom he was the chief means of getting elected for Glasgow, and will get him re-elected in case of a dissolution. He is deeply versed in Indian affairs; and I dare say his estimation of Lord William is correct. But another cause of his reluctance I suspect to be disgust at our *ultra*-radical townsmen."

"G—, like every one else here, is becoming a phrenologist. There is even a barber in Glasgow who makes wigs on phrenological principles! I have beseeched my host to defer *my* conversion until I am perfectly recovered from lumbago. To suffer under both would be intolerable."

"Well—summer is come at last, and to-day this place is delicious. The blackbirds are singing close to my window; and, in the inside of a huge white hawthorn, a swarm of bees is murmuring. The nearest village is Rutherglen—a place of romantic interest in Scottish history. The steeple of a church still remains, in which William Wallace, and some other Scottish Chiefs, signed a treaty of peace with England, dated February 8, 1297. If it keeps fine to-morrow, I expect to walk as far as Rutherglen, and to pick up some further accounts of its antiquities.* T. C."

* * * * *

"The Scots Times;" and it is agreeable to know that the illustrious Author of "The Pleasures of Hope" cut him dead. In England such baseness would be held incredible. Yet, plucked as he is of every feather, and bleeding all over, he struts about in the same mock-majesty as ever, and construes pity and contempt into keudos and glorification.

Shepherd. I dinna ken wha you 're speakin' about. But wha wull the College laddies mak' Rector neist?"—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. *Noctes Ambrosianæ, July*, 1827.

* See letter, June 22, page 206.

"*June* 22d.—I am not quite delivered from what the Welshman described his complaint to be—'weakness, debility, and want of strength!' My cough is in danger of being continued by the very extraordinary care that is taken of me by my three dear, sisterly, Scotch cousins. They found me but a poor eater when I came, and tried to discover, by cross-questioning me, what were my favourite dishes—not by my confessions—for I shook my head like an innocent saint; but, by shrewd observation, they found at last that I dearly love cold salmon—stewed soles—minced beef *collops*—an exquisite dish, strangely unknown in England—corned beef, and a few other dainties! and with these they ply me so incessantly, that I really believe my recovery is retarded by choice feeding!

"I never enjoyed revisiting Scotland so much before. In former visits I was always stinted in time, and hurried, and haunted by the necessity of sending up MSS. or corrected proof-sheets to London. Now, I am my own master. But some evils will no doubt result from this present felicity! All the pains which you and F. took for years, in trying to scrape the Scotch accent off my tongue, as well as thirty-eight years' residence in England, will be found to have been thrown away, the moment I open my mouth in speaking to you! I doubt if you will know me again, except by sight—such a Hyperborean pronunciation shall I bring back! In fact, the droll sound of the Scotch words, and the expressive oddity of their phrases so tickle and delight me, that I am constantly talking Scotch, and succeed *à merveille.*

"I am delighted with every thing I see in my blessed old Scotland, except the bare feet of so many of her 'bonny lasses.' Tell it not in London—publish it not in Westminster—that you will see buxom young girls and (what is worse) grey-haired old women going about without

shoes or stockings! I am constantly preaching against this national disgrace to my countrymen. It is a barbarism so unlike—so unworthy of—the otherwise civilised character of the commonalty, which is the most intelligent in Europe; and it is a disgrace unpalliated even by poverty in Glasgow, where the industrious are exceedingly well off.

Otherwise, I like to look round even on low life in Scotland. The tall, large-limbed peasantry, still corresponding with Tacitus's description of them two thousand years ago, are sagacious, undegenerate Caledonians. The lasses, in general, are strapping queans, with more bone than beauty, and yield the palm in soft features to yours of the south; but you see a great many good figures, and blyth, comely countenances among them. Nay, it has struck me still more than it did in France, that when Nature turns out beauty in Scotland, she takes pride and pains in making that beauty a *paragon* — even in the lowest classes. Where do you think I should have seen a head, neck, and figure—to copy which, I am sure, any great artist in the world would take a far journey?—a figure that sets you dreaming about the heroines of romance? Why, in the very servant-maid that waits at Mr. Gray's table!

"The first day she served at table, I was 'struck all of a heap' with the living picture, but took only looks, unobserved by others—and still more by the maid herself; for the admiring gaze, which a gentleman may prolong, without insult, on a lady—becomes an insult, when directed to a poor servant girl. And so well I played the hypocrite, that, when the cloth was removed, and Margaret gone, the Miss G——s expressed their astonishment that I was the only man of taste, to whom Margaret had ever handed the bread, who had not glowered at her, and gane half daft in raving about her.

"I then confessed to them what I thought of her; and

was anxious to know what sort of mind and intellect belonged to such a model. They told me she is an innocent good girl—'sae gude-natured, and sae bonny, that we dinna like to part wi' her.' Her very female fellow-servants pet her, and admire her beauty. Miss G—— once overheard the cookmaid say, after she had made her toilet and dressed herself for the Kirk, 'Hech, sirs, is't no hard that I canna dress mysel wi' a' my ribbons and mutches, sae as to be looked worth a preen; while that bonny darling, Margaret, needs but to row a clout about her head, to look like a goddess!'

"Yesterday a deputation of the 'Campbell Club,' accompanied by Professor W——n, who had come from Edinburgh and joined the club-dinner, came to Blairbeth whilst the family were from home. I rang to get refreshment for them, and fair Margaret brought it in. The Professor looked at her with so much admiration, that I told him in Latin to contain his raptures, and he did so; but rose and walked round the room like a lion pacing his cage. . . . Before parting, he said, 'Cammel, that might be your ain Gertrude! Could not you just ring and get me a sight of that vision of beauty again?' 'No, no:' I told him—'get you gone, you Moral Philosopher loon, and give my best respects to your wife and daughters!'

* * * * *

"*June* 22.—I have dined out several days in company with the Grays, among their country neighbours. We spent one very pleasant day at the house of Gray's brother Robert. . . . His wife is a Campbell, and his mother-in-law a Cameron by birth, and a cousin of the 'Lochiel' Camerons—such a genealogist! such an original and true old Scotch lady! She could tell me of relatives—fifty cousinships removed—that I had never heard of! She

understands all the reticulations of clanship connection, as minutely as Charles Bell does the network of the human nerves. But my ignorance astonished her, as much as her knowledge astonished me. She wondered that I should never have heard of Miss Jenny MacTaggart, of the Scotch Fusiliers, and Miss Mary Campbell of the 42nd Regiment. At this I fell back in my chair in a laugh, exclaiming, 'Well, so there are *long* as well as *short* petticoats in the Highland regiments!' 'Na, na, Mr. Cammel,' she said, 'ye needna lauch sae lood; I only meant that Mary Cammel's faither (wha, by the bye, was your ain mither's cousin twice removed) was a cabtain in the 42nd.'"

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"*June* 23*rd.*—Thank fate I have got over the Club dinner* very well. I bargained that the toasts should

* In the books of the Campbell Club I find the following record of this day's festivity:—

"Tuesday, June 21, was a great day for the C. C., and must ever be among the brightest in its history. The members, with a select number of friends, had the distinguished honour and happiness of entertaining their illlustrious Patron at dinner. At six o'clock, about eighty gentlemen sat down to a very elegant and substantial entertainment in the Argyll Hotel. Mr. Gullen, President of the Club, in the chair; supported on the right by Mr. Campbell, the honoured guest of the evening, and on the left by Professor Wilson, author of 'The Isle of Palms,' &c., who came from Edinburgh expressly to unite with the Club in doing homage to his great friend. The Chairman, at the proper moment, gave the toast of the evening, in a manner worthy of the subject; and the Club and friends responded to the toast with *nine-times-nine! and one enthusiastic cheer more!* Mr. Campbell replied in a speech replete with feeling, and elegance of thought and expression, felicitously intermingled with many strokes of refined and chastened humour. The health of Professor Wilson, coupled with 'the Literature of Scotland,' was given from the Vice-chair, in an address of great beauty; and the learned Professor, in replying, and in giving 'Wordsworth, Rogers, Southey, and the Literature of England,' demonstrated that his own fame was founded on the imperishable rock of great, inherent genius. The toasts that followed were entirely of a literary cast. Cunningham officiated in the orchestra, and discoursed most eloquent music. The PATRON retired about eleven o'clock. But the Professor, 'aided and abetted' by several of the 'choice spirits' of the Club, kept up the feast of

not detain me beyond a certain hour, and I returned with the Grays in their carriage, so as to be at home at eleven. There was a band of music, and excellent appropriate toasts. The one played after the 'Princess Victoria' amused me—"My love she's but a lassie yet." Professor Wilson made two eloquent speeches, and very fenced against my speech, in which I spoke of the *Tories* as people that should be kindly treated, because they are a breed fast disappearing, like fairies, from the face of the earth; and will soon be found nowhere on its surface except as stuffed mummies, and relics of antiquity in the British Museum."

* * * * *

"*June.*—Considerable sensation has been produced here of late by a disputation in public. Breckenridge, an American clergyman, has been sent over, by the opponents of '*sudden*' negro emancipation, to challenge Thomson, an eloquent missionary from this country, who preached '*immediate*' emancipation in the United States. These two met in a church at Glasgow, and had immense and respectable audiences. I was too ill to attend them, but curiously anxious to hear the result. Glasgow is a sad place for sentiments favourable to black slavery, and Breckenridge has been kindly received here. He is a most acute, able man; and the report at first was, to my sorrow, that he had foiled and prostrated his antagonist. But the papers have reported the four nights' debates; and the youngest Miss Gray, who attended one of them, has given me a different account. The result of this disputation is, that Breckenridge is a shrewd sophist—incomparably more dexterous in argument than Thomson; but

reason and the flow of soul, till the light of another day dawned on their carousals. A delightful, proud occasion—to live lastingly in the most joyous remembrance of the Campbell Club."

Thomson has *justice* on his side, and cannot be beat. I rejoice—I exult in this occurrence. I thank the American slave-holders for sending over this apologist for slavery, and advocate for its only *gradual* abolition. The truth is, that slavery is a curse and a crime, that cannot be too soon abolished. In justice to Mr. Breckenridge, I am bound to say that he does *not* defend slavery in the abstract."

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"*June.*—I promised to tell you something more about Rutherglen.* I have been much interested in the place, but shall not send you all the details,—recollecting the maxim of Madame de Stäel, that the secret of being wearisome is to say *all* that can be said. But let it not weary you if I say, that I feel myself as if on classic Scottish ground, in the old 'borough-town' of Rutherglen on the Clyde. The main street, wide and pleasant, has numbers of houses of the oldest style of Scottish burgess architecture; and the name of WALLACE is so common on the sign-boards, that you would think the clan of the Wallaces had settled here. Sir William Wallace's estate is not a great way off, and, of course, every Wallace here claims kindred with the hero. I like Rutherglen, too, for its antiquity as a Scottish borough, which may be traced, with no extravagant conjecture, to the days of Macbeth. By documents it is proved almost up to the Norman Conquest. The very name of an old British borough brings welcome associations to my mind. In the boroughs, the old kings, both Scotch and English, first drew the industrious common people about them, under their royal protection; and the burgesses, in return, reared up a bulwark to defend both kings and commons from a tyrannous aristocracy. Then courts of justice and civic magistrates first

* See *ante*, letter, June 9.

protected citizens and subjects from the dungeons and gallows of the barons. In fact, our 'borough towns' were the nests of British liberty—strange (but what a tissue of strangeness is human history!) that the chartered boroughs degenerated into nests of monopoly and corruption! Corruption seized them to hatch institutions and corporations, unfavourable to trade and civic elections—just as the cuckoo seizes on the song-bird's nest to rear her own tuneless progeny. Still I look at the old borough towns with fond recollections of antiquity. Rutherglen was a place of shipping and commerce six or seven centuries ago, and traded with France, whilst Glasgow was merely the seat of a few clergymen. When they built the splendid cathedral of Glasgow, in the twelfth century, the workmen came and brought all their provisions from Rutherglen. The place is famous for ancient customs, among which is one that I believe is descended from paganism—namely, the baking of '*sour cakes*,' and presenting them to strangers who frequent the fair, or annual market. I should not wonder, considering all the ceremonies of this old custom, that it is a remnant of the heathenism which Jeremiah* condemns. It is precisely what the children, fathers, and women of Rutherglen do on this occasion, though they stop short of fulfilling the rest of Jeremiah's words:—'to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger.'

"Now, if you are not asleep after all this preaching, take notice that you ought to receive, either with this letter, or shortly after its arrival, a little *souvenir* from me—a butterfly prettily made (I hope you will think), with

* Chapter vii. 17, 18. "Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough," &c.

wings of Scotch pebbles. The butterfly, though *we* call it a sign of fluttering levity, was a symbol of the soul's immortality among the ancients. . . . T. C."

* * * * *

Campbell's next appearance among his Glasgow townsmen was at a grand meeting* of the Polish Association, where his speech, as the "poet and advocate of freedom," was heard and responded to with enthusiasm. On this subject he writes:—

"*Tuesday* . . . . I had a public theme to discourse on, and I am glad that I did speak out about it. I certainly did once, and that not long ago, decline public speaking on the subject of Poland; but that was in London, at a time when all public men were engrossed with arduous, impending questions, respecting our own affairs. But this place is not London; and its provinciality—in spite of politics being as much divided here as in London—seemed at the present time to offer me an opportunity of discharging my duty as a *friend* to the Poles. I succeeded, almost quite to my own satisfaction; for my speech has produced a sensation in Glasgow such as I, at least, never produced by addressing an audience; and I got through it without a break or stop. It is also accurately reported, though somewhat abridged,—for I was three quarters of an hour on my legs. But I regret that I did not say everything that I intended to say.

"My wish was to have given every solid argument in behalf of this truth, which I solemnly feel,—namely, that the Polish cause, though to be deferred, *is not to be despaired of*. Two topics on which I intended to have

* See the Glasgow "Argus" for July 7, 1836;—Meeting of the Friends of Poland: the Lord Provost in the chair.

spoken I omitted. One of them was the important truth, that neither the Poles nor the friends of Poland ought to be dismayed at the attempts of Russia to abolish the Polish language, and to substitute their own in its stead;—for, supposing they could succeed in doing so—what then? Could not the Poles tell their wrongs to their children, and their children's children, in *Russian* words?* Do Sheil and O'Connell need to speak old *Irish* to the people of Ireland—though they rouse them as effectually as if the spirit of Bryan Boromh was to descend again upon the Kerry hills? It is difficult, to be sure, to think and reason coolly about such an atrocious attempt as that of Nicholas to abolish the language of a gallant and once glorious people. It is as if a robber was trying to cut out the tongue of his victim, that he might not tell who robbed him. But think calmly of this intended cruelty, and say if it *can* be perpetrated! Figure to yourself the difficulty of abolishing a national language by force, by command, and it will show itself to be an impossibility. England, superior in civilisation, conquered, as to general usage, the Celtic language to the north and west of Britain; but has she exterminated either the Welsh, the Irish, or the Gaelic speech? No—Russia has not superior civilisation; and her barbarism is a check upon the propagation of her tongue. And, further, can she have a schoolmaster in every Polish family to prevent Polish from being spoken? It would require half a million of teachers, with the rod and the knout in their hands. Russia cannot abolish the Polish tongue. Thus, to use the words of her own war-song, 'Poland will not perish'—Her language—her popular

* This may remind the classical reader of the subjugated Posidonians, as mentioned by the Greek historian Athenæus:—Καὶ τήν τε φωνὴν μεταβληκέναι.—Lib. XIV. c. 31.

songs—and her popular traditions will remain—those terrible traditions that call for vengeance on Russia!

"This is what I intended to have said. Pardon me that I deposit in your hands a memorandum of what I may yet say, or publish, on some suitable occasion on this subject. You are my dearest friend; and why should I not impart to you what I feel on the cause which I love next to yourself and my own country? I farther meant to have answered certain words which Nicholas has used in an attempt to deprecate the general indignation at Russia which his treatment of Poland has excited,—namely, these words:—'Why should the patriotism and courage of my Russians be less respected in the eyes of Europe, than the same qualities in the natives of other countries?' Now, here there is something plausible; and the degree in which patriotism is laudable as a virtue, or ceases to be a virtue—nay, I should say, ceases to deserve the name of patriotism—is a topic on which, to my remembrance, scarcely any moral philosopher has condescended to be satisfactory. There is a blind zeal for their emperors in Russians, which many people are blind enough to mistake for patriotism; but let us keep the name of *patriotism* sacred. Nationality, and a combative willingness to fight for our own country, is a *gregarious instinct*, which all nations and tribes naturally feel, and, if you will, are laudable for feeling. We respect it when it is merely defensive in the grossest savages; in the New Zealand cannibal; and in the most ignorant Russian, who is trained to loyalty by eating train-oil. But this gregarious instinct of nationality is respectable only when it is self-defensive. The moment it is aggressive—the moment the cannibal or the Russian becomes a propagandist of ignorance and of man-eating—are we to call his aggressive nationality a virtue? No: it ceases to deserve the name of patriotism.

It is not the love of his country—it is the lust of blood and rapine—a gregarious instinct, to be sure, you may call it—like that of wolves and jackalls; but it is no more to be compared to the enlightened patriot's true love of his country, than the grossest animal instinct can be compared to the noblest conjugal love—to the love of Brutus for his Portia.

"I did not forget this topic—but I felt nervous in approaching it. Writing coolly, I can treat it properly even with a delicate woman—but I feared I might flounder into some unlucky expression on so delicate an allusion, and omitted it. Forgive me, my dearest M——, for dwelling so long on a subject that may not be so interesting to you as to me. I thought of you much—when do I not think of you?

"On Friday last, when I was on a visit to Robert Gray, my host's brother at Glen Orchard, where he has a nice estate of several hundred acres, we celebrated the christening of his child, three weeks old. It is a sweet infant; and its aunties, handing it about and kissing it, reminded me of your affection for your nephews. Positively, I think that you '*aunties*' are fonder than mothers of their children. He was christened by the son of Lord Moncrieff, clergyman of the parish,—and he was drunk after dinner—(that is, his health was drunk)—as 'the third cousin of Thomas Campbell, and the great-grandson of Sir Ewin Cameron of Lochiel.'

"I have been to hear a sermon from the preacher in Glasgow, deservedly the most popular and respected. His name is Wardlaw—he was my college chum. He is better in the substance of his eloquence than the most of popular preachers—*i. e.* he is more sensible and dispassionate. Chalmers himself carries his audience by storm; but Wardlaw is a reasoning and well-informed parson. His

last sermon was on the history of the Jews—a subject on which I have seldom found any clergymen, either Scotch or English, overflowing with knowledge.—Wardlaw was lucid upon it. . . . T. C."

* * * *

"*July 28th.*—I have returned from the Highlands—Inverary—Rothsay—Castle Towart—and Greenock.* It would savour of vanity to tell you how I have been received. Cheered on coming aboard the steam-boats—into public rooms—and cheered on leaving them. Yes: but Cobbett, you will tell me, had also his hand-shakings and popularity. True; but were the *motives* of those who greeted him so pure as those of my greeters? And yet, no small stimulus of happiness was necessary to help me over recollections which the scenes of Scotland have inspired—the homes of my dead friends!—above all that, '*yesterday*'—my birth-day!—which reminds me how soon I shall be gathered to my fathers! . . . . But away with that subject. You and I cannot expect the sun and moon to stop for us."

"After an excursion of a fortnight in the Highlands, I slept at a friend's house, thirteen miles down the Clyde. . . . . Just before embarking, and when I was half a mile off, I saw a woman throw herself into the water from an unfrequented bank. Before I could reach the spot, the hue and cry had gone forth; but her body was not found until half an hour had expired; and she was taken out irrecoverably dead.† I saw her carried on a

* "I spent," he says in another letter, "seven days with Campbell of Kilberry, and his pleasant wife and family; two more at Rothsay, with Mrs. (Jane) Lee and her family; one at Castle Towart, with Kirkman Finlay; and another with my friend Reddie, who married one of my Glasgow cousins, and is one of my oldest friends."

† This incident was introduced as an episode in his poem of "Glencoe,"

board, covered with a sheet, to her father's house. She had been seduced and abandoned; and, being ill used by her parents, for some time past, her mind had been deranged. The men's eyes in the crowd were all dry—but the women's were all in tears."

"On reaching Glasgow, I found waiting for me a communication from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, stating that there had been a meeting, at which he presided, of those who wish to give me a public dinner there. . . . It is to be on the 5th of August. T. C."

This was a memorable day in the life of Campbell: and on his return from Edinburgh to Blairbeth, he writes:—

"*Aug. 8th.*—The public papers have already told you how I have been made a freeman of Edinburgh, and fêted like a prince. I shall make you laugh at the effusions of my vanity, when I describe to you the windows of Queen-street filled with ladies looking at your poor little Solomon in all his glory! . . . Well, laugh, as you well may, at my being vain of being seen by ladies, I think you know me well enough to believe me, when I tell you that the excitement of last Friday was intense—beyond pleasure, and amounting to pain. . . . When I came to speak of Dugald Stewart, Alison, and others of my old Edinburgh friends, the act of suppressing tears (for I did suppress them) amounted to agony. I would not willingly go over the day again; and I shall not go to Ireland.* . . .

but withdrawn, after the MS. was sent to press. It was during this tour that he collected materials for his new poem.

* A visit to his friends in Ireland was a promise of long standing. In Dublin a public dinner was to have been given him as the author of "O'Connor's Child," &c.; but a return of ill health, and urgent business in London, defeated his arrangements.

"I made one escape at the Edinburgh dinner which I call providential. An execution of a man of colour, who was burnt alive by the Lynch-law justice of five hundred American fiends, was related in the papers, and filled my soul with horror and indignation. It was like a nightmare on my waking thoughts; and I longed vehemently for the first opportunity of speaking publicly on the subject, and of publicly renouncing whatever partiality I had hitherto felt for the name of America. Before dinner, however, I found a Virginia gentleman in the room—a man of great suavity of manners. I told him my intention of giving vent to my feelings on this horrible transaction. 'Sir,' he said to me, 'believe me — ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans lament this atrocity as much as you do; but think, before you give me the pain of publicly hearing us denounced for this dreadful event.' Well, I thought, the poor sufferer can get no good from my remarks. The subject is not connected with the dinner, and so I held my peace on the horrible affair. It was better that I did so—for I should have been infallibly hurried into a red-hot speech."

* * * * *

"On Saturday evening, after the dinner,* I called at Dr. Alison's, and found my old friend waiting for me with an open barouche, to accompany me to Mrs. Dugald Stewart's, at Portobello, two miles out of town. It was a great trial to see Mrs. Stewart. I sat with her some twenty minutes, with my hand between her's, and her daughter on one side, and Margaret Alison on the other. Her mind is not gone, but depressed, since her husband's death. . . . She looked and spoke to me with her ancient motherly smile; but she had not strength to say much." . . . .

* Further reference to the dinner will be found in these pages.

"CLAREMONT PLACE, *Aug.* 16.

"... IT is a chequered world—tolerabl yhappy, to be sure, I am; but my happiness, like that of the Sybarite on his bed of roses, is at present disturbed by a small accident. ... I have been refused the freedom of the city of Paisley! Observe, I never applied for it; but, before the dinner given to Wilson, the provost and magistrates met to discuss the question, whether John Wilson and 'Tammas' Campbell should be offered the high honour of being made burgesses of the town. There were four for us, and five against us. It was decreed that Wilson was ineligible, for being an inveterate Tory; and that I was ineligible for countenancing Wilson! So take care, M.! You Tories are dangerous folks! One cannot even keep company with you, without disgrace! Only think of my misfortune! Who knows that I might not have set up a snuff-shop at Paisley, with a Highlander for the sign-post—called it the 'Lochiel snuff-shop'—made lots of money—and become a baillie of Paisley!"

"In the speech after dinner, sure enough, I spoke enthusiastically of Wilson's personal character,* and his celebrity; for he is popular in Scotland beyond conception. When he was going on about the importance of the city of Paisley, and boasting that it now contains 60,000 souls, I leant over to Wilson, on the other side of the chairman, and said—'Ah, but you are counting a *soul* to every 'body!'"

* * * * *

"*Aug.* 16*th.*—I went to the Paisley races. The day was fine—the race-ground is a beautiful plain, amphitheatred by hills. I got prodigiously interested in the

* "I shall never wish or hope to find a man of an honester heart, or a brighter genius."—*Report of the Speech.*

first race, and betted on the success of one horse to the amount of 50*l.* with Professor Wilson. At the end of the race, I thought I had lost the bet, and said to Wilson—I owe you 50*l.*; but really, when I reflect that you are a Professor of Moral Philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling, only fit for black-legs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet. "Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve of your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, 'Yellow Cap,' on whom you betted has won the race; and, but for conscience, I ought to pay you the 50*l.*—but you will excuse me.'—Hang it, thought I; this is what comes of speaking out one's morality! In the same stand, or wooden house for the spectators, there were seats in front for the ladies, and behind whom stood the gentlemen. W—— introduced me to his daughter—the youngest—and I talked to her over the bench. A sweeter, franker, blue-eyed creature you never saw; and I was so caught with her, and made, or tried to make, myself so agreeable to her, that, when the sun was blinding my eyes, I said I must retire from her. 'Don't go away,' she said, in joke and innocence, 'I will take you under my veil.' I replied, 'I will take the veil and swear under it.'—'Hush—hush,' she said, patting me with the end of her fan—and the affair ended with a laugh.

"A minute afterwards, an alarm spread, that the stand was falling, and the timbers giving way. 'Goodness, Mr. Campbell,' she said, 'do you think there is any danger? If so I must get off to mama and my sister in the carriage. Where is papa?' He was not to be found. 'Miss W——,' I said, 'don't talk of danger! it is positive certainty that the stand is coming down; and if we don't escape, we shall be all buried in the ruins!' I knew there was not an atom of danger—but I helped her over the bench, and

taking her under my arm, escorted her for half a mile to her mother and the carriage.—A sad fellow, you will say, is this incorrigible old flirt, your friend. No wonder the 'Ladies of Paisley' thought him *free* enough already, without making him a free-man of their city.' T. C."

* * * * *

"BLAIRBETH, *August* —.

" . . . BY the way, you must not be afraid of my running off with 'Highland Margaret,'* for she is soon to be married to a fine, strapping young man of her own station, who is to carry her away to a distant part of Scotland. Some days ago, Margaret shone so wondrously beautiful, that I wished you had seen her. We had at Blairbeth a large dinner party, including many officers of the 14th Light Dragoons, quartered here. I had dined at their mess and told them of the lovely serving-maid they should see—beseeching them, at the same time, not to look hard at her. They behaved with all proper respect; but Margaret herself could not help seeing that she was the object of kind glances. Besides (though the Grays have

* I need hardly remind the reader of the lines, suggested by this "paragon of classic mould," and entitled, "Margaret and Dora:"

"MARGARET 's beauteous—Grecian arts
Ne'er drew form completer;
Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
Hold I Dora's sweeter?

"Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
Pass all painting's reach;
Ring-doves' notes are discord to
The music of her speech.

"Artists! Margaret's smile receive,
And on canvass show it;
But, for perfect worship, leave
DORA to her poet! T. C. 1836."

two men-servants) she was required to wait at table, and those men-servants, I suspect, chafed her Highland pride, by bidding her fetch and carry, in and out of the room. So it was that Margaret's complexion flushed unusually, and her eyes increased in brilliancy. It was agreed by all of us that we had never seen so splendid a sample of beauty. Her Grecian mouth is improved by a smile; and the Grays remark that I tell my best stories during dinner, when Margaret, who hears them, is not restrained by her menial capacity from smiling at them. T. C."

"EDINBURGH, *Sept.* 5.

" . . . . I FOUND my Alisons all wonderfully well. M. told me that she was agreeably disappointed in all her fears, about my venerable old friend being over-agitated at meeting me. He was, on the contrary, more cheerful than usual. . . . I spent two delightful days with him, his guardian angel, M., his son and daughter-in-law, and sweet little grand-daughter. He lives at Woodville, a pleasant villa a few miles from Edinburgh, while, by his positive orders, I inhabit his town house.

"Saturday and Sunday I spent at the old castellated house of Sir James Craig,* who was the principal adviser of Mac Arthur to leave me the legacy. He has a large family of bonny daughters who kept me transcribing and reading scraps of poetry to them, and walking about the splendid grounds, many acres wide, which exceed any thing I have seen about a private gentleman's estate, either here or in England. Terrace beyond terrace is skirted with flowers of their own planting. Dacres† would not here complain of the want of old timber.

* The late Sir James Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, Bart.

† Nephew of the lady to whom the letter is addressed.

"I fell in love, as a matter of course, with every female in the family; but the more particular conquests made over my affections were by Lady Craig, well nigh seventy, and by her grand-daughter, who is a twelvemonth old. When I was alone in the drawing-room, grandmama came in with her little Anne-Clarissa in her arms, and welcomed me without introduction. She is exceedingly comely, even in spite of her years; and the baby, oh M. you never saw the like of it! Connoisseur as I am in infant beauty, I never saw anything lovelier. It stretched out its little arms and kissed me. The likeness to its grandmother is very striking. . . . T. C."

* * * * * *

"BROUGHAM HALL, *Sept.* 26.

". . . . . I AM finishing the third day with Brougham. Three more entertaining days I shall never spend on this side of Abraham's bosom. B. has quite recovered. His mind has put on its best, and most natural looks of health, and athletic vigour. He is to be among you next session; and, by Jove, ye will hear him, both Whigs and Tories—and the Bishops above all. . . .

"My sense of honour restrains me from trusting to paper the many interesting remarks on men and things I have had from him. . . . But when conversation is written, there is no saying where it may get to. We are on the friendliest terms, but have had disputes upon sundry subjects—*e. g.* this morning we had a blow-up about the pronunciation of London—he calls it *Lunnon!* Yesterday he threatened to make a stir about my pension not being equal to ——'s, which, to be serious, I conjured him not to do. Oh, little does the world know—not even you, my best friend—what sore, sore mortification this proud heart of mine feels at my needing a pension at all! May the

day come before I die, when I shall be able to give it up! . . .

"Mrs. Brougham (mother of the peer) whom I had expected to find, from her marble bust in London, to be a stately Roman-like matron, is not *stately*, but the sweetest pattern of aged suavity that can be imagined. . . . . Her grand-daughter, who, it is feared, is dying, is very mild and sensible in the little she says. Intent, however, on getting as much of Brougham's conversation as I could, I have been but little with the ladies; but last night I read poetry to them and talked all the evening about Algiers. Lord B.'s sister, Miss B., is a very cheerful, agreeable woman. . . . T. C."

Among the few lyrics of this period, was the following:—

"LINES TO BENLOMOND.*"

If there's a Genius haunts thy peak,
What tales, white-headed BEN!
Could'st thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock th' historian's pen!
Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours;
And likens to the bees' frail hives
Our most stupendous towers!
Temples, and towers, thou 'st seen begun;
New creeds—new conquerors—sway;
And, like their shadows in the sun,
Thou 'st seen them pass away!
Thy steadfast summit—heaven-allied,
Unlike life's little span,
Looks down, a Mentor on the pride
Of perishable man! T. C.

* These lines first appeared in the *Scenic Annual.*

CHAPTER VI.

SHAKSPEARE AND PETRARCH.

FROM Brougham Hall Campbell returned direct to London; but, after an absence of three months—the "happiest three of his life"—he confessed that it was no easy task to break off idle habits, and pull once more in harness. The friends and festivities of Scotland were still uppermost in his thoughts; and in a letter to Mrs. Ireland—the "Mary Kenny" of early days—he thus reverts to them :—

"*Oct.* 13*th*. . . The joy of my heart at meeting so many unchanged friends in Scotland has not yet subsided; and I need not say that, among the choicest of those friends, I reckon yourself and yours. How exquisitely went off your *petits-soupers!* . . . I send you the enclosed letter, because I know it will please you, as containing honourable mention* of one who is dear to you.

"You will better understand the letter when I explain to you that during my three days' sojourn with Lord B. we *quarrelled* about the pronunciation of words! He said *Lunnon*, I said London! I told him he pronounced no better than John Moody in the Comedy. I reproached

* The passage is this :—"I wish you had been here when the Edinburgh deputation came t'other day. I never saw better men; but they were strangers to me, and one of them, Mr. Ireland, is, it seems, a friend of yours. We were exceedingly pleased with him indeed. I was extremely vexed at their having the trouble of such a journey, and I never shall forget their kindness." *Extract of a letter from Lord Brougham to T. Campbell.*

him, also, with pronouncing haunted *hawnted*;* and asked him why it should not rhyme with enchanted? The matter is a trifle; but I have a full conviction of being in the right!"

To this "grave discussion" Campbell often reverted in after days, with a laugh of affected triumph.

"*Jan. 15th.* . . I have been made very uneasy by hearing bad accounts of my poor sister Mary. Her sight is almost entirely failing, so that she can neither read nor write a letter. Strange, that we not only pray for life to continue to ourselves, when it is scarcely a blessing, but pray for its continuance to those we love! I cannot make up my mind for the time when my sister Mary shall be no more.

"To turn to pleasanter subjects—I spent yesterday a very agreeable dinner evening at Rogers's. We had Whishaw,—my old friend, now a far gone valetudinarian, —who took both my hands in his, in his gladness to see me. One of the young Romillys, who lives with and

* Returning playfully to the charge, Lord Brougham writes:—"*Oct. 8th.* I must, and shall, and will *hawnte* you, even if I 'murder sleep.' Nor do I value your rhyme more than your reason—there 's for you! Talk after this of the man's foolhardiness, who discoursed to Hannibal on the art of war! But to proceed, though I do *hawnte*, I see no kind of reason why you should not *chawnte*. If I had time, I am sure I could recollect scores of authorities for much greater deviations than the *au* and *aw* in rhyme: 'obey' and 'tea' for instance; though our excellent friend, 'Gaffer Gray,' (?) used to hold this rhyme of Pope's a proof that *tea* was once pronounced in the first way—*tay*, wherein I hold the Gaffer to be wrong! But one occurs immediately: Denham, in his famous description of the Thames, makes 'wants' and 'plants' rhyme: now take your choice between *waunts* and *plaunts*. Clearly it must be that 'waunts' and 'plaunts' are a lawful matrimony. Indeed, *wind* and mind may be cited; for, though we might say *wynde*, in reading the twol ines—'So, the poor Indian, &c.,' we should not say so in common parlance. You will find, I see, by 'that rare author, Johnson's Dictionary,' that Waller makes *haunt* and *complaint* rhyme—but this proves too much. . ."—*Letter from Lord Brougham to T. Campbell.* [The *MS.* is partly *illegible*.]

tends him like a son, dined with us; as also Mr. Rush, American minister, who wrote a most liberal account of his residence in England. There was another American, still superior in mind, mien, and conversation. We all agreed, when he was gone, that you could not turn out, in the best European society, a more presentable man. He told us that Mrs. Trollope's book had wrought a surprising change for the better among his countrymen and countrywomen; for instance, it was, not very long ago, not unusual for a New York lady at the theatre to turn her back to the audience, and, what was worse, to sit on the front of the box, with her face towards those within it. What made this ill-breeding the more remarkable was, that the New York ladies, being mostly of Dutch origin, are Dutch-built—like Rubens's beauties. But at present, he assured us, no American gentleman dances at a ball without his coat, nor does any American lady lean more than her elbow on the front of the box!

"How many interesting anecdotes float on the surface of conversation, which are never remembered. I have written to you many little circumstances that struck me in the company of Grattan. I gave some of these to our little society, and endeavoured to communicate to our transatlantics some idea of the brilliant, and unparalleled conversation of Grattan. But Grattan's eloquence, though founded in a false artificial taste, had become natural to him. His very pronunciation was like that of a foreigner; but still it was natural, and the artificial Grattan was—strange to say—the most *natural* being you could meet. I told (what I had heard myself) his answer to a Tory, who was praising an Irish Orange bishop, whose name I forget. It was said of him that he strangled a man with his own hands during the Rebellion. 'What is your objection to that bishop?' quoth the Tory. 'Is he not

learned, pious, and so forth?' 'Oh, yes,' said Grattan, 'very learned, and very pious; but he is fond of blood, and prone to intoxication.'

"Rogers backed my Grattanism by one still better:—Grattan was once violently attacked in the Irish House of Commons by an inveterate Orangeman, who made a miserable speech. In reply, Grattan said,—'I shall make no other remark on the personalities of the honourable gentleman who spoke last, than—As he rose without a friend, so he has sat down without an enemy.' Was ever contempt so concentrated in expression?

"Sir Robert Peel has made two very good speeches at Glasgow. I have now no other ambitious wish in this world than to have the Duke of Wellington and Daniel O'Connell among my future successors in the Rectorship!"

"*April* 19*th*.—Lord Melbourne has promised to my nephew a situation in the Customs of 300*l*. a year. I have a letter from one of the secretaries of the Treasury, explicitly promising the situation. I have been for several days haunting the Treasury with a view to this place. . . . I find that Sir Henry Hardinge somewhat, though not very much, misrepresented my evidence respecting the French Algerine army, in his speech on the subject of military flogging. *La Presse* has absurdly abused both Sir Henry and myself for things which he never spoke, and which I never wrote. In order to set matters right, I have sent a letter to the Morning Chronicle. It is a strange thing that I should be quoted as an authority for military flogging! My back and shoulders writhe at the bare idea. . . . T. C."

"*April* 22.—I wrote to Lord Holland almost immediately after the good news, telling him that, though the

appointment did not come directly from him, yet I knew full well that his lordship was my decided friend, and had powerfully, though indirectly, contributed to favour my position with regard to the Whig leaders. I send you his answer, which breathes all the amiable warm-heartedness of his character. I must pray you to let me have the letter again, in order that I may show it to several persons who are still believers in an unfounded rumour that Lord H. and I had fallen out. True it is, that I had ceased for a long time to frequent Holland House, after * * * had, on one occasion, shown me a face of frost and snow; for, accustomed as I am to cordial receptions, I am not the man to submit to chilling ones. But between my good Lord Holland and myself, there was never any estrangement. T. C."

The following was Lord Holland's answer, dated Friday night, April 21 :—

TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,

"I found your letter, upon my return from the House of Lords, on my table, and lose no time in acknowledging it. In congratulating you, I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for the kind recollections of friendship which prompted you to give me such *early* intelligence, and to accompany the news with such warm and touching expressions of your feelings towards me. You are, I assure you, quite right in supposing that any good that can befall you or yours gives me unfeigned pleasure; but I am afraid you listen rather to the partiality of friendship than to the facts, when you imagine that any known opinion, or exertions of mine can have been of use. Truth is, I can claim no such merit, though I should rejoice if I could; for, till the receipt of your letter, I knew nothing about it. Unless, therefore, you agree with the maxim of Maro, who says somewhere,—'Quid interest inter suasorem facti et illum qui probat et laudat factum?'—or some such words, you must not admit me to any share of your gratitude on this occasion; but

if you do accede to Maro's doctrine, there is, I assure you, no one among your numerous friends better entitled to a share; for there can be none who more unequivocally approves of, or more cordially rejoices in, any mark of regard from a Whig Government to you or yours. I sincerely hope that you may derive as much permanent satisfaction from the conduct and career of your nephew, as you seem to have felt pleasure at the first piece of good fortune which Lord Melbourne has had the gratification of conferring on him. Lady H., to whom I showed your kind letter, joins in congratulations; and I am, my dear sir, with sincere regard, your truly obliged HOLLAND."

"*April 23rd.*—I am altogether a restored man in health; but I went foolishly to the opera, and coming home in the rain, caught a little cold. The opera piece was Cinderella. I think it is drawling in action, and not overspirited in music. Then the ballet—fie for shame! But all opera dancing is ——."

"*May 3rd.*—I should have been down to see you at S——, but am busy at a new task. I am writing 'my own Life.' It is to oblige a very particular friend, Dr. Beattie. . . . . To set about this task went against the grain with me. In the first place, no man—unless he be a poet of the Lake school—thinks himself a hero; and it is no mock modesty to say, that I wonder how anybody can care about my life and history. Again, though I don't take a gloomy view of life, I think the retrospect* of it has always something sad, because it is *retrospect.* I am not, to be sure, one of those who (in supposing the question put to the majority of human beings, if they would lead their lives over again) would predict their answer to be in the negative. Even supposing, for the sake of argument, that such were the case, it would not prove anything against life being happier than otherwise. In supposing ourselves

* See Vol. I., page 128, *Journey to Mull.*

beginning life anew, we can by no effort imagine ourselves bereft of the memory of the past, or imbued with the hope —the curiosity—and the novelty that carry us forward in existence. I am confident, therefore, that existence is pleasanter in reality than retrospect. But in reality itself, how many bitternesses are mixed with its sweets; and how much more closely do the former, than the latter, cling to our memories! The mind lets fall its recollections of happiness, like flowers from the hand of a sleeping child; but it holds fast to its treasured sorrows with a miser's grasp!

"I had almost refused, on the ground of these considerations, to write any sketch of my own recollections. It occurred to me, however, that others may write about me, if I do not write myself.

"At the day of opening the exhibition of pictures, I saw the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. The latter is charmingly simple and unassuming, and, to my taste, very pretty. . . . ."

"*June 6th.*—I am now at Mr. Clare's, Hill Street, Richmond,—comfortably lodged,—well in all respects, but that I miss my Club, and feel a little lonesome. . . . .

"To amuse my solitude, I had only two books—one of them a treatise on the Millennium, the other * * *'s Memoirs of Himself. The latter disgusted me. His book had been sent to me by a periodical editor, with a request to criticise and cut up the work. No—poor old man: he has cut up himself: and if he chooses to lay the morbid anatomy of his breast before the public, I have no taste for being his demonstrator. . . . He swears that the world has given him nothing but injustice—both as an author and as a man. He pleaded for the title of ——, but could not get it; then for the title of a poet—with little better

success; and now, when turned of seventy, he shows the ulcers of his festering spirit, and talks of 'injuries that stick like barbed arrows in his brain.' It is shocking to see human nature, not untalented, thus disgracing old age with a spectacle of undignified misery. At his years—if he has not religion enough to be thinking of a better immortality than that of his writings, he should at least have the philosophy to estimate the vanities of this world—and among these the 'bubble reputation'—at their proper value.

"Lord help us! If one had the brains of Newton and Napoleon minced into his own individual celebrity, what would it be worth to him in a few years? Why—that a plaster-image of his dead skull would be carried about on the head of some Italian boy, vending it in company with cats and mandarins, all wagging their heads together! * * * is too crazy ever to learn anything on the subject: but I think his book ought to be a striking lesson to every one, approaching to old age, as to the government of their minds. A being more bereft of all that resignation, which alone can make old age respectable, never was painted more hideously than by * * *, when painting himself. He inspires pity—but it is a haggard kind of pity; for, by his own showing, he seems never to have had a heartfelt affection for any human being, except himself.

"Yesterday I called on Lady Scott, having previously looked into her novel, which I found agreeable. She is a sensible woman, who speaks with extreme modesty, and even apologetic humility, about her work. I missed Lady Charlotte Lindsay. . . . . I came back to dine alone in my lodgings at three—not a soul to speak to—and even the newspapers exhausted! Richmond Hill—hem—a fine walk—a noble prospect—but no picture. The park, too,

is noble: but the deer all shunned me, as if I had come to eat their venison.

"Well—to the library again; and there I found a most pleasant book, Mrs. Carmichael's account of the West Indies—a clever woman, and the best apologist, by far, for the West India slave-proprietors that has ever put pen to paper. In real principles, as to black-slavery, I believe that though she and I differ *toto cœlo*—though she abjures all defence either of slavery or the slave-trade; and although I impeach not her facts in substance, yet I see she touches them 'en couleur de rose,' so as to mitigate our conceptions of the negroes' sufferings. But, though a very cunning, she is not quite an uncandid mitigatress of the evils of slavery; and, by gaining your sympathy to her own lot, as an involuntary possessor of slaves, as well as by her gentleness in expostulation, she decides you to hear patiently both sides of the question. I cannot say that she has changed my opinion one *iota* as to the absolute and abstract abomination of slavery; yet still I thank her for making me *hope* that poor Blacky has not been all along quite so miserable as I conceived him to be. T. C."*

* * * * *

The following are extracts from letters written during a short visit to Scotland:—

"TAIT'S HOTEL, EDINBURGH, *June* 27.

. . . "The voyage by sea, though very propitious, gave me a small degree of sea-sickness that was worse than a dose of it. Complete sickness clears off the bile—a little of it brings it on, and leaves it troublesome. All Saturday I was uncomfortable. On Sunday I found Dr. Alison, who gave me a little medicine, that relieved

* His opinion of this work was afterwards reconsidered and retracted.

my indisposition like a miracle. In the evening I accompanied him to Woodville, where the dear old Priest, Margaret, Mrs. W. Alison, and Dora received me just as you could have wished. My dear old friend, the 'Man of Taste,' is still in very fair health for a man of eighty, and his faculties are as fresh as ever; but he is not so able, even as last year, to stand the excitement of meetings and partings with friends. I soon perceived, by the heat of his hand, in which he held mine, that my unexpected arrival had over-excited him; and, by the advice of his son, we retired, after being in his room some ten minutes. . . ."

"The evening we spent in the drawing-room with a pleasure to me never to be forgotten. M. and Dr. Alison said they should so much like to see you, but added that they had a sort of anticipation of your being a formidable person! 'No, no, I said; 'no more than I am, nor so much; for I have some gall and satire, and she has none.' —'Oh! but *you* are a formidable person, Mr. C. There was the Dean of K——, our cousin, who met you at dinner to-day, said he was nervous at the prospect of meeting you!' Well, to be sure, the idea of any one being nervous at the prospect of meeting me, seems ludicrous indeed. But I cured the Dean of his apprehensions before he left us, and found him quite worthy of being M.'s cousin—a sensible, refined man, but a desperate Tory. Why is it that I cannot acquire a true and liberal hatred of all your horrible party? It turns out that all the Alisons and Gregorys are rank Conservatives! To conclude, I persuaded them that you are not a person to be afraid of, like Lady ——.

"I found my sisters, I am glad to say, infinitely better than I expected. I am quite satisfied that I did right in coming, independently of the pleasure I have in revisiting the Alisons, and shall have in seeing the Grays. It is

lucky for me also that Mrs. Dugald Stewart is coming out to-morrow, on a visit to the Alisons; so that I shall see her and her daughter Maria. . . . . T. C."

"*July* 13*th*. . . . The managers of the Printers' Festival waited upon me in despair. They could find no man publicly known to take the chair. Whigs and Tories were hanging fire, and shying out of the concern, 'because it was a three-and-sixpenny *soirée*. This put up my democratic blood. I have remained; and the good—the very little good—that I could contribute to the great cause, I have endeavoured to contribute. It went off most happily and harmoniously. Nothing that allows scandal itself to exaggerate into a charge of over great festivity."

A lady, who was present on the occasion, thus writes to her friend in London:—

"I send you a few hurried lines to tell you how gratified, how delighted we were last night with Mr. Campbell's appearance at the Centenary meeting, which he was so kind as to honour with his presence. His appearance was hailed with universal applause, and his speech received with cheers throughout; but when his health was given by 'Delta,' one of our Scotch poets, the pride and delight of the people rose to a very high pitch. As Mr. Moir enumerated the different works of the gifted chairman, the applause increased; and when he closed by naming 'Ye Mariners of England,' it became rapturous. It was afterwards sung amidst continual cheers—encored, and, at the conclusion, the whole people rose with one accord, and joined in the chorus; after which they cheered him by repeated rounds of applause—waving hats, handkerchiefs, with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. The Scotch 'got their hearts out,' in honour of their gifted bard. Indeed, I never saw anything so cordial, so sincere, or so general. The meeting appeared to be much more in honour of him, than of the 'Art of Printing.' How we wished you had been there, to hear and see the honour in which he is held in his native land.

"M. A."

An instance of the Poet's inattention to money matters occurred soon after his arrival in Edinburgh. "Calling upon a friend who, for many years, had attended to his interest in the Argyllshire estates, &c., he mentioned that, on examining his purse that morning, he discovered that his funds were nearly all gone; that he would have to draw money before he left Scotland, to defray his expenses to London, although he fully believed that, on leaving home, he had brought with him ample means for that purpose. On returning to his hotel, however, he mentioned to his servant the low state of his purse, when it was proposed to examine the pockets of his clothes. This was instantly assented to; and in rummaging the pockets of his coat, a sum in bank notes was discovered, loosely rolled up, but more than sufficient to defray all the expenses of his subsequent delay in Scotland, and return to London. He then called and mentioned the discovery to his friend; from which it was apparent that he kept no account of his expenditure, and only became aware of his money being exhausted by finding his purse unexpectedly empty."*

This habitual carelessness, of which he was never fully conscious, was the source of frequent anxiety, if not loss, and was particularly remarked by his friends in Algiers. But the habit, though often pathetically deplored, was never conquered; yet no man was ever more punctual in his payments. He often forgot what he spent, or gave away, but never what he owed.

A few days after his return from Scotland, Campbell received the melancholy tidings of the death of his sister Isabella; and in a letter to Mrs. Ireland he says:—

"*Aug.* 31*st.* . . I shall not easily forget the abundant

* Letter from Mr. Cormack *per* Lord Cuninghame, *Nov.* 25, 1845.

kindness which you, my dear friend, have shown to my deceased sister. As to the survivor, poor soul, Mary has been a bruised reed in the world—in all, except the consolations she has had from a few friends, myself included. If anything could increase the regard which I have had for you, from very early years, it would be the grateful sense I entertain of your attentions to Mary, and your being now included in the nearest circle of her few friends. Your son, Alexander, has also laid me under perpetual obligations, by the attentions which he has paid to both my living and deceased sisters. . . T. C."

From private lodgings, in Alfred-street, Bedford-square, he was now removing to spacious chambers in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. To a friend he writes:—

"*Sept.* 3*rd.* . . I have been kept in vexatious uncertainty about the time when I should be able to enter my chambers. The upholsterer delayed, day after day, for a week. At last I went to him in a towering passion, and told him that if he did not, before sunset, fulfil the commission I had given him, I should change my cabinet minister—reject his measures, and his bill from the chambers, and speak to his successor. This royal threat produced its effect; and my *suspense* was put an end to by my curtains being suspended yesterday. Still, I shall have some purchases to make—a tin tea-pot (in order to save my silver one), a coal-skuttle, table-knives, &c., &c.

"On Sunday I went to Clapham, where Mrs. St. John and her two eldest daughters reside. The Consul himself is killing game upon the Moors—good speed to him. . .

"An affair has lately occurred at Algiers of a tragi-comic complexion. A monkey, of the larger kind, from Bugia, was brought to Algiers, and became the terror of

the capital. His owner, a French soldier, allowed him too much liberty. . . Entering the house of the principal banker, Lacroutz, he got up among the lace and linen, hung out to dry; put a lace cap upon his head, and tore in pieces all the other lace and linen that he could find. He then entered another house, where a poor Maltese woman was very ill—in fact, near her death, which he accelerated. He sprang upon her head, and amused himself with tearing off her head-dress. She escaped into another room, and fastened the door; but he came round to a window, and, although unable to enter, played his mopes and mows in such a style, that, after successive fits of hysterics, the woman died. Her brother, a servant of the St. Johns, named Paolo, apprehended him, and took him before the police, who condemned him to death on the threefold charge of housebreaking, robbery, and murder! Paolo had the satisfaction of tying round the murderer's neck the cravat that was to strangle him. The impious monkey was publicly executed in the grand square of Algiers, amidst an immense concourse of Christian, Moorish, and Arabian spectators! T. C."

* * * * *

"*Sept. 6th.*—All this day I have been toiling like a galley slave, putting up my books on their shelves, with not a soul to assist me but an Irish char-woman, who, hang her, understands neither Greek nor Latin; so that when I ordered her to bring me such and such a volume of *Athenæus* or *Fabricius*, she could only grunt like one of her native pigs. But, besides, the books themselves are incorrigibly obstinate in presenting different heights, so that there is no marshalling them in level ranks. How truly hath Job observed, that 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.'

"I came back to my lodgings with an aching back this

evening, and went to the adjoining Queen's theatre, where I laughed away my afflictions at one of the best comic pieces I have seen for many a day. The subject is Frederick the Great of Prussia. Fred. is encamped opposite the Austrian army, when a plot is laid by some of its officers to ensnare and make him prisoner. Meanwhile, a player, at the castle where they are quartered, has been in the habit of mimicking Frederick to the life. The officers hear of this mimic, and wish to see him; when who should come in but the real Frederick, who has been captured by surprise. The Austrians slap him on the back, and praise him with loud bursts of laughter for his exquisite imitation of old Rough-and-tough! They leave Pigtail the Great in no small astonishment, when in comes the real mock-turtle—the mimic himself!—It is one of the very best stage-effect scenes I ever saw.* Well, commend me to *small* theatres for comedy: humour evaporates in an over large house. T. C."

* * * * *

"*Sept. 8th.* . . . . The expenses of furnishing a suite of chambers, which I have just entered, have drained my purse so formidably, that I have been obliged to undertake a literary job in order to replenish it. I have a superstitious fear of naming any undertaking, until I have fairly set to work upon it; so you must wait a month or two before I tell you the nature of this undertaking.

"I made a narrow escape, yesterday, from losing all my solid silver! I had left it in the hand of a trustworthy landlady. There was a servant in the habit of waiting upon me during his spare hours from office . . . This man used to talk of me to my landlady with such laudatory gratitude, that she conceived him to have my fullest confidence.

* It was, probably, on this occasion that he resolved on editing a "*Life of Frederick the Great.*"

Indeed he had more of it than, as it turns out, he deserved. I had him in my house, as footboy, during Mrs. Campbell's lifetime, and retained him for years afterwards. I taught him to write, and got him a place in * * When I went last to Scotland, he went to the landlady, and, after a world of canting about his devoted affection to his master, said that he had been ordered by me to clean the silver plate. She imprudently let him have articles to the value of fifty or sixty pounds; and, with still more blameable imprudence, never mentioned them till I was packing up to depart. I bolted instantly to the fellow's house, who made some shuffling excuse about their being locked up, and his wife having the key. 'Come, sir,' I said, 'you have *pawned* them; and there is a policeman at the door, who will instantly take you into custody, if you don't surrender the articles.' He took some notes out of his drawer, and went with me to the sign of the 'three balls,' where he redeemed and brought them to my lodgings. I am deliberating whether I should not report him to the —— office. T. C."

"*Nov. 28th.* . . . . You will be happy to hear that I have got at last into comfortable chambers—airy, even elegant, spacious and cheerful, and not dear. . . . . I look out on gardens—not the Square gardens, for I have a back quiet situation. I have now rallied my furniture, and must rest here, whether pleased with the place or not.

"I now, also, enjoy the illustrious title of Editor of the 'Scenic Annual.' . . . . It will be out next week. It is got up for the sake of republishing some fine plates, and adding some new ones—the literary portion of which consists of merely notices affixed to each landscape. You will hear me much abused; but as I get 200*l.* for writing a sheet or two of paper, it will take a deal of abuse to mount

up to that sum. There will be four copies of verses of my writing in this volume; one of them on Cora Linn, with a general allusion, but not a personal one, to my having visited the scene, in company with my very good friends.* George Virtue, of Ivy Lane, is the publisher."

The preceding extracts are taken from letters addressed to W. Gray, Esq.

"*Nov. 28th.*—My illustrated edition was no sooner out than I found myself in a mess about disposing of the drawings, for which I paid, in all, to Turner, 550*l.*—*i. e.*, twenty-five guineas for each, and 25*l.* for a thousand proof prints. I had been told that Turner's drawings were like bank notes, that would always fetch the price paid for them; but when I offered them at 300*l.*, I could get no purchaser. One very rich and judicious amateur, to whom I offered them, said to me,—'I have no intention to purchase these drawings, because they are worth so little money, that I should be sorry to see you sell them for as little as they are really worth. The truth is, that fifteen out of the twenty are but indifferent drawings. But sell them by lottery, and either Turner's name will bring you in two hundred guineas, or Turner himself will buy them up.' I went to Turner, and the amateur's prediction was fulfilled, for Turner bought them up for two hundred guineas. Meanwhile, I had not forgot an offer which your brother Charles had made to purchase them at a fair price. Now, when he and I talked of a *fair* price, I thought they would be worth three hundred guineas at least; but

* "The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past,
My memory seldom sends," &c.

how could I propose to extort from your brother three hundred, or even two hundred, guineas for bits of painted pasteboard, which my adviser told me, when I showed him Turner's money, were repurchased from me at twice their intrinsic value. . . . T. C."*

* * * * *

Early in the spring of this year, Campbell was invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Sussex Institution, Brighton; but, in a letter to Mr. Horace Smith, he says:—

"I have entirely withdrawn from the practice of lecturing. If the council will pardon me for the liberty of offering a suggestion, it would be to seek out for some young, able, and ambitious man, who, having it in view to establish his character by a course of lectures, would do his uttermost to produce a good one. There is a young man of the name of Webbe, son of the musical composer, who is, in my opinion, the most accomplished person of his years within the circle of my acquaintance, and also, I am certain, could get up an excellent course. . . ."

"I regret particularly, my dear friend, that we meet so seldom; but it is your fault, who don't come to London. This is very shabby of you, after the sublime and pathetic 'Ode' which I addressed to you from Algiers—a composition which will *remain in the English language until it is forgotten!* Give my regards to your dear lady and Miss Smith, and to all the little Smiths, who have survived the last murderous cross-fire of puns that took place *apun* the last battle-field of puns between us in your dining parlour. You may remember, that their tender mother took them out of our way, whilst the cross-fire of puns was at the hottest; but if any of them were killed, the blame must

* Extract from a lette. 'o Mr. Gray.

fall upon you, as your puns were the more horrible and raking, and justified the line of Cowper, that 'the first Smith was the first murderer's son!' Believe me, nevertheless, my dear descendant of *Cain*, to be yours very truly, and full of intentions to see you as soon as I am *Abel*. T. C."

"*Jan. 6th.*—I send a copy of my 'Scenic Annual' for the joint acceptance of your sisters. Pray tell my fair cousins not to quarrel about the joint possession. The Queen borrowed the work from Lady M——, and sent it back with a message that she had been highly delighted with it; so I have ordered my poems to be royally bound, as well as my 'Letters from the South,' and they are to be presented to Her Majesty. I am anxious that you should all see the Annual, as the opening poem was occasioned by our visit to Cora Linn, and I find it is the best liked of my contributions. . . . T. C."

His next literary undertaking was an edition for Mr. Moxon, of Shakspeare's dramatic works, with remarks on his life and writings:—

"*Jan. 24th.*—I am editing Shakspeare. By the way, I find that it is now vulgar to write *Shake*speare. The black-letter wits have voted that it shall be *Shak*speare. A momentous question this! In addition to the stuff which I have to write about old Shakey, I have got another office, for which I get nothing a day, and find myself—I am one of the auditors of the accounts of the Polish Association.* . . . I have at last succeeded

* In the same letter, he says,—"Twenty thousand pounds have passed through the hands of the paymaster, a Polish officer;" and recommends that, in future, "regular booked statements should be kept."

in getting a committee of auditors, and make them meet of an evening in my own chambers. Dry work this for one to deal in figures of arithmetic, who has seldom dealt but in figures of speech; to balance accounts who has only balanced the periods of sentences; and to deal with a London bank, instead of the banks of Helicon! T. C."

Feb. 1*st.*—Writing to his newly-married nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell, he begs their acceptance, as young housekeepers, of a stock of tea, sugar, rice, barley, and currants; and concludes with the following lecture on domestic economy:—"The last of these (currants) make a nice ingredient in a plain bread pudding, which fills up a small dinner very conveniently. I send you also a gallon of whisky, though it is not an essential in housekeeping. You were so kind as to ask me to dine with you, which I shall do soon, and not unfrequently. But I must make *conditions* for my doing so on the strictest convention; and on this point I require it, as a duty and a kindness from you, that you comply with my terms, and consider them as binding:—

"In the *first place*, as I am the very plainest of eaters, I must *paction* that, when I dine with you, I shall have only your plain *pot-luck* put before me—no variety. I invariably dine on a single meat dish. Now, here I am quite serious. As to puddings and pastry, I hate them; so never set down anything of the sort to me. If you like a little pudding yourselves, pray have it, but don't press me to it.

"*Secondly*, I shall give up dining with you, if I find that you invite friends to meet me, — unless we fix upon some specified days of exception, but such days must be rare and very few. . . . My dear young friends! consider that it is easier to begin a friendly *dinnering*

system than to end it; and, for God's sake, keep in view the dreadful eventuality of living beyond your means. Avoid, I conjure you, allowing social droppers-in to cross your threshold. This may seem cold-hearted counsel, but you will find it *safe* to follow it. I repeat my request, that I may always dine with you *alone*, except when we agree mutually to the contrary.

"*Thirdly*, You may drink as much wine as you please, by yourselves, but you must not set wine before me; and here, also, I am quite serious—that is, I wish to see no wine set down before me, except when you have other company. Dr. Beattie persuaded me that I had contracted a liver complaint in Africa; and, in accordance with his advice, I abstained for several months from every beverage but white wine negus. But my own *experience* is better than my doctor's; and I now find that a glass of rum and water after dinner does me more good than a glass or two of wine, and therefore I prefer the former.

"On Sunday next, at *five*, I propose to dine with you. I pray that you will in kindness remember my terms. Your affectionate uncle, T. C."

The next letter relates a tale of "witchcraft:"—

"Yesterday, being the 6th of Feb. of our era, I awoke sound in body and mind, shaved, and took my breakfast. I then went into my study, and opened a strong-box that contained my silver plate and money. Of money I had two little canvas bags, one of which I took out (at least I imagined only one) to be ready to pay some accounts. The other bag I thought I could have sworn having left in the strong-box, that was open in my bed-room. Mrs. Vanderpump, my landlady or housekeeper, (by the way, her name always reminds me of the song—'In the days of the Rump, Rear-Admiral Van Trump,') came in, while I

was counting the contents of the smaller bag in my study. I sent her into the bed-room for something that I wanted. She was, therefore, the only person who could have seen my plate-chest open; and in that moment she might have seen and whipt up the other bag, containing 76½ sovereigns, and a bill for 90*l.*, which I intended to have taken to my banker; but, on re-entering my bed-room, no such bag was in my strong-box! Death!—furies!—fire!—butter and brimstone!—what was to be done? I searched every repository, nook, corner, and closet in my chambers—and, twirling my fingers in despair, as I looked at my own reflection in the glass, I thought myself as haggard as Ugolino in the tower of Famine! 'The purse,' said I, 'with my 76½ sovereigns and 90*l.* bill, are everlastingly gone!' I hastened to Mr. Ward, my friend and lawyer, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and told him all my grief! 'Why,' said he, 'let us go instantly for a search-warrant against Mrs. V.' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'what good will that do? I cannot swear to the identity of a bag of sovereigns, if they should even be found. Indeed, I have been so often convinced (up to the most conscientious swearing) of things that proved to be mistakes, that, if my oath was to injure a living being, I should hardly dare to swear that my head is my own.' 'Well,' said Mr. Ward, 'at least advertise the bill, in order to prevent its being negotiated.' I did so: but it was still a question what to do as to the lost sovereigns. True, a search-warrant might find the canvas bag, &c.; but, supposing I *could* swear to the identity of the bag, can I drag before the magistrate my laundress—my Vanderpump?—the good woman who has cooked my puddings? Oh, no: I will say nothing about it.

"I came home at six to dine. My laundress brought up my dinner. I cast a searching look at her. She returned me so indifferent a look, that I swore to myself

she must be innocent. Well, next morning I found the canvas bag with the sovereigns and the bill lying on my chair in the sitting-room!—a chair with a red-bottomed cover, in full daylight, under my window. How came it back? . . . . The laundress-girl, who had arranged my room before I rose, said she had not seen it. Could it have been brought back in a fit of repentance? No, that is impossible; for Mrs. V. knew not that I had missed it, and behaved with a coolness inconsistent with the supposition of her guilt, which I do not now even imagine. Who was it, then, that played me this trick? Why, it was the devil—tired of George G—— and the Canadians, he comes to vent his spleen upon me! . . . T. C."

* * * * *

"*Feb* 18*th*.—Malone draws questionable inferences, not only from his discoveries, but from his non-discoveries. For instance, he found nothing in the records of Stratford parish about Shakespeare's grandfather (and in that parish, by his own showing, it is unlikely that the poet's grandsire resided); but from thence Mr. M. concludes that he could not have been a gentleman—an inference equally logical with that of the hackney coachman, the other day, who, when I refused him an exorbitant fare, was 'satisfied that I could be no *gentleman!*' . . . On this account I must hasten slowly with Shakespeare, but I am getting on. By the way, I have given up writing the name *Shak*, being so habituated to the *shake* in pronouncing it."

"*Feb*. 19*th*.—I fear you have been almost killed by the frost. For me, I was one day absolutely dead: but my corpse, conscience-haunted, stalked to Red Lion Square, and was brought to life again by giving an extra donation to the Mendicity Society. . . ."*

* I remember this circumstance—distressed beyond expression at witnessing

"*March* 10*th*.—I have been corresponding with the Queen. I took a crotchet in my old head that I should like her to read my works, so I got your Letters from the South, and a copy of the vignette edition of my poems, bound with as much gilding as would have gilt the Lord Mayor's coach, and, with a note of introduction from Sir John Macdonald, I went to Sir H. Wheatley to beg he would lay them at the feet of her Majesty. Sir Henry received me very politely,—but told me it was a fixed rule with the Queen to decline all presentation copies from authors, wishing to lay herself under no obligations. 'Hum,' thinks I to myself, 'and is all my 6*l*. binding gone for nothing?' I said,—'Sir Henry, will you pardon me for wondering that a Queen of England should fear to be under obligation to an author for a paltry volume or two? But the rule is only a delicate way of conveying—that crowds of authors might annoy her Majesty by officious presentations, in the hope of intruding on her Royal notice. But, stranger as I am, I am known to you by character; and may I beg of you to convey to the Queen,—if it can be done with tact and delicacy,—that I am in perfectly easy circumstances; that I covet no single advantage that is in the gift of her sceptre; and that I would rather bury my book in the ground, than that the offering of it should be interpreted into a selfish wish to intrude myself on her notice. But it is not selfishness to desire that a token of my loyalty may be laid before her Majesty—it is the only token I can offer. I am a veteran author, and I hope she will make me an exception to the general rule.'

"'Well,' said Sir Henry, 'I will take charge of your volumes, and speak to her Majesty on the subject.'

"I went, and sent Sir Henry the books with a note, in

so much suffering in the streets, he went hastily to the Mendicity Office, and gave all that he could muster in cash.—Ed.

these words :—'Sir,—I thank you for your kind promise to take charge of my works, and to apply to her Majesty to receive them. I have been for nearly forty years one of the popular living poets of England, and I think it no overweening ambition to wish to be read by my Sovereign.'

"Saucy enough, you will say; but since the cholera carried off that poor man, my trumpeter, I have been obliged to trumpet for myself. . . . That evening I had a note from Sir Henry, saying that the Queen had been graciously pleased to accept the volumes, and desired that I should write my name in them. I repaired to St. James's next morning: Sir Henry began stammering out a dictation of what I should write about her Majesty's feet—loyal duty, and so forth—when I wrote on each blank leaf, 'To her Majesty Queen Victoria, from her devoted subject, Thomas Campbell.'—'Ah, that will do,' said Sir Henry.

* * * * *

"And now, M., you are possibly thinking that your poet is dreaming of—wishing, and expecting—an invitation to her palace from the Faëry Queen! Much as you know me, you perhaps do not know how time has cooled down my character. Very true, I love my little Sovereign; and it was from nothing but an impulse of loyalty (qualified, it may be, with the selfish wish for my pages to be read by her) that I sent my books. But to have a dinner, or audience with her—upon my honour I have not the life of life enough in me to desire it. It would have flattered me *once*—and gratified my curiosity; but it would now fever me, and I hope she will not send for me. Indeed, if Sir Henry tells her all I said, she will take me at my word, and prove that she thanks me sincerely for having no earthly wish to obtrude on her. T. C."

* * * *

"*May 9th.*—Those who have listened the most patiently and kindly to our misfortunes have the first and best right to hear of our good fortunes. I therefore hasten to tell you that my interview with my son* yesterday gave me more satisfaction than any that I have had with him, perhaps, since his malady commenced. I was very nervous at the prospect of the visit, and I had a second night of bad rest; but, by ten o'clock, I was at Woodford, some three miles from Dr. Allen's, where I met my dear Thomas waiting for me. Oh, how my heart yearned! . We walked through the forest. . He looks well; and, but for the sort of leap-frog play of thoughts in his conversation—*i. e.*, an abrupt transition from one subject to another, and a something besides in his look, which, though not alarming, is not easily described, one could scarcely suspect that there was anything the matter with him.

"It is plain, nevertheless, that his mental affection is still as decided as ever; but, God be thanked! he is by no means gloomily affected. When I told him, if I could hear of a better place for him, I would give my last shilling to have him placed in it, he said that he should like to see Scotland; he liked so much the Grays and the Alisons; and he thought Edinburgh so beautiful. Well, I said it might be contrived to give you a trip to Scotland; but could you be any where, on the whole, better placed than here? No, he admitted, that he could not, all things considered. . . . 'I am attached to this place. I have many friends, even among the worse patients, and the servants of the house are most attentive to me. It would be difficult to find a better place. . . . .'

"Thomas thought it was the most absurd thing in the

* As this letter is another proof of what has been maliciously disputed since his death—namely, the Poet's deep-rooted affection for his son, I feel that to withhold it from the public would be an act of injustice to both.—Ed.

world that Dr. S—— should be in such a place. He is a noble-looking man, with refined manners and conversation; but I had not talked to him long, when I ceased to be of my son's opinion, about the sanity of his mind. When we were left alone, he entered pretty shrewdly into Thomas's case, and remarked that his main mental misfortune was the want of power to apply his faculties continuously to one object; but very soon he launched out into extravagant praises of my son's natural genius, and then into a history of himself, attributing his slight derangement to the refusal of a lady to marry him. Query, might not the derangement have been rather the cause than the consequence of the refusal? My son has pen, ink, and paper at his command; and I enjoined him to write to me the moment he had any cause of complaint.

"You have heard of the rustic poet Clare. He is at Dr. Allen's, and has written a poem, in which he mentions my son's conversation as one of the solaces of his life.

"T. C."

* * * * *

"*May 24th.*—I always thought well of you, my dear Mrs. ——, but I never felt so much satisfaction as in your last letter—so full of feeling and information, so taking me back to Woodville, and so identifying my very existence with the friends who are dearest to me, that I cannot sufficiently thank you for it. . . . I am glad to find that its serious contents give, on the whole, a favourable account of my most beloved friend, your father-in-law. . . .*

"You kindly desire me to speak about myself. I fear you will think me romancing, but it is strict truth when I tell you that I am a changed man. Until about two

* The passage here omitted is an account, similar to that already given, of his presenting his poems to the Queen.

months ago, an influenza, contracted, I believe, by my travels among the Arabs—when I endured a mid-day sun that would have poached eggs on the crown of my hat, and when I slept on the ground in my cloak—undoubtedly affected my liver. I was so ill, that, at times, nothing could comfort me in body or mind. I used to say to myself, Why am I not happy? Have I not my Alisons and my Gregorys? my Margaret and my Dora? and my Grays of Glasgow? But nothing made me happy. At length I took medicine, and made out a grand secret that I was always better avoiding being out after sunset. I followed out this plan, and cured myself. I recovered my health and spirits to such a degree, that wherever I used formerly to detect myself sighing and drooping, I now find myself too often singing and dancing. I say *too* often, for my laundress looks at me as if I were a man beside himself; and as I am but an indifferent performer, both in song and dance, I am obliged to confine my cantatory and saltatory bursts 'to private performances.' Altogether, so much do I now enjoy existence—instead of merely enduring it, as I did formerly—that if my guardian angel had led me up to a looking-glass, and said, 'Behold yourself transformed into a youth of twenty-two!' I could not have been much more astonished. In my bad health and despondency, I had made up my mind to trouble nobody with any account of my unhappiness, but to get to the end of my life as uncomplainingly as possible. . . .

"I thank you, my dear Mrs. ——, for your account of the flourishing of the Poet's tree.* I sometimes envy my own tree for being so near to those who planted it. . .

I am about finishing a preface to a new and popular edition of 'Shakespeare's Plays,' a copy of which I shall

* Planted at Woodville by the Poet, during his visit in August, 1837.

shortly send to Woodville. Immediately after that engagement I enter on editing an edition of the 'Life of Petrarch,' by Archdeacon Coxe. It is inexplicable to myself why I should have entered on this engagement; for it is neither very pleasant, nor very profitable. . . . In September or October, after finishing this job, I purpose to set out for Italy. T. C."

* * * * *

"*June 16th.* . . I met Sydney Smith the other day. 'Campbell,' he said, 'we met last, two years ago, in Fleet-street; and, as you may remember, we got into a violent argument, but were separated by a waggon, and have never met since. Let us have out that argument now. Do you recollect the subject?' 'No,' I said, 'I have clean forgotten the subject; but I remember that I was in the *right*, and that you were violent, and in the wrong!' I had scarcely uttered these words when a violent shower came on. I took refuge in a shop, and he in a cab. He parted with a proud threat that he would renew the argument the next time we met. 'Very well,' I said; 'but you shan't get off again, either in a waggon or a cab.'—

"I am now reading much, in order to write about Petrarch. I had always, till of late, something like an aversion to Petrarch, on account of the monotony of his amatory sonnets, and the apparent wildness and half insanity of his passion for Laura. I used to say to myself (indulging, I confess, a rather vulgar spirit of criticism), hang these cater-wauling sonnets! they afflict my compassion. I pity the poor poet who could be in love for twenty years with a woman who was every other year bearing pledges of her conjugal union. Besides, I used to think that Laura never could have loved him. But, on closer perusal of his 'Life and Sonnets,' I think that Laura did love him; and that the record of their affection ought to

be preserved. 'What!' you will say, 'an illegitimate affection?' Yes; be not startled. I think their affection, which I now believe to have been mutual, was redeemed from its illegitimacy by its purity, its intensity, and its constancy. Such an opinion, I know, is of delicate mention; but be not afraid that I shall be rash in defending it. I am touched by the genuine air of grief which he showed in the 'Sonnets,' written after her death—a grief that contrasts most terribly with the indifference of Laura's husband, who used to scold her, till she shed abundance of tears, and married another wife seven months after her death.

"But then comes the grave question, What would become of society, if you were to let loose every couple of sentimental fools, who might imagine themselves a Petrarch and a Laura, from the bonds of duty, and thus acquit their frivolous passion? I answer, that Petrarch's passion was not frivolous nor transient. It had the spirit of conjugal devotion, without its ceremonies. Is it not a great thing for a poet to infect the breast of his readers with a sympathy for devotion, attached without change, to one object? Is not this the religious 'marriage of true minds?' It seems to me that Petrarch is an evangelist of faithful marriage. He may seem an exception to the moral rule; but he is an exception that proves the rule. . . . T. C."

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"*June 26th.* . . The *Levee* * had almost been the death of me! . . We got into the ante-room about one o'clock, and there we remained two hours and a half, among at least a thousand persons. It would have been of no use to faint; for there was not space to fall down. I thought I should have expired—but at last the presence-

* On this occasion—the first after her Majesty's accession—Campbell was presented by his "feudal Chief," the late Duke of Argyll.

room opened, and I went through the ceremony. On getting home, I was in a high fever. Dr. Holland prescribed for me, and it is not till this morning that I feel myself anything like restored. Last night, however, I had a calm, sweet sleep. . . . I have a ticket for a seat in the Poets' Corner, in the Abbey, for Thursday, which the Earl-Marshal sent me in a very civil note. But I am doubtful if I shall be strong enough to venture. . .

"Poor Petrarch and Laura are at a stand, but I shall rally and be at them soon. Meanwhile, I have good booksellers' news from Scotland. Of the 5000 of my small copy edition there, 2500 have been sold in eleven months. Mr. Moxon has sold 2500 of my illustrated edition, and 1000 of the octavo edition; so that, within the year, 6000 copies of my poems have gone off. T. C."

* * * * *

Being summoned to Scotland, on matters of family concern, he took his berth in one of the Leith steamers. The weather was unexpectedly boisterous; and the Poet, as usual, incurred the penalty of severe sickness—so severe, that he did not recover his strength for several months afterwards. Writing from Edinburgh to a friend, he says :—

"*July* 28*th*.—I am here, at last, with Mrs. Alison beside me, and recovering from my severe sickness. . . . I think I should have died had not Mrs. Alison come in. I never was so ill. I had something like a forecast of death. . . . Tell Fanny that one of the regrets I had to leave life was, that I had never contrived to put into poetry that ineffably sublime thought of hers, about your sister Caroline :—That she saw her spirit mounting to heaven, and leaving her body behind her, like its shadow. Was there ever a nobler thought!"

"28*th*.—I have not yet seen my sister. . . She is not

strong enough to see me to-day. Mrs. Dugald Stewart is released! It is foolish in me to weep—but I cannot help it. . . Her friendships were numerous; her acquaintance was extensive—her heart was largely benevolent. She did much good in her time—probably as much as can be related of any one who lived the same number of years. The wife of Dugald Stewart—a philosopher in the highest rank of literary reputation—she was looked up to with a respect inferior to none that was paid to intellect, rank, or power. In spite of political differences, she sustained her influence in the northern metropolis, when it was really a metropolis of intellectual power. Then flourished in friendship with Mrs. Stewart, Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, and the Gregories, who have had a hereditary reputation for intellect. With the latter, and with the Rev. Mr. Alison, Mrs. Stewart was knit in the closest friendship. To the last she was remarkable for a winning gentleness of manner—a meekness more expressive than austerity—by which, during her whole life, she had exercised greater influence on those around her, than others could do by an assumption of dignity. In her youth, Mrs. Stewart was stately and handsome; in her later life a certain benignant expression in her eyes continued to retain her peculiar image in the memory of her friends. Her last hours—nay, her last days and months—were serene and tranquil. T. C."

For the following reminiscences, which present a clear reflection of the Poet's mind, I am indebted to members of the family circle in which he generally resided, during his visits to Edinburgh :—

"*August.*—Mr. Campbell spoke warmly of the talents of Joseph Gerald—one of the patriots—whose trial * he had witnessed when a boy.

* See the Poet's account of this trial, Vol. I. p. 89.

Gerald, he said, was a man of great natural ability, and one of Dr. Parr's most promising scholars. . . We then asked him what first suggested the idea of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and if he had thought long about it? He said it had been in his mind for a year, and that it was first suggested by Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory.' He spoke with great admiration of Rogers—both as a man and a poet:—'He is a man of very fine genius, and 'The Pleasures of Memory' is a beautiful poem: it is a much more perfect poem than mine.'

"He described vividly the nervous anxiety he felt as to the reception of 'The Pleasures of Hope;' but this was mixed with a sort of proud feeling that it *deserved* to make its way. . . . There was nothing for it but to wait; so he tried to be patient, and waited almost breathlessly for some sign of interest or approbation. One day his friend Leyden came to him in great joy: 'Your poem is safe—all is secure now. I have just come from Creech's shop, where I overheard Dr. Gregory * say to another, 'I have been reading a new poem by a young and unknown author—'The Pleasures of Hope.' Nothing has appeared like it for a very long time: it is all beautiful, and there are some passages that are absolutely sublime!' Mr. Campbell said, 'No man can ever know how my heart beat with joy then!'

"He spoke frequently, if led to it, of his feelings while writing his poems. When he wrote 'The Pleasures of Hope,' fame, he said, was every thing in the world to him: if any one had foretold to him *then*, how indifferent he would be *now*, to fame and public opinion, he would have scouted the idea; but, nevertheless, he finds it so now. He said, he hoped he really did feel, with regard to his posthumous fame, that he left it, as well as all else about himself, to the mercy of God:—'I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue.'

"Another time, speaking of the insignificance which, in one sense, posthumous fame must have, he said—'When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head—when I think of the momentous realities of that time, and of the awfulness of the account I shall have to give of myself, how *can* literary fame appear to me but as—nothing! Who will think of it then? If, at death, we enter on a new state for eternity, of what interest, beyond his present life, can a man's literary fame be to him? Of none—when he thinks most solemnly about it.'

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* See this circumstance alluded to in the *Autobiography*, Vol. I. p. 254.

"He said all this with simple, earnest feeling—looking thoughtful and even solemn: none of it was said, as it were, with intention: rather, it seemed to fall from him, as if he were thinking aloud, in his most serious and unreserved moments. But, one day, he reverted to what he had said of his indifference to posthumous fame, which, he said, would probably not be believed; but that he had said it, and said it again, in all the truth and sincerity of his heart. He added, 'I wish you would put it down.'

"When we asked it, he read some of his poems to us, and spoke of the agitation and excitement he had been in, when writing 'Lochiel's Warning.' One could easily believe it, for he grew deadly pale on reading it. When we led him to speak of his Poems, he made no affectation of trying to shun the subject, though he never brought it forward: he spoke simply and modestly of them. He said he used to submit many of them to the criticisms of a friend,* in whose judgment and taste he had great confidence; but that he had once been so bold as to say to her, that if he had shewn her 'Ye Mariners of England,' he doubted if she could have improved it. He seemed surprised, as well as amused, at his self-confidence.

"He was much gratified by a critique on his works, which appeared in the Spectator; he said it was the highest praise his works had ever received; and that it was the more valuable because the whole article was discriminating and critical. He added, earnestly—'I wish I could truly feel that I deserved one half of it; for it is great praise indeed.' But he did not dwell on it; he turned away the conversation, only saying—'Well, the world has been very indulgent to me all along.—The admiration of the writer in the Spectator, for the 'Valedictory Stanzas to John Kemble,' pleased him much; because he thought the world had undervalued them. He spoke with delight of Mr. Kemble's having thought highly of them.

"We always liked to hear him speak of other poets, and of authors; because he did so with natural candour—never affecting anything about them which he did not feel. He spoke much of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott'—especially of the way in which Mr. Lockhart had done his duty, as a biographer:—'Omitting nothing—glossing over nothing—he has done his duty nobly, and fearlessly, and deserves praise for it. I do not say that everything in that Life elevates your opinion of Sir Walter Scott; but the object was—not to make him a demigod, or a faultless man, but to tell the truth; and this Lockhart has done.'

"Speaking of Southey and Wordsworth, he ranked Wordsworth 'as much above Southey as a true poet, as he considered some other poets to

* Miss F. Wynell Mayow of Sydenham.

be above Wordsworth.' His admiration of Burns's poetry and genius was enthusiastic; he called him the Scottish Shakespeare: 'for, though the bulk of the gem was not as great, the diamond was as pure.' 'Tam o' Shanter' he thought 'perfect—a masterpiece;' and dwelt on the effect which Burns's poems had in 'endearing to the people of Scotland the places immortalised in them, and in elevating the ideas of the peasantry throughout the land.' He alluded with genuine simplicity to his own feelings, on receiving praise and honour as a poet:—'You did not do all this to Burns; you neglected him—a real genius—a wonder! and you bestow all this on me, who am nothing, compared to him.'

"He said, he 'believed many things that ought to have been *gems* in poetry had been lost, or—one might perhaps say—never created; because poets in general were not sufficiently alive to the many beautiful opportunities around them:' that 'those who were fitted to describe such scenes, had generally, early in their career, determined on some one poem, which was to be the *great effort*; and their minds were so absorbed by this *one* idea, that, in the course of every-day life, numbers of beautiful images—images, too, which might have been made subservient to the perfection of the great design, passed by them unheeded, and were lost for ever.'

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"Mr. Campbell spoke one day of the misery it was to have differences with our friends; and said that if he had to live life over again, that was one of the things he would be most anxious to avoid. He said: 'In almost every instance, where I have had a difference with a friend, I think I can say, that the fault was certainly on my side. But my temper is better now than it was.'. He said his temper had been very irascible when young; and expressed great thankfulness that, in spite of it, he had been kept from personal quarrels; and, above all, from duels, though he confessed he had been several times nearly sending challenges.

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"Speaking of Moore, he said, 'Yes, Moore is a man of very fine genius —of great brilliancy, and great wit.' The conversation then turning on his early Edinburgh friends, he said, 'Mr. Alison's gentle kindness overawed me more than all the authority or severity I ever met with. To many I have been irritable, petulant, and overbearing, but to him never. No thought or word ever escaped me but those of reverential love and deference to him. If there is anything good in me, I owe it to him. His words and advice have never passed from my mind. I sat 'at the feet of Gamaliel,' and endeavoured to learn wisdom.'

* * * * * *

"Speaking of Sir Walter Scott's leniency of criticism, he said, 'I never heard Sir Walter Scott utter a harsh word of criticism on any poetry but his own. This might be construed into an anxiety, in his elevated situation, not to say anything which might injure the fame of any writer, however humble; but I am convinced that it proceeded from the goodness and kindness of his own heart, which led him to see merit which others passed over.'

"Speaking of a lady to whom he was unalterably attached, and who was now a confirmed invalid, he said: 'It may seem strange, but I love to think she is growing old: I love to see her hair becoming white, and her form more helpless and even deformed. It makes her more my own! She is becoming useless, valueless to others (to all but private friends), and more *precious* to me.'

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"He told us a dream of his own, which made a great impression on his mind. Many years ago, a sister* of Mrs. Campbell was very ill of consumption, and there was very little hope of her recovery, which accounted for the dream. He said—'I thought I was in a city of the dead; and my guide was a dead girl, from whom I could not part. She led me through the deserted streets and the silent halls—where the sound of my footstep alone awakened a hollow sound—till I was compelled to accompany her to a window, that looked out into a large long street. There I heard the distant sound of a drum, and presently saw a figure clothed in its shroud, which approached gradually to the window where I stood. It then threw aside the shroud and discovered the features of my sister-in-law!—The shock instantly awoke me. She died two days afterwards. This,' he added, 'I have often thought of turning into verse. But it is too fine—it is *finer* than poetry!'"

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* See account of this sister's death, Vol. III., p. 35.

CHAPTER VII.

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

From his short residence in Edinburgh, Campbell returned to London with improved health; but the reflection that another link had been torn from the chain of his earliest and happiest associations, caused an impression of sadness in his mind, which he found it impossible to shake off. His first effort, after the event, was a tribute to the virtues of his lamented friend, in which he says, "This slight tribute of affectionate respect for her memory is not thus made without a deep feeling of the sacredness of private life—and of such a life as Mrs. Stewart's. It has been prompted by a strong desire that one so rare—one so remarkable for every feminine grace—should not pass away from among us, without a word to tell the rising generation of what her influence was in the very remarkable society of which, at one time, Edinburgh could so justly boast." . . . During the last few years, however, events of this painful nature had fallen thick and heavy; and another was too clearly predicted by the fast failing strength of the last and most venerated of his early friends.

His return to his "library and chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields" is thus noticed, in a letter to Mr. Gray:—

"*Aug. 16th.* . . . . I travelled hither by land, by short stages, and arrived on Sunday. I thought I should have

died at Birmingham; but half way from thence to London I was surprised to find myself hungry.

"The wind that rushed against me in the railway carriages made me feel as if it fanned, and revived in me the fire of life. For these three days past I have been recovering strength. I cannot as yet resume my regular studies; but I am reading Lord Bacon with more delight than I ever felt from many former perusals. The glorious man! Oh, where was his guardian angel, when he fell from his integrity, and flattered JAMES! Yet the truth of his pages will remain, as well as their *poetry*—for he was a great poet, as well as the greatest of philosophers. At his adulatory passages, addressed to JAMES, I have absolutely wept with vexation. But let this weakness of mine, my dear cousin, be between ourselves. How can we blame tyrants for being misled, when a Bacon can flatter them?

"T. C."*

With De Sade before his eyes, but his thoughts wandering back to the family circle at Woodville, he writes:—

"*Aug.* 18*th.*—The quiet of my poor, lonely, but favourite chambers, soothes me. But I dread to lose a pin with Mr. A—'s white hair, given me by M. in my late sickness in Edinburgh; and I dare not wear it every day, but only on particular occasions." . . .

"*Aug.* 26*th.* . . . I now work literally as hard as any mechanic from six to twelve; and, even after that hour, I cannot sleep without penning some drowsy epistle to be a dormitory-drug for you or the Alisons. But I have no

* Addressed to his cousin, W. Gray, Esq., and apologising for his quitting Scotland without making him the promised visit; "but," he concludes, "when you look on the lovely prospect of Blairbeth, think me enjoying it with you in imagination!"

right to your pity for all this—the prospect of finishing my waking hours with some words to you or them, sweetens the preceding hours of labour. In the next place, this tread-mill labour is the result of sheer avarice! miserly niggardliness! I am principally employed in translating from Italian authors, and could get the whole done by an assistant, I believe, for 30*l.* But the money—the money! Oh, my dear M.! the thought of parting with it is *unthinkable!* and pounds sterling are to me—'dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!'"

"*Aug. 26th.*—Is it not a wonderful mark of my constitution that it is supporting so well the load of three-score, that I can actually work fourteen hours a-day—'love-letters' included—and yet continue to be as cheerful as a child? Yet it is even so. . . . . The only medical man who has taken my case seriously into consideration is Dr. Beattie. He says, that from sixty to sixty-four a man passes through his grand climacteric. I had always imagined that this term, *climacteric,* meant a hard struggle (κλίμακτηρ) of the constitution: but he says no: that about that age the body—by some mysterious and invisible change—most frequently, to be sure, adopts new infirmities, but, in some instances, gets rid of old ones. I am fain to hope that this is my case. Bile, that used to haunt me like a fiend, is gone without (much) medicine or regimen."

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As health improved, his active mind went more steadily to work. A new club was projected—a club for the middle classes; a new poem—the Pilgrim of Glencoe; with another literary enterprise, which he was never able to carry out. His chamber, as usual, was a sort of consultation-room for the distressed of all countries; where they were sure of a favourable hearing, with such prompt

advice or assistance, as their various cases appeared to demand. In the absence of domestic duties, his sympathies in human misery became more and more sensitive. He not only relieved it in every shape, so far as his own means allowed, but he diligently sought the co-operation of those private friends, whose names were familiar to him as "*friends* of the unfortunate." We shall not multiply instances; but the following, which presents a rather singular coincidence in its history, speaks for the characteristic goodness of his heart. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Marryat:—

"61, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, *Oct.* 2, 1838.

"When humanity is concerned, I know you too well, dear Mrs. Marryat, to fear you will be displeased with my applying to you. But, before I go farther, let me explain myself: I only ask for your *good-will* towards the person in whom I wish to interest you, and for your keeping her name and case in your memory. In the event of your hearing of any rich or noble family in want of such a housekeeper, I can recommend, with a full knowledge and a clear conscience, one who would be a treasure to any family requiring such a person. As to anything farther, I took up this poor widow's case, with due deliberation on my own circumstances, which—much unlike what you once knew them—are now easy, and, I may say, affluent. If I cannot get a situation for this person, it will not ruin me should I be obliged to support her for an indefinite time: but never shall I trouble my friends about her in a *pecuniary* way. I hate those horse-leeches of charity, who go about taxing others for the objects of their protection. No; but I wish the poor widow to get the means of supporting herself and her two daughters—much more for her own sake than for mine; because I have remarked

that the acceptance of charity generally lowers the tone of human character; and this is a person who is proud at present, and whom I wish to remain so.

"Some thirty-three years ago (before I had the pleasure of knowing you), my deceased wife and I took some interest in a family, in which there was a little girl seven years old, who had remarkable beauty, and, for her years, wonderful sense, insomuch that we used to call her '*wise little Nancy.*' She was a great pet with us both. She grew up, and married a ship's captain, who traded to Egypt, and there set up as a merchant. After eight years, he died, and left 'Nancy' with two daughters, and no means! The widow, after twelve years' absence, came back to London, thinking to find many friends—but she found none but my humble self! All were dead or absent. I assure you, when she came into my chambers with her daughter—a comely child of twelve years old—she looked like one saved from a shipwreck, and who has just got ashore. 'Oh, blessed be God!' she said, 'that I have found at last one friend!' 'Well, but who are you?' for not having seen her for so many years, I knew her not—and the beauty of 'wise little Nancy' is all gone away. She said, 'I was once little Nancy T——n.' I looked at her; and, through her skin-and-bone features, could still recognise her. She told me her history with more composure than I could hear it. I retired into another room to consider what I should do, and returned, after a few minutes, full of this feeling: that, as God has prospered me, and renewed my health, I am bound to do all the good I can to my fellow-creatures, as the smallest token I can give of my gratitude to Providence!

"I told her I should befriend her, and get her some means of livelihood. Our conversation continued; and she showed me so much sense in describing the Greek

islands, and Egypt, and all the places she had seen, that I could not help saying to myself—why this *is* really 'wise little Nancy!'* Now, dear Mrs. Marryat, will you remember my protegée? She has had servants herself; and, I'll answer for it, will keep a good look out after them. I fear I must aim at getting a high salary for her, because she has two daughters (twelve and thirteen) whom she wishes to educate for governesses, and who must be in her hands for a few years. Our darling M. M.† has taken up the cause with her usual benevolence. Indeed, whether the cause succeeds or not, I am glad that it brings me among my friends of your sex—for women's hearts are always kind! . . . . T. C."

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Affecting to have become a second Elwes, he says :—

"*Oct.* 18*th.*—Well, I am now as wretched and regular an old miser as ever kept money in an old stocking! but though my mind decays, my body keeps up. I find the editing of Archdeacon Coxe to be wearisome; yet I shall have done with it in two months, and then will come down upon me 200*l.*, like Jupiter's gold upon Danaë. I am the lovely Danaë, and Colburn is my Jupiter!

"As to my private life, I have nothing that could interest or amuse you. I lead a monotonously pleasant life—breakfast at nine, read till one, lounge at the club till four, make calls and dine at home at six, and scribble again till twelve. But one has always some annoyances

* This most respectable and deserving person is now, I have reason to believe, in the enjoyment of a small pension from the Trinity House, in consequence of a petition, which was lately in my hands.—Ed.

† M. M. is the lady whom the Poet designated an "*affliction-woman,*" from the fact of her devoting so much of her time and money to the relief of the afflicted.

in life, though, I thank God, mine are slight. *Introductions* are the greatest troubles I have. Everybody seems to think that *every*body has a right to introduce *every*body to my acquaintance."* . . .

"*Nov.* 21*st*. . . I spent a very pleasant day yesterday at my Ivy-lane bookseller's, Mr. Virtue's. Our most important guest was the Scottish preacher, Mr. F——er, who had christened my bibliopolist's child. As we sat down to dinner, he said to me, 'Doctor Campbell, that child which I have just christened really does you credit; it is one of the finest babes I ever saw.' He supposed me the accoucheur—but I told him that I had no merit whatever in the good looks of the dear child. After this there was an awkward pause, to break which he *doctored* me again, and said, 'Are you acquainted with Campbell the poet?' Hem—we don't always 'know ourselves.'

"The pastor is a handsome, agreeable man; and good looks, I think, are more important for a parson's profession than for any other. He has published a book which, I think, will be of great use to the Presbyterians of all the three kingdoms. It is, in fact, introducing a liturgy into the *un*-liturgic Presbyterian service. It contains a psalm to be sung, a text of Scripture to be read, and a prayer that may be prayed on every day of the year. Now, the Scotch, in my remembrance, used to pray 'out of their own heads;' and sad havoc they often made of common sense by their extempore prayers. My own dear father's prayers (I remember them by heart) were as venerable as his own character, and as beautiful as the voice in which he repeated them. But all other prayers I ever heard in Scotland made me regret our Church's want of a Liturgy.

* Here some recent and very provoking instances are detailed.

I have bought a copy of this work, illustrated, as a marriage-present to my nephew." . . .

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"*Nov.*—Turner has given me two hundred guineas for the twenty drawings for which I paid him 550*l.*" . . .

"*Nov.* 24*th*—Have you seen my epigram to the United States of North America—the 'Slave' States—on their starred and striped banner? Here they are :—

'United States! your banner wears
Two emblems—one of Fame :
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame!
Your banner's constellation types
White Freedom with its stars;
But what 's the meaning of the *stripes?*
They mean your negroes' scars!' *

"My verses to the Queen have been set to music by Charles Neate, and are first to be sung by Russell, and then published. I have another song on the same subject, which I mean to dignify to the character of an anthem, and which Macready promises shall be sung at Covent Garden when Her Majesty visits the house :—

'Victoria's sceptre o'er the waves
Has touch'd and broken Slavery's chain;
Yet, strange Magician! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.
Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts averse to bigotry;
But she, herself the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.'—T. C."

"*Nov.* 26*th*—I saw Macready, the evening before last, at Covent Garden, as Prospero, in the Tempest. Purcell's

* This epigram, written after hearing an instance of atrocious cruelty perpetrated upon the slaves in America, was answered with ability, and some bitterness, by an "Epigram on the British flag."

music in the play is enchanting. That divine air, 'Come unto these yellow sands!' and others of Purcell, in the same piece, absolutely transported me, as they always do. How stupid are the English—they generally suppose that they had no music until Handel came! Now, I could prove to you, for I have been dipping into the history of our native music, that Handel studied Purcell, and looked up to him as a master. But our musical historian, Burney, has done sad injustice to our old national composers. He has said too little of Purcell, and from Henry Lawes he extracts the only two indifferent things he ever composed. The fact is, that England, until fifty years ago, was fertile in great musical poets. Witness her Purcell, her Bull, her Lock, her Lawes, and Arne.—I ought not to omit that Miss Tree, who played Ariel, was excellent—oh! exquisite.

"T. C."

A few days after the above date, Campbell paid another visit to Brighton; and falling, as usual, deeply in love with the fair daughters of his worthy host, thus playfully addresses them, on his return to London* :—

"*Dec.* 13*th.*—My two great little darlings.—Miss S——, I send you a copy of the engraving of Lawrence's portrait† of me. You will, doubtless, stare and sigh, and say to yourself, 'Woe's me! this may have been like poor Campbell—but it is not so now; it is a beautiful caricature of him!' Ah, yes—yes—it was taken a long time ago; and even then it was flattered. In truth, Miss S——, let me speak in the words of a heroine of * * * 's novels:—'Time and misfortune have much obliterated

* The letter is addressed "To Miss S——, care of H—— S——, Esq.," &c., with the express *caution*, "not to be opened by either father or mother!"

† "Whenever I look at this picture," he said to Miss F. W. M., "I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven."

the beauty which nature once bestowed upon me.' But, in revenge for my portrait being better than myself, believe me, that it is the dim likeness of one who sees you in the clearest light of your excellence—and who has felt your society like a charm.

"My dear Rosalind, I promised you a copy of my illustrated edition; when I had promised one to you, and not to your sister, I felt like the Neapolitan mother, who had two sons condemned to death, but was allowed to choose *one*, whose life should be spared. She could not choose—and both suffered! In like manner, my darlings, was I divided as to which of you I should send my poems; but I happened to mention the matter first to Rosy—and so she has them.

"My dear great little darlings, don't forget me—don't let that fascinating youth, who called on you when I was taking my leave, stand between us!—Remember that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a *rich* man to enter into the kingdom of heaven: and I pray you not to fall in love with Major B——rc—but leave him to trifle with the young and simple affections of Lady S——y. I beg you to conceal from your beloved parents the contents of this letter, in the most profound secresy—at the same time to offer them my profound respects. I am yours very truly, T. C."

In a short month, however, he was "off with the old love and on with the new;" and in a note to his cousin, Mrs. Johnston, in whose family circle he spent many of his happy hours, he says:—

"*Jan. 20th.*—Your son will have the goodness to read the enclosed letter before he presents it to Dr. B——. I think the acquaintance may be of use to him.—At all

events it will introduce him to one of the worthiest men in the world. Give my loving compliments to all your dear daughters, and tell Isabella * that the gossips say I composed the following song in her praise, or, if she dislikes it, she may possibly say in her *disparagement:*—

'I gave my love a chain of gold †
Around her neck to bind;
She keeps me in a faster hold,
And captivates my mind.
Methinks that mine 's the harder part:
Whilst 'neath her lovely chin
She carries links outside her heart,
My fetters are within!'—

"Adieu, my dear cousin. Am I not an old gay Lothario? "T. C."

* * * * *

An accident, from which Campbell suffered much inconvenience, and which for some time restricted his movements literally to a "*Voyage autour de ma chambre,*" occurred as follows:—

"*Feb.*—In getting out of the way of a carriage, that was about to run over me, I took a 'fast run' across the street, and made a leap upon the pavement. Some of the smaller sinews of both my legs gave way, and I was carried home in great pain. The pain, however, has abated, and the weakness is so changed, that I can now walk a hundred yards; all further distance I have to perform on wheels."

During his partial confinement to the house, he still persevered in the study of Spanish and Italian—reading

* Since married to Mr. J. Laws, of Springwell.

† It is superfluous to add that the *gold chain* to which the *extempore* refers, is preserved with religious care. The lines were set to very sweet and appropriate music.

in the latter the Sonnets of Petrarch, and consulting, among his continental biographers, those who might serve as guides in the new Life of the Poet which he had undertaken. Another scheme also appears to have arrested his attention, to which he thus briefly adverts in a note to Mr. Moxon :—

"*March* 27.—Allow me to recommend to your best acquaintance Mr. C—n. He is a great black-letter scholar, and has ideas in his mind about republishing some of our old Poets, which I think would be worth your listening to. Remember, however, my old advice to be cautious about doubtful speculations."

In reply to a letter from Woodville, he writes :—

"*April* 22*nd.* — How much I ought to thank you for these invaluable communications respecting your venerated uncle, the friend whom I have loved for forty years with every fibre of my heart. A stranger, who called upon me lately at my chambers, looked up to your uncle's picture (which dear M. gave me with her own hand), and said, 'That must be your father!' Unaccustomed as I am to be flattered on the score of my looks, I felt flattered, and said, 'Yes—he has a great share in the paternity of my mind.' I have two likenesses of Mr. Alison in my study—one, the drawing I allude to, and another—a cast* by Tassie or Henning. What a pleasant thing it is to me to hear of so many marriages in your family—you are a race that well deserves to be continued.

". . . I was drawn in, some time ago, to undertake the editing of a Life of Petrarch, by Archdeacon Coxe,

* See notice of this likeness, Vol. II.—Letters from *Sydenham* :—the other, a painting, was returned to the family after the Poet's death.

left in MS. But after having rashly promised to be the editor, I found it so stupid, that I offered in its place to write a Life of Petrarch myself. But it was a bold undertaking. Out of two octavo volumes, of four hundred pages each, I have accomplished only one, and shall consume the summer in finishing the second volume. Meanwhile, my eyes have been so affected by the smoke of my chambers, that I can work only by daylight, and so I get on but slowly." . . .

Again—thinking of his own past bereavements :—

"*May* 10*th.*—The biographers of Petrarch, and especially De Sade, make an exaggerated appeal to our sympathy, when they mention his loss from the *death of friends*, as if that misfortune had been peculiar to him out of the whole human race; but, alas! no being of sensibility has ever existed without experiencing, in the progress of life, the severest affliction from that cause. Not long after the death of Laura, on the third of July in the same year, he lost Colonna, who, according to some authors, died of the plague; but De Sade thinks he sank under grief, brought on by the disasters of his family." . . .

* * * * * *

He was now preparing the smaller illustrated edition of his Poems, on the success of which he "placed his dependence for a regular income." To defray the expenses of this edition, he adopted, as on all similar occasions, a rigid economy. He expresses much anxiety respecting the result of his experiment, which in the end proved a very fortunate one.

"*May* 14*th.*—When that little edition comes out," he writes, "I shall have a regular income for the prop of my aged days; and then will terminate my 'starving and

saving.' One part of my present starving is being obliged to pay constant court and attendance to the artist, who has taken the wood-drawings in hand. . . . Unhappily for me, the accomplishment of these 'designs' cannot be forced by *scolding;* but even if it could, there is such a simplicity and mildness about Harvey, that I should not have power to scold *him.* He has seriously promised, by the end of next week, to show me several finished drawings. After he has done his work, I shall still have to coax and implore the wood-engraver to finish *his* task; so I go every day to Harvey; for my only hope of conquering is by perseverance—like the constant dropping of water upon stone." . . .

* * * * *

"*May* 15*th*—I saw a shocking spectacle the other day, on my way to Harvey. . . . Just as I passed the Regent's Canal, an elderly female got upon the bridge and took a Sappho's leap! But it was not for love, poor creature; but from despair and poverty! The servants of a gentleman's house, on the bank, happily rushed out and saved her from perishing—though she must have leapt sixteen feet downwards. Among the crowd were two of her children—one of them, a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen. Their grief was touching. The policeman with promptitude, got a cab, and conveyed her to the gentleman's house adjacent. I saw her into the cab, and have learnt that the family have since been very kind to her. . . . On returning to the Club with melancholy, but uselessly excited feelings, I was rejoiced to meet with one of my oldest and most facetious friends. He chid me for being so dull, and told me some of his best anecdotes. One of them was, that a master chimney-sweeper had come to his house in one of the early days of May, on chimney business. At that moment the double-

drum was sounding—the ivy pyramid was pirouetting—and a gentleman with a silver laced coat, and a lady with rouge over her sooty face, were waltzing under the windows. 'Are any of your apprentices out enjoying this holiday?' said my friend to the master sweep. 'No! sir:' he answered: 'I holds it disreputable for respectable people to go about dancing and begging of a May morning. That there fellow, in the laced coat, is no better nor a dustman; and neither he nor any of his 'gang' have any title to rank as chimney-sweepers. They never clam'd a chimney in all their lives.'—So let us all try to be respectable in our vocation! T. C."

* * * * *

The event alluded to at the opening of this chapter had now arrived. His much valued friend, the Rev. Mr. Alison, was no more; and on the same day that brought him the sad intelligence, Campbell wrote as follows:—

"LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS, LONDON, *May* 20, 1839.

"MY DEAR MRS. A——,

"IN this mournful, but inevitable dispensation, everything seems to be in keeping and harmony. Our revered saint died as he had lived—in gentleness. Blessed be Heaven that spared him a suffering struggle! His benignant spirit seems to have bequeathed its benediction of peace to his dearest survivors—for the tone of your letter betokens entire command of your feelings; and dearest M——, you say, is gentle in her sorrow. Excellent, mild, and dutiful M——! the tears fill my eyes at this moment, rather for her sake than for her father's. He has lived and died honoured and beloved; and to me—for reasons which I need not recount to you—he is rather an object of envy. Yet still, from my own sensations, when I think of his darling qualities, I well appreciate

what you *all* feel. I was engaged to dine out every day this week, but I have sent my excuses, and shall stay at home, figuring myself in imagination with you, and Dr. A——, and M——, and D——. Pray imagine me beside you in presence, as I am in spirit. I would not, for a great consideration, go into gay society at present, though generally I avoid solitude, and have more of my own company than I wish for. But I never felt solitude less irksome than to-day—I prefer it. Never has my mind had a fuller tide of recollections and meditations than within these four hours—since I got your letter. I have been living over every circumstance of my life for forty years, connected with the memory of my inestimable friend; and whatever is sad in the retrospect is sweetened by the amenity of his character. Tell M—— how, more than ever, I prize the dear Portrait of him, which she gave me. The fulness of my heart's love is with you all—God bless you, my friends! T. C."

Of the character of Mr. Alison, it is here superfluous to speak—it has received homage from abler hands.—Living on terms of cordial intimacy with the great and good men of his day, he was admired for his taste, honoured for his principles, and revered for his piety. His sound philosophy, edifying conversation, and warm friendship, made an early and lasting impression on the Poet, who loved him through life, and in death mourned him, with the affection of a son. During the long lapse of forty years, as the reader has observed, his letters breathe the same spirit of reverential attachment and regard—the best eulogy that genius could offer to virtue; and to that eulogy Campbell has left nothing to be added.

During the last few years, as we have remarked, the shafts of death had been flying thick amongst the Poet's

kindred and friends; of whom, in Edinburgh alone, he had successively deplored the loss of his earliest and best;* and in London, too, many of his long cherished acquaintances had dropped off. To the narrowed circle of his friendships, he often adverted in private conversations; and one morning he said to me, mournfully, "Ah, death! death is a fine thing—if well over!" To relieve the depression under which he again laboured, and which, as usual, paralysed his literary industry, change of scene was recommended; and he went down the river by one of the steamers to the coast, from which, in evidently improved spirits, he wrote:—

"*Monday, June 24th.*—Arrived at Ramsgate, after a blowy passage of seven hours. Sat down to dinner with six fellow-boarders—two ladies and four *gents*—pieces of as genuine English frigidity, as England could produce. As I was not spoken to, I spoke to nobody, and played the indifferent to perfection. At tea, there was something like a glimmer of conversation—just enough to show that you lost nothing by the taciturnity of these *corpses*-de-reserve. The view from my bedroom window is wide, and fine on the cliff above the pier—and was there ever so fine a pier? I have seen nothing like it.—On Wednesday, I expect Mrs. Sinclair and family—till then I shall be little better than buried in a boarding-house!"

"*July 5th.*—After a day or two of Pythagorean silence at our meals, my fellow-boarders and I began to get acquainted. I found that out of the half-dozen, there were three very amiable and estimable individuals. I was also fortunate in the arrival of Alexander Sinclair and his

* Among these were his "two Alisons," two Stewarts, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Anderson, Dr. Brown, and others already mentioned in these pages; while, of his own ten brothers and sisters, only one sister, and she an aged, a helpless invalid, survived.

wife,* who is a very original and agreeable woman—though, as she says, 'a Hottentot by birth.' Their daughter, though only my third cousin, is as like me, as a good-looking girl can be to an ill-looking old man. She is a very interesting girl, and, like her third cousin the *poet*, is a very excellent person! †

* This very intelligent lady, Mrs. Sinclair, is a native of the Cape—where her family reside.

† It was "To Mary Sinclair (her aunt), with a volume of his Poems," that, in a playful mood, Campbell wrote the following parody :—

"Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
From Eaton-street, in Pimlico;
It is a gift, my love to show—
To Mary!

And, more its value to increase,
I swear by all the gods of Greece!
It cost a seven-shilling-piece—
My Mary!

But what is gold, so bright that looks,
Or all the coins of miser's nooks;
Compared to be in thy *good books*—
My Mary!

Now witness earth, and skies, and main!
The book to thee shall appertain;
I 'll never ask it back again—
My Mary!

But what, you say, shall you bestow?
For—as the world now goes—you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo*—
My Mary!

I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile, the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other Misses—
My Mary!

I ask, that, till the day you die,
You 'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetrye—
My Mary!

1804. T. C."

"*July 6th.*—I rise at six—read or write till nine—and then, except at meal-times, spend the rest of the day with my kinsfolk. . . We have a literary institution; but when we went the other evening to hear a lecture on modern poetry—I was not much edified—not that the lecturer had the bad taste to omit mentioning *me!* but, alas, he was a bad trumpeter—though he quoted a good many of my verses—and, during his discourse, my eyes were oftener fixed on the minute hand of the clock, than on the lecturer."

A few days later, after being "rendered almost aguish with the cold of Ramsgate," he was re-established in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

* * * * *

In the meantime, the "Life of Petrarch" was gradually advancing; but with ill-health, his enthusiasm in the subject had much abated; and what, at the commencement, had afforded pleasure and relaxation, was now becoming an irksome and ungenial task. He was still surrounded, however, by most attached friends; and in their society and conversation, as he often expressed it, he found the medicine of life. But as nothing was so effectual as "change of air," in his circumstances, he accepted the invitation of a mutual friend to Chatham; and on his return to "chambers"—wrote:—

"*Sept. 10th.*—I have this moment received your valued note, my dearest friend—though it is dated five days ago. The truth is, I have been at Chatham since Saturday. What sent me to Chatham? why, last week, I felt slightly indisposed, and took some powders which Dr. Beattie had prescribed for a similar indisposition. I sent for a fresh

dose and got it from the chemist—but unfortunately, there was an old dose which I had forgotten to throw away; so I compounded it with the fresh one and swallowed both. —Certain medicines when kept a day too long become poisonous.* The mistake made me very ill. Dr. B. brought me round again—but reduced to a state of distressing debility. When I recovered my legs, he said—'You require change of air. I am going to visit a friend at Chatham with my wife and sister-in-law. The steam-voyage to Gravesend will do you good—and from thence it is not a two hours' ride to Chatham. You must come with us. My friend will find lodgings for you at a nice hotel in Chatham.' Very well—I went with them; but their Chatham friend had provided lodgings for me gratuitously in the next door house of his brother surgeon to the garrison, and I found that I could not go to an hotel without offending the hospitable pride of kind people. I have therefore returned to London thus sooner than I intended. All this warm hospitality of Mr. Blyth and his family could not reconcile me to the idea of a rich old hunks like myself, accepting it for the time during which the Beatties will stay. Besides in a private house one is never so much at home as in a hotel. The worthy Mr. Blyth, with an income that exceeds not—if it reaches — hundred pounds a year, keeps a hospitable table, and maintains a family of seven or eight children—giving them the best education.

"I was glad to see Chatham, and wondered that it should be for the first time. It reminded me of the finest fortified towns on the Continent—though, alas, it would be useless against an invasion, unless the neighbouring heights that command it were fortified; and to make it

* The mistake in this case was the poet's own—not the apothecary's; for he made use of a nauseating medicine, which I had strictly forbidden.—Ed.

impregnable would require a garrison of 40,000 men. The officers showed me great politeness. It was pleasant to be on agreeable terms with the French *Militaires*—but still more to be so with the gallant officers of my own dear country. Mr. Blyth's house has a splendid terrace in front, from which you can hear almost incessantly, the sound of military music from the barracks—at a distance that mitigates the 'spirit-stirring drum,' and softens and sweetens, 'the ear-piercing fife.' In the evenings I was wrought up to a state of romance, that almost made me feel young again, when I looked down on the constellations of lights that shone on the shores of the Medway, and in the vessels in the harbour.—It is strange that among the novelties of Chatham, so small an object should have fascinated my attention as an old raven—Old Ralph—the speaking raven—the pet-bird of the garrison. The officer who showed him to me said —'Corporal'—and Ralph repeated 'Corporal!' then, 'Sentry go!' and Ralph said, 'Sentry go!' in a much more tactical style—for he laid the emphasis upon the *go!* He was stubborn, however, and they shut him up. That moment he began to cry as distinctly, as a man could do, 'Guard, turn out!' and at the same time he imitated in perfection the barking of a spaniel. Nobody knows how old this poor thing may be. They clipt his wings, in order to prevent his escape—and somebody cruelly broke one of them. Still he ingratiates himself with the sentries on duty. Some wild ravens have visited him in the garrison, and seemed to be on friendly terms with him.* T. C."

* * * * *

* This extraordinary bird having, shortly after this, had his wings clipt shorter, and been placed under arrest near the guard-house, for some offence against discipline, fell during the night into a water-butt, and was drowned.

The arrival and sojourn of his friend Mr. Thomson—a friend "of forty-four years standing"—was a source of unexpected happiness, to which he thus alludes:—

"*Sept.* 18*th*. . . . Good social conversation is my chief delight; and in this way I am fortunate at present, having my friend James Thomson of Clitheroe at his hotel, within ten minutes' walk of me. I see him twice a-day. He cannot walk, but is carried from place to place;* yet he is cheerful, and as clear in intellect as when he gained prizes at my side at Glasgow College; and his London partner tells me that he manages a business of most perplexing intricacy with a sagacity surpassed by no manufacturer in England. He laughs at people *failing* in business, and says that in 999 cases out of 1000 it is a man's wits that fail, and not his fortune. He abstains from wine and beer totally, but is as gay as if he lived freely. I admire his equanimity, in looking at the long sparkling glasses of champagne, handed about to his guests at table, whilst he pledges them in barley-water! For my own part, though I am now very cautious in my potations, I never can see that elegant liquor, champagne, without either sipping or wishing to sip it, and therefore I seldom dine with my friend Jemmy; for, though I have no palsy, I eschew wine and stewed eels,—both of which I am sure to meet with at his table. I drink plenty of tea with him, however. When he leaves town, alas! where shall I go of an evening?"

* * * * *

"I am glad to tell you that a happy change has taken place in my frame of mind regarding my manufacture of the 'Life of Petrarch.' He was a fine fellow; and (though

* Mr. Thomson was suffering at the time from a slight shock of paralysis.—*See* Vol. i., p. 112.

he loved a married woman twenty years) I admire the graces of his writing. I never, however, till lately took a *real* interest in the task before me. I so hated the perplexed histories of the Colonnas, the Viscontis, the Carraresi, and the other petty tyrants of Italy, with whom Petrarch lived in friendship, that I grinned and stamped at the necessity of burthening my memory with them; and, unless I had been bred a true Scotch Presbyterian, with a godly hatred of swearing, I should have uttered as many maledictions as Lord Thurlow did when a 'certain member' of his family would not go to church. . . ."

"I have got interested in the old Italian Republics, without a full knowledge of which it is impossible to be interested about Petrarch; and I have now got to be an enthusiast in the subject. Those fine fellows, the Colonnas, Viscontis, and Della Scalas, now attract me like the heroes of Homer. Above all, I see the glorious old King John * of Bohemia ordering his horse's bridle to be tied to the saddle-stalls of his two trusty knights at the battle of Cressy,—and, after hatcheting foes whom he could not see, lying dead amidst his followers!

"The battle of Mühldorf too, fought by 40,000 horsemen mailed from head to heel, between the rival claimants of the Empire, Lewis of Bavaria and Frederic of Austria, is a stirring scene. You shall see my description of the tragic tournament, from the sunrise reddening their plumes and panoply, to the sunset flushing their field of blood. All this is fierce, cruel history; but what would you have? history must be cruel—or it would not be history. I have got a nice little anecdote, too, about Castruccio, the tyrant of Lucca, burying alive twenty good men, with their heads downwards! A sad affair, surely—but still a god-send to

* Campbell, after reading the passage to me in MS., told me that he was resolved to make it the subject of a poem.—Ed.

the writer of history; and what difference does it make to the poor victims *now*, whether they were buried with their heads up or down?

"I can do with six hours' sleep, and walk twelve miles a-day. But pride comes before a fall; and you know that when anything ails me I am not loth to complain.

"T. C."

"*Sept.* 27*th.*—Wishing to insure the sale of a small-sized edition of my Poems—independently of the illustrated one—I have speculated to the extent of several hundred pounds, in getting vignettes engraved on wood. The artists are engaged on them, and the only resource for paying them is a sum which I am to get for a "Life of Petrarch," which I am writing; but I shall not be able to finish it and receive payment before February. . . ."

"I am in very tolerable health at present—which is very fortunate, as I have not time to recreate in the country. We are all very serious here, as I suppose you are in the north, about the weather and harvest. When I say *we*, I should except myself, for I should think it good for us to have the quartern loaf at two shillings, that the people should get fairly into a rage, and demand the abolition of the Corn Laws with clenched fists."

"*Oct.* 10*th.*—I have little to say about myself, unless it be a new thing for me to remain so long in fair health and contented spirits, though the latter are at times rather humdrum-ishly calm. Still Petrarch, Petrarch—'Scribble, scribble, scribble,' as the Duke of Newcastle said to Gibbon. God knows, all my labour may turn out the mountain in labour with a mouse; but the boldest grenadiers in literature get nervous, as they approach

the press; and as I get near the time of publication, I am more anxious to make my history of Petrarch clearer and more interesting. . . . ."

* * * * *

"*Oct.* 13*th.*—My friend Thomson still continues in town. I dined with him yesterday—no eels (emblems of the serpent that tempted Eve) no sparkling pink liquor to make the blushing morn reproach the past evening—but by agreement a glass for me of sherry, and for us both a cup of coffee. His being in town has made me dine at home, instead of the club; whither I used to repair at dinner-time, feeling that solitary eating fattens no animal but the pig. But now that I can get his society in the evening, after eating a mutton chop in my chambers, I find that a poet, as well as a pig, can dine alone. Thomson told me the other day that the artists who designed the patterns for his printed calicoes, cost him exactly 2,000*l.* a year. He keeps four of them at a salary of 500*l.* a year each. Their ingenuity for new patterns is constantly kept on the stretch, from the craving of the public for novelty; yet those artists are eminent only in their own humble way. A Callcott, or a Turner, would be indifferent designers for printed calicoes."

"*Oct.* 17*th.*—The circumstance that drew so many things from my old clothes wardrobe, is that an old woman, once a lady, called on me some time ago, and reminded me that I had been told of her good character and distress, by a most respectable family. She must have been somewhat in genteel life, for her daughter married the grandson of * * * the dramatist. With a white head and withered hand, she is now nearly eighty years of age, begging charity for her subsistence. Her son, she said, was out of employment and in want of clothes; so

you will not wonder that I gave her some old garments. But I hope what I send you will be a *sovereign* remedy for this breach of my promise to you, which was to send you all the old clothes I had."

* * * * *

"*Oct.* 18.—I told you of my having grown an old miser; but don't you follow my example. Indeed, I don't much fear that you will; only recollect, however, that you promised me some books of sermons. My poor worthy seal-engraver—I have promised to give him some volumes of that sort, and I am searching for Tillotson for him. It is strangely difficult to find a copy. He is one of the most interesting, simple creatures of nature and genius * that you can imagine. As a seal-engraver, I have an almost certain anticipation that he will one day rise to the summit of his art. I am in great hopes of being of use to him by recommendation; for he is a being whom you *can* recommend, not like many other deplorables, who are forced upon my sympathy, without the power to help them, on account of their intellectual and moral deficiencies. This young genius—and you would call him so if you saw some of his seals—is industrious, modest, and worth looking after. I told him with regard to religious books, that I should charge myself with getting a select collection of them for him. But I exacted from him a solemn promise, that he would watch over his own mind, and not at any time—as far as his own self-control could avail—allow gloomy views of religion to obtain in his mind. Depend upon it, I said, when gloomy religion lays hold of you, your mind is not far from derangement. I said this because he is of a pale complexion, a sensitive mind, a delicate constitution, and a

* This ingenious artist cut a beautiful *die* of the Poet's head.

sedentary vocation. Engravers, they say, are remarkably subject to religious melancholy."

* * * * *

"*Oct.* 19*th.*—I continue very well, and tranquilly contented. How often religious tears of gratitude towards the supreme Spirit fill my eyes, when I think that He has renewed my youth, even like the eagle's—that some of the friends dear to me as the ruddy drops that warm my heart, and you of course at the head of them, are still spared to me! . . ."

"Please bring to me, when you come, the letter I wrote to you some fifteen months ago, about the 'Domestic Manners of the West Indians.'* What a gull I was to attach belief to that work! it is ingenious, but . . . . . A young writer, whose work I will give you, exposes it to manifestation. These West Indian slaveholders are the cunningest on the face of the earth. . . ."

"Would you believe it? though I gave Miss Sheridan my poem on 'Buonaparte and the British Sailor,' gratis, the proprietor will not give me a copy of it!"

* * * * *

"*Nov.* 15*th.*—I retain my health very tolerably. Petrarch goes on soberly, but steadily; though pestiferous little doubts are for ever buzzing about—like blue flies—as to names, dates, and such trumpery facts. Moxon has thrown off 10,000 copies of an edition of all my poems, in double column, at two shillings a copy.—I hope to make well by it. I am getting more and more avaricious—at the same time, more interested than ever in public charities—above all, in the Mendicity Society. At present the payment of the wood-cuts keeps me low, but next year I expect to be rich! Whatever I can *now* spare, I mean to go to organised societies for the benefit of my own

* See Letter from Richmond, page 229 of this volume.

countrymen. After supporting the Polish Association for nine years, I mean now to take my leave of it, because it interferes with my subscriptions to other Institutions. . . . Poor fellows! I heartily pity the Poles still; and there is no doubt much suffering among them—but where can you look round, without seeing sufferings?—and our own country has the most sacred claim upon us. Oh ——! were you and I but rich enough, what masses of misery we should alleviate! . . For my own part, the last years of my chequered life are cheered by the prospect of having a residue to relieve distress, out of an income that has lately increased, and is threatened with no diminution. What can I do with the surplus?—I mean to give no costly dinners—I need no new books; a very little liquor and a pound of plain food a day, form all my luxuries—and I am free of all the theatres. T. C."

* * * * *

Much of his time was still given to Petrarch and Shakspeare. But with frequent interruptions from ill health—literary and philanthropic schemes—visits in the country—company in town—his progress was much retarded. Pressing admonitions from his two publishers were often insufficient to stimulate his industry; for, with the study of Italian, as already mentioned, he had associated that of Spanish: and though often groaning under the weight of literary drudgery, and unable to proceed with comfort, he was voluntarily adding to the burden by fresh undertakings. But his defence was, that the latter were merely adopted as relaxations—carrying his thoughts into fresh channels, and enabling him to return to the graver task with more vigour. His private letters, as usual, present a clear reflection of his life at this period.*

* The poetical lucubrations of the year consist of only a few lyrics:—"Moonlight," "Original Something," "Arnold von Winkelried," "My Child-

To one of his Sydenham friends he writes :—

"*March.*—I continue well for the present—but I doubt if I can continue the life I lead much longer. I am only six hours out of the twenty-four in bed—I study twelve, and walk six. Oranges, exercise, and early rising, serve for the present to keep me flourishing—but God knows how long this may last. . . . That Spanish language is a bore, though I could read it thirty years ago, so as always to make it out whenever a Spanish book contained anything relative to the subject I had to write about—but to converse in it is the devil's own task. It interferes with my knowledge of Italian. Lord Holland, whom I saw this morning, re-echoed my complaint, and said that the likeness of the two languages was more a hindrance than a help. This comes of language-learning when we are getting old! When I attempted Arabic at Algiers, Johan Pharaoh—a man very unlike his namesake of the Plagues—although it was his interest to retain me as a scholar—first hinted, and then plainly said, that there was 'a time' in the cleverest man's life, when his memory became less impressible to the recollection of languages—in the gentlest manner conveying that I had become an old *dunce!*

"Yet in Spanish I am not discouraged—

> 'To perseverance trust alone,
> The water-drop will wear a stone.'—

Do you know where these lines are to be found? No—you don't: for I have coined them on the spot! And who knows what may result from my *persevering* study? In my father's house, in Glasgow, there was a parrot. He talked all day long, till one king's birthday, when the fêtes of

Sweetheart," and the "Parrot," with a few translations from Petrarch—all of which are well known to the public.

the blackguard boys, with crackers and gunpowder, dumb-foundered him! For days he would not speak, but seemed absorbed in thought and study. At last, after turning his side face to you in silence for a week, he came out with a glorious imitation of a squib—phizz, phizz, phizz! One day, too, I may come out with my Spanish squib.

"I have had an agreeable incident lately in being called upon by M. Buznach,* whom I mentioned to you in one of my letters from Oran. He had the generosity to ride with me a whole day's journey from Oran to Fez, to introduce me to the patriarch of an Arab encampment—after which introduction, I was safe among the Arabs. How to return his kindness, I knew not—for he was a gentleman, and I could not offer him money; and Oran, poor place! had no shop in which I could purchase any present to make him. His coming to London was therefore a joy to me—a relief from unrequited obligation. It so happens that I can be of use to him in London. T. C."

* * * * *

The following extracts are from letters to his nephew, Robert Campbell, a youth of great promise, whom he had placed in a commercial school at Rheims,† with the view of preparing him for a situation in one of the great London houses :—

"*April 27th.*—I write to you sooner than I intended, because I perceive that you are somewhat distrustful as to your power of learning French as quickly as you would wish; but be of good cheer, my boy! You cannot acquire the language by a miracle; habit and patience alone will

* Buznach met the Poet at my house at dinner in Park-square. See notes on this incident, also, letter from Oran, Vol. iii., page 186.

† "I have sent my nephew to the continent for four years, to learn French and German, as I wish to place him, if I be alive at that time, in the counting-house of a merchant trading with the continent."—*Letter to Mr. Gray.*

render you familiar with it; and one fine morning, before the two years are elapsed, you will waken and find yourself a good French scholar.

"I was very glad to receive your letter. It confirms my opinion of you, that you are a manly person, and not fractious and quarrelsome. I know very well that you must have rubs and annoyances in your new settlement—and who is without them? But still you say that you are happy; and, without taking the expression too literally, it gives me a token that you have a spring of hope and industry within you, that will bear you into a prosperous tide of life. I know you will not abuse my confidence in you, when I say—tell me whatever inconveniences you have, and, if I can, they shall be removed. In the meantime, don't think it inconsistent when I say, 'put up with every thing until you have acquired something of the language;' for, to begin at present to make new arrangements with Monsieur Goubault, would set us all to sea again. One thing that I mean to make a future arrangement about, is, that you shall have more liberty to go about the town of Rheims—and not be confined like a child within the walls of the Academy. I have another little reformation in view more immediately, if it can be effected: Mr. Scott informs me that when he was at the school, the breakfast was bread 'at discretion,' and the liberty of the pump.—Now, although it is possible that you will keep your health upon this breakfast, as well as if you had fowls and marmalade, I do not like the idea of my nephew breakfasting on bread and water. I have therefore remitted you, by Mr. Scott, two napoleons, for the following purpose: Get, if you can, to a cheese shop, and purchase a pound of cheese—you cannot in delicacy eat this before the other students, so whip it out slily, and take a nip of it to give a zest to your bread.

"I cannot estimate your pocket-money, till I know your entire expense;—but these forty francs shall not come out of your pocket-allowance, any more than the books you buy.

"You can get no harm by going to a Catholic place of worship; and I am glad that you seem to view the matter in that light. God listens to human prayers wherever they are offered up. The Catholics have a mistaken religion; but persecution is not a necessary part of their creed. In the very reign of the 'Bloody Mary,' many true Catholics were horrified at her cruelties; and I am sorry to say that we, Protestants, have too often persecuted. Calvin and the Genevan church, which is the Mother of the Scotch Kirk, got Servetus burnt alive for being a Socinian! In fact, at one time the bulk of Christians, in whatever other points they differed, agreed in thinking that they had a right to burn others for difference of belief!—Adieu, my dear Robert, let me hear from you soon, &c. T. C."

While their correspondence was thus proceeding—the youth fell ill, his studies were interrupted; and on the 14th of July the French physician recommended that he should be immediately sent home. In the mean time, however—owing to some illusory symptoms of amendment—this opportunity was lost; and with the pleasing intelligence that his nephew "was able to resume his studies without alarm," Campbell wrote to him as follows:—

"*July 22nd.*—Your letter received this morning, gives me infinite relief.—I was annoyed beyond expression at the prospect of expense and delay in your education, and return to England; but the positive manner in which the physician announced your case being serious, left me no choice but to send for you. Now matters are completely changed, and your resolution to remain was quite proper.

Tell Mons. Goubault from me, that I am much obliged to him for the attention that has been shown you in your temporary ailment. Your friend, young Mr. Scott, will help you to interpret the message, and will you add to Mons. Goubault, that in the event of any illness likely to be more than transitory befalling you, I know too well what is due to him, to occasion your remaining with him during such illness; for it is not proper to burthen a boarding-school with a sick-scholar; but in that event (which may God avert!) we must consult about your retiring to some place, not far from Rheims, and not think of transferring you at once to your 'native air.'—The physician of course knows the general treatment of your complaint better than I can pretend to know it; but assuredly, both he and Mons. Goubault are utterly deceived as to the climate of Glasgow — *our* native climate. It is a cold, raw, wretchedly wet climate—the very nursery of sore throats and chest diseases.—If you had come home, and if I had found your bronchitis worse, or your chest threatened, I meant to have sent you to Devonshire or the Isle of Wight.—The North of Scotland, for a pectoral or throat complaint? God help us!

"I hope and trust that your health will improve and continue sound; and that you will not forget your promise to be punctiliously accurate in keeping a double-sided book, with the creditor on one side, and the debtor on the other, noticing the express purpose for which every expense is incurred.—Pray attend also to the computation of French and English money; for your letter, before the two last, written, I dare say, under indisposition, was inaccurate on the subject.—I have written to you about your *four* years' education; I dare say you think me a man who mean what I say.—I can further assure you that I have laid aside a sum, which, in the event of my death,

before the end of the four years, will be sufficient to support and educate you, frugally, during whatever part of the unexpired term may remain at my death.* T. C."

* * * * *

In a letter to Mrs. A——, with a proof engraving of "Latilla's Child," the infant heroine of his poem, he says :—

"*Aug. 26th.* . . . I am projecting a new volume of poetical pieces, not contained in any hitherto edition. Some of the projected volume is not yet written.—I fancy I am in my dotage, for I am smitten with such a passion for having vignettes affixed to my poems, that if I had a large fortune, it is to be feared that I should squander it on them. In this project for a new series of steel engravings, I am stuck fast in the mud, however, by poverty. I have got two vignettes—this one for the girl-poem, finished—and another on Napoleon and the British seaman, nearly finished—but they will cost me about 100*l.* the two ; and that is but the tenth part of what the vignette illustration

* In less than a month the symptoms were much aggravated ; Campbell came to me in great distress about his favourite nephew ; and as no time was to be lost he was immediately recalled. To his nephew he writes :—"It is my wish and request that you will come to London as soon as you can, and by such stages as will not fatigue you. . . . The best place for you will be the mild climate of Devonshire. . . . I have no distrust in the humanity of the French ; but in such a state of health, you ought to be nearer to your relatives.—As soon as you can fix a day for setting out, drop me a line —as I must provide a comfortable lodging for you near to me, where Dr. Beattie will immediately see you, and give his opinion of your case. God bless and preserve you, my dear nephew. T. C."

On his nephew's arrival in London, Dr. Johnson and I saw him ; but the case was quite hopeless ; and after a short visit to his brother, Mr. Alexander Campbell, this very amiable and intelligent youth was removed to his mother's house in Glasgow, where he died at the early age of twenty. His death was much felt by Campbell, as another severe blow to his hopes.

of a volume—even a small one—would cost. As borrowed money must be repaid, it would be of no use borrowing the money. I was thinking, as forgery is not a hanging matter *now*, whether I might not risk raising the sum in that way; but on reflection, I thought it would be both discreditable to myself and painful to my friends, if I were to be transported for forgery! Another thought struck me, viz., to marry some rich old widow—but after all, it might be worse to be yoked to an old Gorgon, than even to be hanged for forgery. So I must try to pinch and starve, till I can, year by year, scrape together the money in an honest way.

"To be serious. As it may be possible for me, in no great length of time, to get some score of vignettes—such as the child's picture—accomplished, I shall be anxious to keep the few copies of each plate that is struck off as little known to the public as possible, and so a very few impressions have been taken. The darling child is about the same age as M—— was, when I first knew her, and so I was anxious that she should have the only copy I could spare. . . . Give my best respects to Dr. A——. His pamphlet on the Poor Laws is the best work that was ever published on the subject. I have felt grateful to him over and over again for writing it. Believe me your affectionate friend, T. C." *

* * * * *

"*July 15th.* . . I wish to get Lawrence's portrait of me copied for Lord Holland, who has expressed a desire to that effect; and, as I can refuse nothing to my earliest patron,—especially when he requests to have what was once my similitude in his library,—I have promised to

* In a P.S. to this letter, he speaks of setting off for Italy in November, and returning to his own loved Scotland the following May.

apply to you, to forward the original to London, that I may have it *well* copied. You may depend upon having it back safe and soon.—Apropos to portraits! I have been importuned to sit for one to Latilla, the painter of that lovely child, on whose picture I made a poem. But, as I am not so beautiful as the child, he has not been so fortunate in making me the subject of his pencil. . . . Being unable to sleep of a morning,* I get up very early; and, when the painter comes, I am returned to a state of drowsiness. The limner has caught this somnolent expression to a miracle, and has made me the stupidest-looking old fellow that ever scribbled verses! The portrait, now on the eve of being finished, is, unfortunately for me, most *exceedingly* like! . . . T. C."

The suspense he had lately suffered on account of his nephew, with the near prospect of his untimely death, told very sensibly upon Campbell's health: and, resorting to the old experiment of change of scene, I proposed a visit to Chatham. A launch was to take place; and as we felt sure that a spectacle, which he himself had so admirably described,† would infallibly arrest and divert his attention, arrangements were immediately concluded. A flattering invitation was forwarded to the Poet—preparations were made to receive him with due honour; and, in company with a few private friends, we proceeded to Chatham. The events of the day are thus condensed from the published account:—

"*Sept.* 29.—The launch of two ships of war at the same port, on the same day, is an event but very rarely recorded in our annals; and as the

* He was suffering from rheumatism at the time. The portrait is still unfinished. This letter is addressed to Mr. Thompson.

† In his *Specimens of the British Poets.*

'BARD OF HOPE' happened to form the most distinguished integer in the countless spectators 'there to see,' it may be pardonable to characterise the great gathering in connection with the occasion that called it forth, in words which mental memory must ever, we opine, mark as her own—'like angel visits, few and far between.' The business of the day commenced with the launch of the Polyphemus steamer, a vessel in many respects peculiar, of the burden of 800 tons, and so appointed as to perform alternately with ease the double duty of a roomy transport or a ship of war. The slip or descent was not only steady, but sublime and beautiful; and the moment spray arose—as she dipped in and careered through the briny deep—the welkin literally rung with *vivas*, as deafening to most ears as the cannon's roar. Pending this launch, a different set of carpenters were busy undoing all the fastenings of a ship of the line—a two decker, named the 'London,' mounted in the meantime for ninety-two guns, but which may carry hereafter a hundred or more. Half an hour or more elapsed between acts first and second of the marine drama; and during the whole interval expectation stood so completely on tiptoe, that 'the boldest held his breath for a time.' As the last holdfast or keeper was removed, away the 'London' glided most majestically, cheered by at least twenty thousand voices—some afloat, some on board of vessels moored—the spectators densely ranged on the quays, and no inconsiderable number scattered over dizzying artificial heights, better befitting the wings of a bird than the temporary occupancy of human beings.

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"The ceremony being graced by the presence of THOMAS CAMPBELL, whose unequalled anthem, 'Ye mariners of England,' was sung in a full chorus (*seventy* voices); the national enthusiasm, I may truly say, literally soared to heaven during the glorious burst—

'Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.'

It is impossible to imagine anything more befitting the launch of a British ship of the line; and the effect was obviously heightened by 'rumours of war,' and the boasts so often made of the growing potency of the French marine. So far as I can judge, the feeling was universal, that, should the tug of strife again come, she will play her part, valorously and well, against the mightiest Frenchman that ever floated.

* * * * * *

"A splendid *déjeûner* was given after the launch, by J. Fincham, Esq.,

the naval architect, to about eighty of the most distinguished gentlemen who had attended. After the toasts of the day, the Queen, &c., had been loyally and enthusiastically drunk, Mr. Fincham, in a very elegant and pointed address, proposed the health of 'the Poet Campbell,' which was drunk with three times three, and immense cheering; while the band in the inner court struck up the appropriate air, 'The Campbells are coming!' On returning thanks:—

"'I rise,' said the Poet, 'peculiarly unfitted, in one respect, for the duty of expressing my gratitude to the present company on this occasion. I am unwell—I believe principally from anxiety about the termination and success of the mighty spectacle which has been finished so gloriously before you. I should have been worse but for the presence of my right hand neighbour, who has administered to the corporeal and spasmodic affection on the outside of my heart which much afflicted me. I may well say of Dr. Beattie—

'Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song!'—

but I beg to remark that I allude to pain on the *outside* of my heart. In the inside of my heart all is healthful and exulting! I have witnessed a spectacle that, mentally speaking, shall ever dwell in my heart of hearts; and if I had a thousand hearts they would have been all filled to the brim at witnessing this sight. A ship of the line fit to encounter any ship that ever floated on the waves, has been launched before 20,000 spectators. The "London" has been launched! In future she will do honour to our country in the nights of danger, and the days of battle, at the ends of the earth which she shall visit, and in all that she has to do and suffer for her country.—At present she does more immediate honour to the talented man who constructed her, Mr. Fincham our present host. Well may he look upon her with pride. When she slipt from her cradle, my friends, and when she swung round after dipping in the water, did you ever see so magnificent a creature? No! I hear you reply; and let us turn with looks of gratitude to the framer of the ship. My friends, I am a *poet*, and poets are very proud of their art; but with all our poetical art, I do not think we could have constructed a thing half so poetical as this noble ship "London," which has just been launched.—At least I know that if all our wits were combined, we could not write poems sufficient for her praise. No, it would require more than a poet—it would require a *prophet* to predict the future glory of the "London," and the unworthiness of Poetry here gives way to Prophecy.

"'I need not tell you that the honour which you have done me in

causing my song of the "Mariners of England" to be sung on this occasion, has given me peculiar pride and pleasure. Whatever my verses may be, their being sung at this spectacle connects me more nearly with our nation. I have always loved my mother country; but now I feel as if, by special endearment, she were pressing me closely to her maternal breast!—Allow me, my friends, to propose the health of Mr. Fincham.'—which being drank with enthusiasm, Mr. Campbell sat down under loud and continued cheering.

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"Seldom has an afternoon passed, within the great naval arsenal of Chatham, attended with so much real harmony, and so many exhilarating circumstances.

"The following day, Dr. Rae, Physician to the Hospital, gave a dinner and evening party, at which most of the rank, beauty, and talent of the place were invited to meet the Poet Campbell. Music and song, both promoted and shared in by the Bard himself, enlivened the evening.

"Mr. Alexander Blyth had the honour of entertaining the Poet under his own roof during his visit; and on Wednesday he returned to town, restored in health, and preparing, as we are happy to learn, a new naval anthem. It is now fully expected that the 'Mariners' will be sung at the theatres, and become an appropriate accompaniment to every launch."

The result of this spectacle was the following lyric—the "Launch of a First-rate," which may take its place with the best of his naval odes:—

"ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
Mightiest child of naval art!
Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean
Takes thee smiling to his heart.
Giant oaks, of bold expansion,
O'er seven hundred acres fell,—
All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our 'hearts of oak' shall dwell:
Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
Ages long ere we were born;
There—our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting horn!
Oaks! that living, did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,

Still robust—the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die!
Ship—to shine in martial story!
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,
Freighted with BRITANNIA'S glory,
And the thunders of her wrath!
Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee—
Threatening havoc to their deck—
When afar they first descry thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck!
Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast;
While our tars, in pride and duty,
Nail thy colours to the mast.—T. C."

Dec. 5th.—At a meeting held in the British Coffee House, for the establishment of a club * for the middle classes, Campbell was invited to take the chair; and from his amusing speech on that occasion, I venture to present the following light but characteristic extracts:—

". . . . Your project is not new to me; it has long been a subject of my thoughts. In looking round the Club-houses of London, I have said to myself—'How is this? All the rich men of the metropolis—all who are ambitious to be thought rich—the titled men—public men—University men—naval and military men—all have built themselves palaces of social resort. But the vast and valuable class—they, who can neither afford the palace Club-house of lords, nor descend to the gin-palace of dustmen,—the *middle class*, who constitute morally the very thews and sinews of society—who are too respectable to make the public-house their daily haunt—yet have a natural yearning for society—for conversation—for the sight of books and newspapers, that may give them a coloured map of public events—how is it that they (as if destitute of gregarious instinct) have built for themselves no houses for social and sober resort?' The question is satisfactorily answered by the present meeting. . . .

"Your intended association has for one of its chief objects, that of making men independent of the tavern; and unexempted to superfluous

* This was to be called the *Alpha Club*, and "to be followed by an Alphabet of Clubs on the same principle."

compotation. Though not rich myself, I belong to a West End club, and as expensive, I believe, as any in London; but were its subscription doubled, I should not quit it—so agreeable is the companionship I find in it. This Club is the solace of my life. A tuft-hunter once hinted that he would patronize us—which I was determined he should not do. 'Are you *all* gentlemen in the *Clarence?*' 'Yes, every inch of us.' 'But have you any noblemen?' 'Not one.' 'Ha—I suspect none of your members have ever risen high in the world.' 'What?—have not three of our members—one of them an M.P.—ascended in a balloon? If that is not high in the world, I know not what is.'" . . . . .

"Clubs, I must confess, are more important to *un*married than to married men: but no man will be the worse husband for having access to publications which he cannot have at home,—and to the conversation of sober extra-domestic society. The old Athenians, our fathers in civilisation, had friendly associations for mutual protection against poverty—in fact *Benefit Clubs*, and from these they certainly did not exclude *married* citizens. The clubs of antiquity, however, remind me of a very quaint argument drawn from the latter against clubs—namely, that married men should resign them; because Hercules, under the dominion of his wife, laid aside his club! But I protest against this perversion of a classical fact. Omphale, the lady-love of Hercules, was not his *wife;* she was his mistress—and his mistress with a vengeance! She took away from him his only manly toggery—his lion's skin—the *Mackintosh* of the heroic ages—wore it herself—cudgelled the hero with his own club—set him to *spin*—and, whipping off the buskins from her pretty feet, walloped his ears with them whenever he was lazy at the distaff—as if he had been a classical prototype of Jerry Sneak. But I beg pardon—Hercules sneaked not to a *wife*, but a mistress; and this is clearly no argument for a married man resigning his Club." . . . . .

"I once projected a Club on the most frugal plan that could be devised, consistent with respectability. . . . . I made a round of the London eating-houses—not as an amateur of eating, but as a student of *prandiary statistics*. I can speak of those places as confidently as the Indian could speak of the Bishop. 'Had he known the worthy prelate?' 'Oh, yes, and liked him vastly.' 'But how did you happen to know him?' 'I ate a piece of him—*j'en ai mangé!*' Now, though I cannot say that in all instances 'I liked them vastly,' I can speak of the eating-houses from trial. I was surprised in one respect, by the cheapness and goodness of the meat—in another, I was disappointed at the total absence of the picturesque. Where are now the glorious hay-loft *ordinaries*, described by Smollett?—where the hungry diner ascended by a ladder—and where

his *gradus ad Parnassum* was not restored till his dinner had been *paid* for?" . . . .

"But the advantage of such a Club as you propose does not stop here. It will give the moral benefit of gradually-increasing acquaintance with respectable and known men. . . . . What gives the resident of town a quicker faculty of thinking and uttering his thoughts than the rusticated person? It is the circumstance of his living in a denser state of society, where, as iron sharpeneth iron, the man of wit is whetted by contact with the wit of others. . . . . The Club is a place of placid resort without solitude. It is not a *rus in urbe*—but an *urbs in urbe*—a city within a city, to the happy members of a well-organised association." . . . .

"I have counselled you to frugality; but though (as Burke thundered out in the House of Commons) thrift is a mighty revenue—*magnum vectigal est parsimonia**—yet that virtue itself may be carried too far. Imagine not from my saying this, that I rescind one *iota* from my reverence for *true economy*—the *child of wisdom, and the mother of independence*. If I am the slave of no man, or party, I owe the independence of my life and principles to the *frugality* of my living. . . . ."

"Be not hasty in this affair, as regards the admission of members:—better that ten good candidates should be excluded than one bad one admitted. You have an enviable privilege in the power of constructing a good Club. Fletcher of Saltoun said, 'Let me make the popular songs of a country, and I will allow you to make the laws.' But were I a legislator, I should say—in place of song, let me *construct the popular Clubs of a nation*."

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* Non intelligunt homines quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia.—Cic.

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORIA SQUARE, PIMLICO.

As the winter commenced, Campbell made preparations for another change of domicile. Having felt the loneliness of his chambers, he longed for the comforts of domestic society; and with his niece, whom he had educated, and now invited to superintend his ménage, he took the lease of a house in Victoria Square,* Pimlico. This was a serious and ill-advised step; for it involved him in expenses and difficulties which he had neither calculated nor foreseen; but the arrangements he had made were so encouraging, that he saw only the bright side of things, and looked to his new house as a new era of happiness. Pimlico had been the first resting-place in his public career; and he felt a sort of impatient yearning to return to it—not without a presentiment, perhaps, that it might be his last: and while fancy was surrounding his hearth with old familiar faces, he writes:—

"*Jan.* 23*rd.*—I am so much in love with my new house in Victoria Square, that I have resolved to put off my journey to Italy, till I have finished and entered it—nay warmed it with a dinner to my friends in May! . . . ."

* * * *

* This house, No. 8, was to be finished early in the year, with possession in May or June.

"I got a letter from my sister at Edinburgh a few days ago, written, of course, by her companion, Miss Boston: 'So you are *to be married*—that is reported and quite certain. Oh, my good brother, is not this a rash step at your years? Have you consulted M——?' My answer was—I have neither consulted M—— nor any one else; for I did not hear that I was for *certain* to be married, till I got your letter. But why should you be surprised that I should commit matrimony at my young and giddy age? for I am only *sixty-three!* I must nevertheless request you to obtain for me exact information as to the name, condition, &c., of the lady to whom I am to be married; for I protest I have no recollection of having obtained a promise, these many years back, from any unfortunate woman, to love, honour, and obey me. I suspect there is some mistake in the whole report. . . . T. C."

"*Feb.* 24*th.*—More than two months ago, my Petrarch was finished, and the press ought to have got it out in a month. But the compositors have slumbered over it; partly, perhaps, from the soporific matter of the work. It will not be published till the middle of March—no fault of mine. If I were to start *now* for the continent, *i. e.* in the middle of March, I should not have three whole months for my tour, which is too short a time for surveying the Ausonian land, as I must be back in June. In that month I must take possession of my new small house in Victoria Square. I have determined, therefore, to postpone my transalpine expedition till the autumn; and, if you are to be in London in the spring, I shall be here, and possibly in my new house, to receive you. But let me know what your intended movements are; and do not let that dear witch, M——, who bewitches everybody, throw her broom-stick across your purposes.—Ah! my heart beats at the

prospect of seeing you all. A trip to Sydenham—a visit to Westminster Abbey! T. C."

* * * * *

To conclude some family arrangements, he now made a short visit to Glasgow; and, having obtained Mrs. A. Campbell's consent to part with her daughter, he expressed his intention of providing for her. After enumerating the sources of his "literary wealth," "I shall thus," he says, March 29th, "be able to bequeath to her the means of independence after my decease. She need not come to London till the middle of May; and then, in my new house, she shall be as welcome as the flowers of that month. It will be an amusement to me to instruct her mind whenever she chooses. But assure her from me, that she need not fear being set to learn more than she really wishes; and she must not *greet* at parting from her mother, for I will send her back on a visit to you as often as she likes. She shall have a nice new piano-forte, and a music as well as a dancing-master; and tell her that she must attend *seriously* to her dancing."

* * * * *

Of his flying visit to Glasgow, the following letter to Mrs. Fletcher presents some interesting and characteristic particulars:—

"*March 30th.*—Well knowing your friendly interest in your most unworthy friend, I think it my duty to inform you that owing to the prescription of Dr. Alison, and my immovable resolution in refusing all invitations to dine out,—during my residence of five days at Glasgow, with my cousins, the Grays,—I recovered my health in perfection; and that, setting out from thence on Wednesday last, I arrived here on Thursday evening, after having

travelled from Lancaster that day 236 miles by the railway, in twelve hours!

"At Glasgow I called on our friend Dugald Bannatyne, and the meeting filled me with measureless content. Oh! talk of your Claude Lorraine sunsets! What are they to the declining years of a great and good mind? Dugald is as fresh in spirits and intellect as you or I. He is confined to his house, it is true; but he reasons—he argues—and enjoys a joke and returns it as heartily as if he were only twenty. I was unfortunate in not seeing Mrs. Stark, who was ill in bed with the influenza; but the sight of the venerable patriarch of liberalism made some amends for missing that of his daughter. Dugald was seated in his parlour, with his still beautiful old partner beside him—I beg pardon for calling her old, for she looks still as young as any of us. She had been reading to him; and I observed that when he used the word *reading*, he always said *we*. I scarcely think there has been a happier pair since the days of Adam before the fall.

"There is a picture of the worthy in the Chamber of Commerce of Glasgow. My first impulse was to get some great artist to paint his portrait in the consummate beauty of his old age, but my purse would not allow me to obey the impulse. Can we not, however, have an engraving of Graham's portrait in the Chamber of Commerce? Graham's consent must be first obtained, and then I will undertake, at my own cost, to have a first-rate line-engraving of that picture—depending on the subscription of his friends for copies. Dugald Bannatyne must not be forgotten. He has fought the good fight, from first to last; and he has fought it with benevolence, for no one could ever be his personal enemy. He was a reformer when it was not so easy, as it is now, to be a reformer.—I have left a commission with my friend Gray, in Glasgow,

to obtain permission to have his portrait engraved, and when I hear from Gray I shall let you know.

"Though I had not the pleasure of dining with you, I am delighted with my visit to Duncliffe. I rejoiced to see you all in such prime health. Angus, I venture to predict, will proceed rapidly to eminence in his profession. Your little progeny did good to my heart by their smiles and kisses, and your very dog seemed to know that I was *a friend of the family.*

"At Glasgow I found the only son of my brother, who remains in Scotland—a fine young man, and likely to flourish if he lives. But alas! he has the look of consumption. His condition called me to think of his only sister remaining in Scotland—a sensible girl of seventeen or eighteen. If her brother should die, she will have no protector. I have therefore invited her to London, to live with me,—I should say as long as I live. . . T. C."

* * * * *

The Poet's love for children, and the delight with which he talked and listened to them, were beautiful features in his character; and, though often noticed in these pages, are finely illustrated by a little incident which occurred in one of his evening walks, at this time, which he has thus recorded:*—

"I hold it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty.
They 've least the taint of earthly clod—
They 're freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The Heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

* See the whole Poem—his "*Child Sweetheart*"—as published in the last Edition, p. 344.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of Beauty's mould. . . ."
"The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
I stopped the enchantress, and was told,
Tho' tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore,
I could not ask a question more. . . .
'Twas then I with regret grew wild—
Oh beauteous, interesting child!
Why asked I not thy home and name?
My courage failed me—more 's the shame.
But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart, and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more!"

Haunted by this infant beauty, and finding, after many inquiries, no clue to her name and family, he resorted to the last alternative of advertising her in a morning paper.* This also failed; for although he received various answers — some in jest, others in earnest — the name of the faëry child remains a profound secret. After many days' suspense he writes :—

"*May* 12*th.*—No word yet of my little darling seen in the Park. I am afraid she is gone down, like the President steamer, never to be heard of more! Yet I have letters, and *not* hoaxing ones, from people who believe that the child I was smitten with was their own child. One simple mother writes to me that she is sure her own *boy* was my

* *April* 19*th.*—A GENTLEMAN, sixty-three years old, who, on Saturday last, between six and seven, p. m., met, near Buckingham Gate, with a most interesting-looking child, four years of age, but who forbore, from respect for the lady who had her in hand, to ask the girl's name and abode, will be gratefully obliged to those who have the happiness of possessing the child, to be informed where she lives, and if he may be allowed to see her again. A letter will reach the advertiser, T. C., at No. 61, Lincoln's-inn-Fields.

admired child. Now the child I was so enchanted with was a female; and I, who have loved children all my life, know that *he*-children are never, in beauty, to be compared with she-ones.—Oh! if Nature had made me a painter, instead of a poet, what enchanting children I should have painted for you! Only to-day I met with two little angels, from two to three or four years old—girls, of course. I took them each in one hand. They both looked up to me first with endearing simplicity; then they smiled, and shook hands with me. Yes—Heaven melts children into its own shapes. T. C."

* * * * *

"P. S.—You perhaps think me a wild enthusiast in speaking of children. But I speak of them not unadvisedly. I study them; and my theory, on conviction, is, that infantine female beauty is infinitely superior to male. By *beauty*, I mean that *melting* of human lineaments into simple concord, which resembles the union of musical notes into simple melody. I would not argue with a person who knew so little of this subject, as to set the beauty of boys in momentary comparison with the beauty of female children. In boy-beauty—even at two years old—there is always some breaking out of the he-devil. But to worship woman completely, you must begin with her from her childhood; yea, before her charms can excite any other feeling than pure admiration of the workmanship of Heaven—before you anticipate anything more than her full mental charms. And are we deceived in the anticipation? No—the grown woman proves herself a heavenly refinement on man. Ask history which of the sexes has been most heroic, and it will answer *woman!* Ask the hospital surgeon whether man or woman bears operations more herocially? and you foreknow his answer—*woman!* It shocks you more to

see a woman drunk than a man. What is the cause? A woman is the purer being. I have been fortunate in my friendships with men: yet, altogether, if I were reduced to the most desolating misery, I should fly for consolation to my female friends.—God bless you. T. C."

* * * * *

For several weeks previous to this date, Campbell was immersed in the twofold cares of "flitting" from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and furnishing his new house in Victoria Square. In the latter instance, he was guided by the advice of an elderly lady of much taste and experience in household arrangements; and, remembering the "furniture fascination"* into which he had been led on a former occasion, he now considered himself as acting with exemplary caution and frugality. I seldom met him, indeed, without being taught some lesson of economy and prudence, in the selection and purchase of his furniture: but, as on former occasions, the delusion vanished as soon as the upholsterer sent in his bill. His house, however, was tastefully fitted up; and, with the comforts and responsibilities of a householder to soothe and interest his mind, he congratulated himself on the change, and invited all his friends to visit him in his new residence.† His niece, Miss Campbell, had

* See account of his former residence in Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, Vol. III. p. 54.

† Of this house—the Poet's *last residence* in England—a brief description may, perhaps, interest the reader. On the right, as you entered, were two parlours, each with a window,—the front looking out upon the statue of Victoria, in the centre of the square, and the other into a small area in the rear. Beyond these were the penetralia—a square room lighted from the ceiling, ornamented with a bronze lamp suspended over his writing table—the walls lined with well-furnished book-shelves and pictures, the floor covered with a Turkey carpet, a stove in the corner, and four scagliola pedestals waiting for their marble busts. This was his library, in which he generally entertained his friends at breakfast or dinner. The upper floors contained two drawing-rooms and four bed-rooms, all neatly furnished, and presenting,

not yet arrived; but in the families of his next door neighbours, Captain Hay and Admiral Honyman, he found society and conversation well suited to his taste. The house was still farther recommended by its vicinity to his club, and the residence of his friend, Mr. Rogers, in St. James's-place; and thus settled, as he imagined for life, he began a course of lectures on classical geography, and revised the MS. poem of "Glencoe."

In the meantime, his practical benevolence, and cheerful co-operation in works of charity, laid his purse and pen under frequent contribution. Every scheme of this nature that met with his countenance and support, was tolerably sure to prosper; and the following was one of those cases which had the full benefit of his advocacy. It is thus explained in his letter to Mrs. W—se :—

"*July 29th.*—I trust I shall not forfeit any of the frank kindliness which you have been pleased to show me, in our first acquaintance, by the request which I am going to take the liberty of making. It is that of asking you for a charitable contribution towards the relief of a genteel distressed family of unexceptionable character, but of sadly interesting history. That history was made known to me by my excellent friend and neighbour, Mrs. Admiral H——. I was so much touched with it that I pledged myself—contrary to my *general* rule—to promote a subscription for the unfortunates, after contributing my own mite of a couple of pounds.* I requested leave from Mrs. H—— to mention the name of the family to those to

with no ostentation, an air of quiet comfort and independence. His domestics were two sisters, engaged at the recommendation of a friend, and one of whom (Drusilla) attended him in his last moments.

* To this sum, as I afterwards discovered, he added a loan of 50*l.*, which remains unpaid.—Ed.

whom I might apply. But she told me that the eldest son, for whom Admiral H—— has obtained a commission in the ——, as a young man coming out in the world, might be injured by the fact being made known that his family are indebted, for the present, to the charitable; so that it would be better to conceal their names. The *reality* of the case you have not only on my authority, but on that of Mrs. H——; and it is a case of real and touching misfortune.

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. W—se, for thus applying to you as if I were your old friend*—*old* indeed I am, though young in your acquaintance; and but dubiously justified, even by humane motives, for annoying you with a sort of request which, I dare to say, is your daily annoyance. At least, I know by my own experience, that not a day passes in my life without petitions for charity, with which, if I were to comply in all instances, I should not have money enough left me to procure my daily bread. Now, even if this petition should be *mal-à-propos*, don't quarrel with me, for I shall never repeat it; and I hope I shall live, in the best sense of the word, to be your *old* friend, T. C."

During the summer his health continued very unsatisfactory. He would not abide strictly by regimen; and to his other ailments was superadded an attack of rheumatism, which was sensibly relieved by the use of Dr. Green's vapour baths. Impatient, however, of the fumigating process, and hearing me speak of some German baths which I had visited, his thoughts were instantly turned to the Rhine; and, without further preparation or reflection,

* His introduction to Mrs. W., whom he justly admired for her amiable qualities, had taken place only recently at my house; but he knew that she had both the will and the means to be liberal, and would thank him for giving her this opportunity.—Ed.

as I soon learnt, he went home, and, leaving a few brief directions to his housekeeper, embarked for Rotterdam. This sudden departure caused some uneasiness among his friends; and to himself, as the following letters show, it was the source of much temporary inconvenience. After ten days' suspense, his arrival among the Brunnens of Nassau was thus announced :—

"A L'Ours Noir, Wiesbaden, *August* 7.

". . . I was knocked up on my journey hither, at Aix-la-Chapelle, and confined for four days to bed. On my way from thence I consulted the much-reputed Dr. Zoist, at Ehrenbreitstein, who gave a long—very long examination to my case. He says it is an obstinate one, and thinks that less than *two* months' use of these or other baths—such as those at Ems—will not suffice for my cure. He gave me a full sheet of directions about *diet*, &c.; and I am to report my condition to him from time to time. . . I am still weak, and in sad pain; but I must bide my time, and give a fair trial to the waters.

"Meanwhile, I am not sure that I have enough in my purse to last me out, and have a strange commission to trouble you with. It is to enter my house in Victoria Square, and take out all the money that is there. After reserving some thirty pounds to send to me when I require it, I shall be much obliged to you to pay the rest into the hands of John Travers, Esq., St. Swithin's Lane, City. You will wonder that I did not do this myself before leaving London—and indeed I locked up the bank-notes in my bed-room press with that intention. But the illness, which laid me flat at Aix-la-Chapelle, was already upon me, and weakened my memory. I was out of the river before I recollected that I had left in Victoria Square all the money that is to pay for my furniture, and to subsist

me for half a year! Have the kindness, after your use and nature, to write to me soon. Give my best regards to Mrs. B. and her sister, and believe me, my dearest B., your grateful friend, T. C."

Before I had time to execute the rather delicate commission contained in this letter, a second arrived with the following characteristic account of his journey to Wiesbaden :—

"*Aug.* 10*th.* — Unless I am doomed to receive the awful news that you found the press in my bed-room bereft of money before you got into it, (in which case I mean to drown myself in the Rhine!) pray send me fifty pounds; for this rheumatism seems a tough concern. I must give a good long trial to the baths—and living here is as dear as in London.

"When I last wrote to you, I had not spirits to give you an account of my journey. The last day of it was pleasant. Not so my sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle. The two first days I thought I was hastening to another world. The third and fourth days I rallied; and, though unable to eat, could sit up in bed and read. My doctor lent me the works of Fielding and Smollett. The latter was my idol in boyhood; he is the darling of all sniggering younkers. To Fielding I never did justice, because I could not appreciate him in my youth; but I now regard him as the better philosopher of the two, and the truer painter of life. Indeed my new opinion of him amounts to veneration, though I still rub my hands in ecstasy at the colossal shapes of the ludicrous in Smollett.

"On the eve of setting out from Aix, I saw a white-headed man, with dark dazzling eyes, eying me anxiously. What the devil, thinks I—sure I don't owe the man any money! He was in the coach that was to take us both

to Cologne. 'Campbell,' said the white-pate, 'have you quite forgot Macdonnell?'* Ah—it was my gifted—my learned—my right good friend, Macdonnell! Twenty years ago, when the worthy Wishaw, whose great favourite he was, brought him to my house, he was in the flower of youth,—perhaps about thirty. He was handsome beyond expression—a model of young manliness, with looks of noble intellect and winning benevolence. Though Irish born, he is one of the first classical scholars in the kingdom, and he has still a commanding appearance, though time has bleached his Hyperion curls. But, from Aix to Cologne, and even to Coblentz, I was too weak to converse with my welcome friend.

"On board the steam-boat that took us up the Rhine, we met Hallam, of the Middle Ages. All our first day on this river, I found my memory so weak, that I could not recollect the names of several authors to whom I alluded in my conversation with the two *savants*, though their works were familiar to me. But the second day, from Coblentz to Biberich, my spirits lighted up under a sun that brightened everything. It was a triumphant thing to look up at the old castles on the hill-tops, and to contrast, in them, the ruins of ancient, with the glory of modern art, as manifested in the ship that was *wheeling* us up the stream, amidst the vineyards, all green down to its banks. It reminded me of Virgil's description of Neptune's car—

> Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
>
> ÆNEID, lib. i., l. 147.

"During that day I had more of Macdonnell's conversation to myself; and it awoke in me delicious remembrances of classical poetry, which were sinking—sinking—I may almost say, into a swoon of death! He made me

* The Right Hon. T. Macdonnell, P. C.

promise to publish my letters on Greek Literature, and especially to fight over again a good fight for the unity of the author of the Iliad and Odyssey. We could not, he said, prevent the partition of Poland, but we might slaughter the would-be partitioners of Homer.—I have always been an advocate for educating the great mass of mankind in practically useful instruction, rather than in classical literature; because the latter—particularly its poetry—is a luxury untasteable to nineteen minds out of twenty. The aroma is too fine for their nostrils. It is like cultivating acres of violets and roses for men who have not the sense of smell. But Macdonnell is one of the classical scholars who enjoys Greek poetry with all his heart, and I felt the contagion of his enthusiasm.

* * * * *

"We had also in the steamer the Prince Galitzin. I was the only one on board to whom he spoke—perceiving, I suppose, a peculiarly *philo*-Russian cast in my physiognomy. He is a poor, sickly creature, with the print of deadly consumption on his countenance.

"The bath has hitherto provoked, rather than allayed my rheumatism. Like a garrison that sees itself besieged, the dear, brave rheumatism makes a sally upon its besiegers. But I like the air of the place, in spite of its unseasonable weather. The waters, too, have acted as a *tonic* upon my general health, and my spirits are very good, except when I dream of my *bed-room press* having been plundered before you reached it! I attend a table-d'-hôte daily; and from my observation, I draw an irresistible conclusion that the Germans eat twice as much as the English. I can even perceive among them more fat figures than among ourselves—men who carry about with them two hemispheres—one before and one behind—as thus.* The

* This is illustrated by some grotesque sketches of obesity.

two hemispheres are like the two halves of the earth thrown a little off their balance.

"With love to all at home, and *indescribable impatience* to hear from you, I remain your affectionate friend, T. C."

After a hasty perusal of this letter, I went to my solicitor; and, with his advice and concurrence, we proceeded to the Poet's house, in Victoria Square. There we called upon his next door neighbour, Admiral H——; and having explained the object of our visit, Mrs. H—— kindly offered to assist us in the scrutiny. The servant left in charge of the house, showed us into her master's bed-room, where the press or wardrobe stood, in which he had left the money. This repository was opened without difficulty—for it appeared even doubtful whether it had been locked. The contents—consisting of articles of dress, books, and table furniture, but without any appearance of method in their arrangement—were carefully examined, but no money was discovered. Then came the question, What was to be done next? His request was urgent; he was suffering under great suspense, and having, probably, in his haste to leave home, mistaken the repository, we considered it our duty to examine every room in the house. Portmanteaus, table-drawers, coat-pockets, and even canisters were emptied, but not a trace of the bank-notes was to be found. Even our lawyer's ingenuity was foiled; and we were driven to the painful conclusion that the money —unless the Poet's memory deceived him—had been purloined.

To prevent misapprehension, his letter was again taken out and read; but there was no mistake—"the press in my bed-room" were his words; and to that repository we again ascended. It was ransacked from top to bottom, as if we had been taking an appraiser's inventory—but still,

there was no money. The solicitor shook his head—spoke of burglaries, and the folly of leaving houses in the charge of mere strangers, with bank-notes in the bed-rooms. "It was, to say the least, very imprudent." But what chiefly weighed on my mind was, how I should be able to break the subject of his loss to the owner. Under the worst circumstances, indeed, I had no fear of his "drowning himself in the Rhine," as he had threatened; but his health and spirits were low, and not likely, as I well knew, to rally upon an empty purse. But the search, as we thought, was hopeless; and the only thing we could do was to leave the room as we had found it.

In shutting the press doors, however, the point of a red embroidered slipper—I shall never forget it—stood in the way. Taking it in my hand to push it back, it felt hard; and looking nearer, I saw it was stuffed full of white paper matches—such as are used to light candles. One of these, out of mere curiosity, was unrolled—for it was twisted like whip-cord—and to our surprise and delight turned out to be a ten-pound Bank of England note. Here was, undoubtedly, the treasure referred to in his letter! and continuing the interesting process, every little distinct bit of paper that was unfolded made a similar disclosure. He had playfully boasted, as we have seen, of having suddenly turned miser—of hoarding his "money in an old stocking," &c.; and from the stocking, by some unknown process, it had dropped into the slippers. But however that might be, the discovery was an unspeakable relief to his friends; and at last, when both slippers had been fairly stript of their precious lining, we found that the product, in genuine bank-notes, amounted to upwards of three hundred pounds. The money was immediately disposed of as his letter directed; and the same day I had the pleasure of forwarding to him his banker's receipt, with

a report of our domiciliary visit. I have told this anecdote literally as it happened; but I could never elicit from Campbell what motive had induced him to intrust his money to so precarious a receptacle. He only laughed—"was glad I had found it"—admitted the "security was but slippery," and thought it must have happened "after putting on his nightcap."

To return to his letters: In the following, dated from the "Schwartzbaären, Wiesbaden," and addressed to a friend at Sydenham, he resumes the account of his journey.

"*Aug.* 14*th*.—Macdonnell is one of the few who has felt all that he has read in the classics. He taxed my powers of recollection to the utmost to keep up with him in quoting favourite passages. Some of the bystanders listened to us with apparent curiosity, but seemed to go away in the full belief that we were a couple of maniacs. Among the passengers we found the historian of the Middle Ages. Hallam is a most excellent man, of great acuteness and of immense research in reading. I believe him to have neither gall nor bitterness; and yet he is a perfect boa-contradictor!* . . His powers of study are like those of the scholars of the Alexandrian Academy, whose viscera were alleged to be made of brass—χαλκέντεροι.

"During our passage up the Rhine, we remarked new and modern renovations of some of the ruined castles.

* In another letter, highly complimentary to the Historian, he adds: "He baits Sidney Smith himself, with his provoking accuracy as to matters of fact. Smith once said to me—'If Hallam were in the midst of a full assembly of scientific men; and if Euclid were to enter the room, with his Elements under his arm, and were to say—"Gentlemen, I suppose no one present doubts the truth of the Forty-fifth Proposition of my first Book of Elements"—Mr. Hallam would say—'Yes, *I* have my doubts.'"—*Letter, August* 10.

Whatever time may do for these patchworks, their juvenile antiquity has but a childish look at present. I remarked this to Hallam, and accused him of having occasioned it by diffusing an overtaste for the Middle Ages; but he denied it with his usual obstinacy! Again I fastened blame upon him, when several young gentlemen appeared on deck with mustachios like pitchforks—long black hair—and beards like living pictures of the fourteenth century. All this, I said, comes of your Middle Ages, Mr. Hallam! You have turned young people's heads, and have much to answer for—but he only laughed at the charge. . . .

* * * * *

"The scenery of the Rhine looked superb. The old feudal fortresses, rearing their gray heads on the hill tops—high over long slopes of vivid green vines—showed the sky through their windows, and took the mind back to barbarous times: whilst in contrast with the ruins of ancient architecture, you saw the glory of modern art in the wheels of the steam-boat. On gliding up the stream of water, one could not help one's thoughts gliding up the stream of time to the days of Crusades, and minstrels, and mailed chivalry!

"I like Wiesbaden very much. . . These waters and baths are doing such wonders for my general health and spirits, that if my rheumatic paroxysms would only abate a little—methinks I could compound for moderate *rheum*, to be always thus otherwise well and cheerful. The water raises my spirits at every glass—like wine without its penalties; and I get jovial every morning for a couple of hours, in taking a tumbler-full by my Doctor's orders, every twenty minutes. I like the people pretty well in all respects, except their course of exchange, which they allege is against England, and therefore give only 19*s.* 6*d.*

for a sovereign. These crowded hotels, that have baths in them, make living about as dear as in London. . .

"I study German very hard—having fallen in arrears by long absence from the country, and in one week have made sensible progress. . . . I rise at five—drink the waters for two hours—breakfast at eight, and dine at two. T. C."

The following are extracts from other private letters:—

"*Aug.* 19*th.*—The waters of this place have had a wonderful effect on my general health. They have restored my appetite, and amused my sleep with better dreams. They have banished my low spirits—they exhilarate me like wine—with no other bad effect than a little drowsiness after exhilaration. . . . The rheumatism, however, is obstinate and rather worse than better—I must try the bath for a long time. Meanwhile my money is running short—send me fifty pounds as soon as you can.

"T. C."

"*Aug.* 21*st.*—The strangest effect of these waters is an irascibility,* which I would fain hope is foreign to my natural disposition. It is true that I was hot-headed in my youth; but *experience* has long taught me to moderate my temper. The only German physician in whom I have confidence, is Dr. Zoist—and he will quickly inform me whether my suspicion is true that the waters over-excite me. I have, nevertheless, been very happy here. The Germans please me as a very simple, honest people—simple they

* He was busy at this date composing "The Child and Hind;" and I had observed that, whenever thus occupied, he was apt to become impatient and excitable. In this instance, however, the water may have had a share; though he admits, in a subsequent letter, that "writing the ballad had fevered him."

certainly are in their manners; for the very maid-servant of the chambers in my hotel slaps me on the shoulder when I speak a sentence of good German to her. The man-servant, moreover, who brushes my clothes and goes my errands—a gigantic man!—puts the tips of his fingers upon my shoulders, when I give him any orders, and tells me to have no fear about the matter, for that *he* will see every thing put right! But all this familiarity is meant for kindness, not insolence; and things should be taken as they are meant. Pray do not think ill of my chamber-maid, Karolina, for slapping me on the shoulder. The mistress of the hotel tells me that she has known her from a child, and that she is a good innocent girl. But I am a great pet with her—I give her a florin a week *more* than she gets from the other guests, and she vows that I am a *herrlicher*—a nobleman! As to paying servants, I always keep in mind that it is cruelty to lodgers poorer than ourselves, to give domestics too much; but still, I cannot help leaning towards the side of liberality.

What pleases me most about the Germans is, that they indulge me in my ruling passion of admiration of fine children. Their children are not quite so beautiful as ours, but really some of them are great beauties. I have met with one of three, and another of six years old—both of them charming, and, like true young women, they are sensible to admiration. The younger has large round black eyes that glow with triumph when you admire her; the other is a *blonde*, that blushes still more interestingly. Every one here, from the highest to the lowest, that has a fine child, seems to take it as a compliment that you stop and shake its little hand; whereas the same thing in England would be resented as a liberty.

I have been fortunate in the character of the English I have met here. They happen to be all agreeable persons.

The only danger I run is being seduced to make little expeditions with them to the neighbouring places, in carriages, upon which the sun, which for some days has been very powerful, shines intolerably hot. I am suffering a slight fever from this sort of exposure yesterday, in a trip to Mayence. I get on famously with my German—methinks I shall come home to you speaking broken English! T. C.

* * * * * *

"*Aug.* 22*nd.*—I am ashamed to send you a short letter, but these waters have made my animal spirits so restless and volatile, that I am as idle as a truant schoolboy, and can neither endure to read or write for any continuance. It is proper, however, to let you know that I have received the bill of credit, and have cashed it with tolerably little loss from the avarice of Jewish bankers.

Dr. Zoist, the physician already mentioned, has advised me to try the waters of *Ems*. My general health is good; and my rheumatism, though far from being subdued, is not quite so agonising as it was. I shall go to Ems next Saturday, after eighteen baths here. T. C.

* * * * * *

Immediately after his arrival at Ems, he sent me the following letter, with his original copy of "The Child and Hind," in thirty-four stanzas:—

"*Aug.* 30*th.*—The writing of this *Ballad* has a little

* In a note to the printed ballad, he says:—"I wish I had preserved a copy of the Wiesbaden newspaper, in which the anecdote of the 'Child and Hind' is recorded. . . . The story, however, is matter of fact. It took place in 1838. . . . I was shown the very tree under which the boy was found sleeping, with a bunch of flowers in his little hand. I could not ascertain whether the hind, that watched my hero, *Wilhelm*, suckled him or not; but,

fevered me. I knew it would. I strove against rhyming, but the story haunted me, and I could not help myself. . . . Tell Mr. Colburn that I have finished a poem—you may, with conscience, say on an interesting subject, whatever the poem may be—for his intended Annual. . . . As mothers dote the most fondly on their rickety children, so verse-makers always think their worst verses their best; and as I like this last-born very much, so it is in all likelihood a silly thing. That conclusion, however, shows that I am not in the last state of dotage. The disadvantage of the subject is, that it baffles poetry to make the story; but if I have not painted the rose, I have not totally blighted it. I shall leave Ems in a week for London, by Amsterdam. With love to your household, I remain, T. C."

To his sister-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Campbell, he writes:

"*Aug. 29th.*—As I shall be in London on the 13th, I pray you let Mary set out on the 14th, and she will reach

it was generally believed that she had no milk to give him, and that the boy must have been for two days and a half entirely without food, unless it might be grass or leaves." [1802.]

In writing the preceding note, Campbell seems to have forgotten that the story of the "Child and Hind" had been already told in a little ballad, entitled "Das Verlorne Kind, oder der Schutz geist: [Zur erinnerung an den himmelfahrttag 24 Mai, 1838.] Verfertigt Von G. Ph. Roth." It is a very pretty ballad, consisting of sixty stanzas, or upwards; but in mentioning a "Wiesbaden newspaper" as the source of his information, Campbell must have meant *Das Verlorne Kind*. The incidents are all similar. It begins—

"Zu Wiesbaden unfern des Taunus Höhen
Hat sich die Sitte aufgewahrt
In Scharen nach dem Wald zu gehen
Im feste Christi Himmelfahrt;
Um dort mit Schmausen, Scherz, und Lachen
Sich einen frohen Tag zu machen." . . .—Ed.

London on the 17th, when I shall receive her with a glad heart at No. 8, Victoria Square."

Without waiting, however, for the 17th of September, he became suddenly tired of Ems. Taking the steamer to Rotterdam, and thence to England, he reached home within a week after the preceding date; but with the usual effects of sea-sickness—from which he uniformly suffered, yet never sought to avoid.

"*Sept. 7th.*—I came home yesterday. I should have been cured of my rheumatism; but the owners of the steam-boat that brought me from Rotterdam cheated me out of a bed, and I caught cold and fresh rheumatism, by being obliged to lie all night on the cabin floor, without bed-clothes. I am, however, in my general health a great deal better. I long to have Mary with me. At the same time I am not sure that I ought to ask her to arrive earlier than the 16th. Let no time be lost in forwarding her pianoforte. T. C."

He now sat down "contented at his own fireside," enlivened by the presence of his niece, and the occasional visits of his friends. Anxious to promote the welfare of an amiable young lady, who had the melancholy prospect of being soon left an orphan, Campbell resolved to take her home as a companion to his niece, to enjoy the advantage of the same masters, and be thus prepared to undertake the education of her younger sisters.*

* He had himself taken great pains, while in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to promote this object by giving the child daily lessons in French and Italian. She was the eldest daughter of a large family, with a susceptibility of mind which invited instruction; and so pleased was he with his pupil, that he had her picture taken by a portrait-painter, and hung up in his library as a companion to "Latilla's Child."

But, in attempting to carry out his generous intention, various obstacles stood in the way; and at length the plan of receiving and educating the young lady in his own house was overruled. That the object, however, might not be entirely defeated, he immediately contributed out of his own slender means a hundred pounds to her education; and she is now, I have reason to believe, very happily married. It was in acts like this that the overflowing goodness of his heart found vent; and to him the failure of any benevolent intention was a real sorrow.

* * * * *

Previously to his German tour, he had accepted Mr. Colburn's proposal to edit a new Annual; and with this literary job in prospect, he had prepared, he tells us, five contributions. One of these was the "*Child and Hind.*" "Mr. Colburn, however, did not give any name to his projected Annual; and although he offered him a partial advance of salary, as Editor, he fixed on no distinct day, or month, for its coming out." Under these circumstances, Campbell, it appears, became impatient, and the engagement was broken off. "And now," writing to Mr. Richardson, he says:—

"*Nov.* 16*th*,—I mean to try to live as a gentleman-poet, on my own means; and to get up a volume either of novelties, or of pieces that are not published in the present edition of my works. To make my stock last long, will require economy; and in this object I am seconded by my niece, who is a nice, comfortable housekeeper. I have been so often disappointed with human character, that I have acquired a sceptical slowness in judging of people, until I have known them long. But, as far as we have gone, I have seen nothing in niece Mary that is not well principled and amiable. . . ."

"We have both a conventional understanding on religious opinions, which is perfectly kept, though perfectly tacit. I allow nothing to be said in her hearing that may in the least alarm her pious feelings; and when some people have laughed at her for not going to a playhouse, I have checked them, and said that my niece should not be teased even about her prejudices. I took her to her own Independent chapel; and how she finds the way for herself. By the way, it was an odd circumstance that, on my second visit to the chapel, I dropt down insensible in mid prayer, and was obliged to be taken home in a carriage. It was a gentle tap on the head—a little ailment that they call *ap*-something; I suppose, therefore, it is of Welsh origin. The temporary surgeon that I called in would have bled me, but I would not let him; and Dr. Beattie said I was right. My cure was begun and ended with a little blue-pill, and I am long ago recovered. T. C."

* * * * *

Soon after her arrival in London, he presented his niece, Mary Campbell, with the following simple and graceful lines:—

"Our friendship 's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar;
A life-long planet in our sky—
No meteor-shooting star.
Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back!
Proud honesty protects our lot,
No dun infests our bowers;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A lifetime rich in truth,
And make me feel th' advance of age
Retarded by thy youth!
Good night! propitious dreams betide
Thy sleep—awaken gay,
And we will make to-morrow glide
As cheerful as to-day! T. C."

The winter passed cheerfully; he had now society at home, and went out seldom to dinner. The poem of "Glencoe" was finished by Christmas; his health continued very fair; but, as the following extract shows, he had some very unpleasant duties to perform:—

"*Feb. 9th.* . . . You may congratulate me on my mind being relieved from one of the most afflicting anxieties that ever tried me. I found myself obliged to prosecute a house in the city, who had published *fifteen* of my poems without leave or notice. I applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to get the book suppressed. Henry Coleridge, who was my counsel, told me that if I did *not* prosecute these pirates, I could never apply to a court of justice for redress, if, subsequently, pirates were to publish every line of poetry I ever wrote. The case seemed plain; but the pirates made a hard fight, and showed that they had only taken a page or two more than other collectors of poems had done—one of whom had gone so far as to take *ten* of my pieces. I had to swear—as I could well do—that I knew not of those piratical publications. Well, I got the injunction; but I was told that unless I had been before a sensible Vice-Chancellor, I might have been cast. My suspense was very painful. My new volume (illustrated) will be out on the 21st."

* * * * *

"The Pilgrim of Glencoe, with other Poems," was now

before the public; but, like that given to its predecessor, "Theodric," the reception of "The Pilgrim" was far from cordial. Several of the minor pieces, however, were noticed with well-merited praise, particularly the launch ode already quoted, which was pronounced worthy of the Poet in his best days. "The Child and Hind," the "Song of the Colonists," and the sweet, fanciful trifle of "Moonlight," appeared for the first time. The others, which had shone, at various intervals, in the columns of the periodical press, were now claimed and collected in a beautifully printed volume, which, to the writer at least, had unquestionable attractions.* The story of "Glencoe" was first suggested by a passage, which I read to him one evening from the history of his clan, with which he was much struck. The merits of the "Pilgrim," as Campbell himself admitted, were not of the first order. Its beauties have a waning lustre, but still they are beauties; and here and there a brief coruscation reminds us of the sustained brilliancy of his earliest poems. The old soldier, the feudal clansman, and fierce retainer, are sketched with truth and vigour:—

"Hush'd groups hung on his lips, with fond surprise,
That sketch'd old scenes, like pictures to their eyes:
The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum—
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame. . . .
* * * * * *
. . . Old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage ev'n in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curl'd Herculean head between,—

* To WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., IN REMEMBRANCE OF LONG-SUBSISTING AND MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP, THIS VOL. IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR. London, Feb. 21, 1842.

His scornful lip—his eyes of yellow fire—
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward slanting shaggy brows—
Mark'd the old lion you would dread to rouse. . . .
* * * * * *
Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honour's right and Nature's honest law.
First in the charge, and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breath'd, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags—still fleeter when the prey
Was man—in Persecution's evil day!"
* * * * * *

The success of this edition was only partial. The "Pilgrim," in one or two instances, was very favourably reviewed—in others, the tone of criticism was cold and austere; but neither praise nor censure could induce the public to judge for themselves; and silence, more fatal in such cases than censure, took the poem for a time under her wing. The poet himself expressed little surprise at the apathy with which his new volume had been received; but whatever indifference he felt for the influence it might have upon his reputation, he could not feel indifferent to the more immediate effect which a tardy or greatly diminished sale must have upon his prospects as a householder. "A new poem from the pen of Campbell," he was told, "was as good as a bill at sight;" but from some error in the drawing, as it turned out, it was not negotiable; and the expenses into which he had been led, by trusting too much to popular favour, were now to be defrayed from other sources.

His publisher made every effort to obtain a hearing for the new poem; but all that a zealous friend and judicious publisher could do was—to wait until the favourable current set in. The author, however, could not live upon

expectancy. On one hand, the main source of his income had failed; while, on the other, his expenses had been doubled. His acts of gratuitous kindness to the indigent or distressed amounted, within a few months, to at least 180*l.*; and, on the faith of a quick and profitable return from his poems, he had entered into heavy responsibilities, which would absorb all that was left. His position was suddenly altered—his independence endangered; he began to fear that he had been too hasty in his arrangements—too sanguine in his calculations; and how to extricate himself from this temporary embarrassment was a question that must be quickly decided. He would borrow from no man; he would dispose of his house, retire with his family and his books into some cheap, remote corner, either at home or abroad, and there vegetate until his fortunes became more propitious.

This resolution was taken early in March; and although the execution of his plan was often delayed, the plan itself was never abandoned. All the excursions subsequently made, whether in England or France, were made with the determination to find an asylum for his independence. In this resolution, perhaps, he might have other motives than what arose from the anxious position in which he stood. He had begun to feel the certain advances of old age; and, with private sorrows on which we have no right to speculate, he found that London was "no longer the place for him!"

In the meantime, however, he mixed more in society, and wherever he appeared he was cheerful, and the promoter of cheerfulness. One of the most pleasant intellectual parties of this month was a breakfast given at his house in Victoria Square to Mr. Rogers, Mr. Moore, Mr. Milman, and others of his old and tried friends. The conversation, which turned chiefly on the golden age

of English poetry, was very interesting, and kept up, as the reader will imagine, by a sparkling interchange of thoughts and quotations; but I must not presume to give more than a very few light, unconnected sentences:—

"*March* 15*th*.—Mr. Rogers and Mr. Moore came in rather late. 'You ought to have no breakfast,' said Campbell. 'You did not keep the hour.' 'Why, you remember that when I mentioned half-*past ten*, you looked rather alarmed; so I determined that my friend and I would allow you another half-hour.' 'Ha!—there is the advantage of having written 'The Pleasures of Memory'—

'A world with Memory's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of happiness—an honest breast.'

"'I wonder that Prior is not more read: one hears little of him among the other men of his day; yet there are passages in his Poems which are very beautiful: for example—' and here Mr. Rogers repeated one or two striking quotations."

"'You remember the epigram—Sure John and I are more than quits? It is only a clever translation from the French.' . . . . 'The "Castle of Indolence,"' said Campbell, is unrivalled! . . . But among the earlier poets, I know of none who gives me so vivid a picture of rural life as the *old* Scots poet, Alexander Hume. His description of a sultry summer's day—with the shadows of the trees and shrubs hanging breathless over the pool—and like paintings on the wall—is exquisite:—

"All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir."

"'Again—

"What pleashur then to walk and see,
Endlang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the pool appear!"'

"'It reminds me of Coleridge's "Mariner," where he describes the ships breathlessly shadowed in the water' . . . 'You remember Coleridge? * * * went with me one morning to breakfast with him. We sat for a long time, during which there was no conversation—Coleridge engrossed the whole. But I was pleased to observe that Mr. * * *'s attention was completely rivetted, and that the time was not irksome.

When we came away—"Well, I said, you were evidently entertained?" "Yes—but I did not comprehend a sentence of all he said." And, in fact, such was the case with nine-tenths of all who heard him, and had * * * 's candour to acknowledge it. . . . 'You remember the anecdote.' One morning he asked * * "Did you ever hear me *preach?*" "Why," answered my friend, "I never heard you do anything else." In fact, it was all preaching—no interchange—nothing like conversation.'

"Charles Lamb was then alluded to with much commendation. Wordsworth was a great poet.

"Alluding to poetry as a modern drug, Mr. Moore said—'The world wants no *more* poetry.' 'Yes—from Moore,' said a gentleman opposite; at which Mr. M. jocularly observed, that this good thing had been got up by his friend and himself expressly for the occasion.

"Mr. Sydney Smith was next mentioned. 'Have you heard his last?' 'No—pray let us hear it.' 'A few days ago a vestry meeting was held, at which the question was argued whether they ought to lay down the new wooden pavement in front of the Church. Its advantages in durability and in obviating the noise from without, during the service, were unquestionable. What objection could there be? "Why, there was the difficulty of getting rid of the old blocks—the expense of the new—in short," said a leading vestryman, "I do not see how it is to be accomplished. Mr. Smith must see the difficulty." "Not at all, Mr. ——, if yourself and two or three more of the vestry will but lay your heads together, the thing 's done." '

"'Just like him,' said Campbell; 'his wit is always so natural, so unartificial—he is the only person who never seems to be aware of it.' "

* * * * * *

From this time my intercourse with the Poet became more frequent—a day seldom passed without seeing or hearing from him. At the breakfast or dinner table—particularly when surrounded by old friends—he was generally animated—full of anecdote—and always projecting new schemes of benevolence. But still there was a visible change in his conversation—it seemed to flow less freely, it required an effort to support it, and on topics, in which he once felt a keen interest, he now said but little, or remained silent and thoughtful. The change in his outward appearance was still more observable; he

walked with a feeble step—complained of constant chilliness —while his countenance, unless when he entered into conversation, was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety. The sparkling intelligence that once animated his features was greatly obscured; he quoted his favourite authors with hesitation, because, he told me, he often could not recollect their names.

The great object of his life was the education of his niece; in this he took a daily interest. He engaged the best masters, he spared no expense in books; and her progress, which he watched with the pride and solicitude of a parent, was now his only favourite theme. His mornings, as usual, were spent at his Club, where he came into pleasing contact with many attached friends, who loved him the more for the sad prospect they had of too soon losing him.

On a *Greek* day*—the most cheerful of this period—he appeared to rally; we spent one long morning with Homer—who, he affirmed, knew more of the healing art than Hippocrates. But the good effects of the holiday were soon followed by languor and depression, and a total inaptitude for study. One morning, however, he came to Park Square in great glee:—"I have just come from a house," he said, "where I was introduced to a lady, who much wished for my acquaintance. She is very sentimental—a poetess—deep blue—and you know how all that sickens *me*. She expected, of course, to find me brimful of sentiment; but imagine her horror, when she found that I could talk of nothing but housekeeping! Knowing she had just come from Dinan—the very place I wished to visit—I asked her the prices of mutton, fowls, eggs, butter, ham, bread, milk,—every thing in short that can be required in a small family like mine. She answered

* See recollections of this day [April 13th] already given, Vol. I., p. 38.

as distinctly as she could—but with an expression of contempt for both me and my marketing genius, which neither her ladylike manners nor temper could disguise. I took my leave with the *price of vegetables;* and now, I dare say, she is giving free vent to her utter amazement. But never mind," said he, archly; "I have gathered so much matter of fact in this conversation, that I am determined to visit the spot—and quit poetry for domestic economy."

This little incident decided his movement: Dinan, he thought, was the very place for retrenchment, and he spent much time in acquiring further information. He returned to the same house, hoping to question the lady on some other points; but she was gone, and "quite disappointed," her friend told him, "with the introduction." His mind, however, becoming interested in the speculation, his health improved, and he made deliberate arrangements for a move southwards. At length he writes:—

"*July* 19*th.*—I arrived at Dinan this evening safe and sound;" and next day, in a letter to his niece, he adds:—"I have been all about Dinan, and like the place very much. I have seen Madame de — and her daughters. The young ladies are very agreeable; but Madame is still confined to her sofa, and very weak. She is pining to see Miss —, her favourite sister. And now, for my own part, I mean to be back to London early next week, and get rid of my house, by hook or by crook. Oh, how Madame de — would bless us, if we could bring her sister with us. I am sure you will like Dinan."

In less than ten days he was again in Victoria Square, but in a state of great debility. The little stock of health he had taken out with him, had been quite expended in the voyage. In the first letter written after his return

home, the main object of his visit to Dinan is more fully explained :—

"*Aug. 2nd.*—I told you in my last note, that I was going out of town upon 'business'—that business was to visit Dinan. The sale of my Poems was at the lowest ebb; and Mr. Moxon told me that, from the universal depression of trade, it was impossible for him to predict when I might look for better things. The prospect of my finances for the incoming year was thus rendered very gloomy! I had an offer of a tenant for my house. The *half*-price living at Dinan was therefore a great temptation. But before I should go, I thought it would be better to reconnoitre the place. I found it to correspond exactly with the description I had got of it. I embarked at Southampton for St. Malo. We had a roughish passage. The sea-sickness made me bring up blood, and cramped up my legs and arms with inexpressible agony. I spent some days at Dinan, where I found some pleasant people; and, having made my survey, re-embarked for Southampton. The passage back was tolerably smooth; but I am so bad a sailor, that my sea-sickness returned, and I reached home in a state of woful exhaustion. Now, after this, I must no more think of Dinan, or of any other transmarine migration. A few such voyages would have a great chance of killing me—and I would not undergo the thirty-six hours' agony of going to, and coming from, St. Malo, for all the cheap living in the world. I am gradually recovering, and hope to hear of your continuing better. T. C."

I found him, as described, in "a state of woful exhaustion." He had felt serious apprehensions, he told me, of not reaching home; and the account given of his sufferings was confirmed by his much altered countenance. For several weeks after this, he was treated as an invalid—

partly in the "Campbell ward" at Hampstead—where he cheerfully conformed to the rules, and slowly recovered. His friends were glad he had given up thoughts of Dinan; but it was only given up in exchange for a more accessible point of the coast, and his resolution to quit London remained unshaken. The difficulty of letting his house, obliging him to retain possession, appeared to reconcile him to other difficulties; but the moment he could find a respectable tenant, he was to sound a retreat, and transfer his household goods across the channel. It was in this light, but unaffected manner, that he often spoke of his design, and took the most active measures for its completion.

Sept. 24th.—The Poet now resumed his old quarters at Hampstead, and remained with us a fortnight, alternately visiting and receiving visits from his intimate friends. The journal, from which these short entries are taken, remarks that he "came to Rose Villa, looking very ill and very weak."—As soon as he could walk about, he paid long and frequent visits to the Mrs. Baillies, from whom he always returned much delighted with their conversation, and better pleased with himself. With Dr. Park, who had visited all the scenery of Campbell's first pilgrimage in Germany, he now and then took a drive; and found in that amiable and accomplished man everything to conciliate esteem and confidence. Mr. Bakewell, the well-known geologist, was another of our neighbours from whose conversation Campbell derived much pleasure. Poetry and geology were never on better terms; and it is not without a certain feeling of pleasure that I revert to men who have left behind them examples of genuine worth and benevolence.

In the evenings, and generally after a walk on the heath, he had the choice of music, reading, and conversation. He would often recite passages with great effect; and

among those which seemed to overcome his feelings, were Burns' "Vision," and the burial* of Addison in Westminster Abbey. But, to return to his daily notes :—

Sept. 16*th.*—He writes, "I had a relapse yesterday evening. I took some medicine, and feel better this morning." And again on the "18*th.*—I am recovering but very slowly. Dr. B. says I *must* stop another week." . . .

* * * * *

On the 25th he had recovered his strength, and returned to Victoria Square, from which he sent to his niece at Hampstead one of his playful but rather "mysterious" billets :—"I walked," he says, "the whole way home last night, and found myself rather *over*walked. . . . . To-day I am to dine with Archibald and Mr. Gardiner, and to-morrow *elsewhere.* I am engaged! You will say where? don't be too inquisitive. *Suppose* I am to meet a nice young widow, with two thousand a year!" . . .

This is a trifle, but—characteristic in its way—it shows an amiable effort to relieve his friends from anxiety, and cheat them into a belief that he was not only well in health, but even gay and cheerful in spirits. It was an amiable device to which he often resorted, for he was one of the most *unselfish* men that ever lived. The next, however, discovers the real tone and current of his thoughts. Writing to his cousin, Mr. Gray, he says :—

"*Oct.* 10*th.*—I have begun writing an account of my life,† to be published, when I am dead, for the benefit of my niece, to whom I know not what I may have to leave. . . . I am come in this autobiography to my college

* Tickell's Monody on the death of Addison.

† This was undertaken, at my recommendation, as likely to assist his recovery; and was to have comprised sketches of his cotemporaries.

days. Can you get me any information about Professor Arthur, Dr. Reid's successor? Miller was my idol at the University—there never was so bewitching a lecturer; but Arthur, though the most *gauche* of mankind, was, in reality, a more extraordinary man. When the professor of botany was taken ill, Arthur, at a day's notice, took up his course, and lectured ably on botany. He did the same in the anatomy class—his knowledge was immense. I pray you have the kindness to inquire if a copy is to be found of a book of his, which was published after his death. I think the title must be 'Essays on Moral Philosophy.' . . . I remember he was at times very eloquent in lecturing; and, though a *Tory*, was now and then, I thought, a match for the *liberal* John Miller, in argument. T. C."

* * * * *

The next letter presents another example of that stubborn independence with which he confronted and defied every reverse of fortune. A friend, well knowing the cause of his diminished income, came voluntarily forward with a private offer of accommodation, to which Campbell replied:—

"*Oct.* 19*th.*—I am infinitely obliged to you, my dear G—y, for your noble and kind offer of discounting a bill for 150*l.*, but I cannot avail myself of it. If Mr. — lives on the 24th of March, he will discharge his debt to me himself, and I have something between me and want till that time. But if—which may goodness avert—trade should fail in the interim, the discounted bill would recoil upon me, plunge me in debt, or possibly you into a loss, far too great to be thought of—I am glad to tell you I keep my health very well. . . . T. C."

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Among other arrangements, which his actual position and prospects suggested, the last and most important was not neglected. To his friend, Mr. Moxon, the barrister, he writes :—

"*Nov. 5th.*—I wish to have some conversation with you on the interesting subject of my *Will*, which must be an interesting subject, considering the immense fortune that I have to leave. Will you have the kindness to come to me about eight this evening, if not otherwise engaged? I should not trouble you to come, but that I wish to have my niece to *know* what I have willed to her. T. C."

About the same date, he was agitated by the alarming state of his sister's health ; "but still," he says, "I know not how—I augur and hope that she will get over it, and be alive when I come to see her in Edinburgh, as I mean to do next May." He thanks Dr. Borthwick most kindly for his letter, and adds, "My niece is well, and learning *Greek* from me."

After long and serious meditation on the state of his affairs, Campbell adopted a plan, which is thus developed in a letter to Mr. Richardson. His perfect candour and long experience in the mysteries of authorship give it the stamp of authority ; and, in other respects, it is a curious but melancholy document :—

"*Nov. 16th.*—It may surprise you, and perhaps not agreeably, my dear John, to learn that I am about to publish the forthcoming edition of my whole collected Poems by subscription ; but when I explain matters, I think you will agree that the step is neither discreditable nor imprudent. For several years past, the sale of all books—and that of mine among the rest—has been going down lower

and lower; so that the sale of my Poems, which for a series of years before, had yielded me at an average 500*l.* per annum, will not yield me now—if published under the auspices of the traders—more than sixty or seventy per annum, and it may be less! The publishers charge ten per cent., or two shillings in the pound sterling, for merely publishing. The retail trade must have five shillings in the pound more; and the dinner-sale* of the booksellers—where they interchange their books—takes another shilling a copy from the author. Now, to print—especially with engravings—any work, say a thousand copies, for which one pound can be fairly asked, will cost 500*l.*, or ten shillings a copy. Binding and advertising together—with gratis copies to newspapers, reviews, and other periodicals—will come to two shillings a copy more; so that a shilling, or a trifle more, will be left to the author! When my Poems were in their palmy state, five or six hundred copies going off in a year—ay, in one year, *ten thousand* went off—this scanty profit made a goodly sum in the mass. But in the fallen state of the sale, it leaves a miserable residue.

"The booksellers, you will exclaim, are knaves; yes, all of them more or less—but so are all traders; nay, some of *us* wits and writers—including even Writers to the Signet! A good deal, however, may be said for the booksellers. The main publisher gives long credit to the retailer—whilst he is accountable for every copy, and loss by his ten per cent. Again, the retailer gives credit to the purchaser, over the counter, who often fails to pay him.—The whole system is based on perilous credit. In one respect, the author is piteously at the mercy of his publisher, who believes that no *gentleman* author can stoop to

* "At which," in another letter, he says, "they pledge one another in authors' skulls—the publisher always taking the *lion's* share."

publish by subscription! The only refuge of the gentleman author, then, is to show booksellers that such a thing *is* possible. There is, in fact, nothing degrading in publishing by subscription—if money is not taken before the copy is delivered—or the book not worth the copy.

"My volume, containing 400 crown 8vo. pages, with fifty-six vignettes, some on steel, some on wood, by the best artists, will be out in or before January, 1843; and it will be a cheap book at a pound. The subscription papers are not yet printed. Indeed, I am anxious to get the volume itself printed (264 pages out of the 400 are struck off) before the subscription papers are circulated, that my friends may have each a copy, to show that it is a beautiful book. I could have got an application made for me to the Queen—but I stopped it; for Victoria would subscribe, probably, for five copies, and that has an air of *charity*. I wish it to be understood that I request no individual may subscribe for more than *one* copy—payable on delivery. When I tell you that* . . . . I need not say more to interest your ancient and staunch friendship in this speculation. Is it not better than going diddling about, borrowing? Faugh—I could not shape my mouth to such a thing. Oh, if I could get this unlucky house off my hands! I should retire to the cheapest nook in England—and, as my niece is a tolerable musician, I should continue teaching her French myself—and live on half what it costs me living here. But I have twice narrowly escaped letting my house to swindlers—and I cannot remove, like a snail, with a house on my back. With strong remembrance of our long-standing regard, I am,

"T. C."

* Here he specifies the pecuniary difficulties in which he was involved by the very great expenses of this edition—owing to the numerous illustrations.

He confesses, however, in another letter, that this method of publishing was "not agreeable" to him; but, he adds, "it is neither begging, borrowing, nor stealing; and I adopt it as an honest means of getting out of my difficulties." . . . . What the result might have been is uncertain. The subscription, on two former occasions, had been most liberal, and probably would not have been less so on the present; but before the experiment could be carried out, the difficulties, which it was intended to obviate, were removed by other means,—an unforeseen change in his circumstances.

The new edition, therefore, like its predecessors, passed into the hands of Mr. Moxon, whose management, as in the former arrangements, was alike honourable to himself, and advantageous to the Poet. In his publisher Campbell found an attached and admiring friend; and it must not be forgotten that, when he was on his death-bed at Boulogne, Mr. Moxon was the only private literary friend who crossed the Channel to pay him a last, reverential visit. It was at the house of Mr. Rogers, I believe, that the Poet and his future publisher first met; and the intercourse, thus begun, was continued, it may be affirmed, much less from motives of interest, than the attractive force of congenial taste.* Their first joint efforts proved very satisfactory; and mutual esteem and confidence keeping pace with their further acquaintance, formed a lasting bond of union, to which it is now a pleasing duty to advert. Such instances, it is to be hoped, are not rare;

* As a circumstance that greatly strengthened the bond, it may be mentioned that Mr. Moxon was the author of a small volume of SONNETS, remarkable for their classical taste and elegance, dedicated to Mr. Wordsworth—but not published. It was from his illustrated edition of Mr. Rogers' Poems—the first of the kind ever attempted—that Campbell caught the idea of illustrating his own; and it is pleasing to add, that the edition, thus elaborately embellished, continues to be a profitable estate to the Poet's heirs.

and, if they were so, the merit in the present instance would only be greater. Campbell, on the whole, was fortunate in his publishers; and although, at times, he indulged in a little playful satire at their expense,—"toasted" Napoleon for shooting Palm the bookseller,—and charged the whole body with holding their compotations in famished authors' skulls,—he frankly admitted that his friends in the trade were his best patrons. More was unnecessary: and to have said less, or to have passed it over in silence, in this retrospective glance, would have been an act of injustice to his memory.

By his old friends, the plan in contemplation was warmly espoused; but the proposals were very limited, and only made known in a few private letters. In one instance, the communication was answered by a cheque for a hundred pounds; but, as Campbell had resolved to accept nothing beyond the selling price of one volume, the money so liberally subscribed was never drawn.* The new edition was to contain upwards of fifty engravings on steel and wood, for which he had paid 450*l.*; and the expense of printing alone would amount to at least five hundred pounds. Of the previous edition he disposed of copies to the value of 300*l.*; but this sum was not payable until March follow-

* The cheque was from Mr. Thomson of Clitheroe, his oldest surviving friend, who was then abroad. When, four months later, Mr. T. came to London and called at his banker's, he was surprised to find that the cheque had not been presented; and that Mr. Campbell, instead of *drawing* it, had paid 100*l.* to Mr. Thomson's credit. This was the amount of an old debt to Mr. T.—mentioned at page 84 of this volume, and contracted at a period when the Poet's finances were inadequate to meet certain heavy calls upon his philanthropy. Mr. T. had begged that this old accommodation might never be remembered between friends. But with the same delicate sense of honour which regulated all his transactions—and a memory most tenacious in all matters of pecuniary obligation — Campbell no sooner found himself in a position to repay the loan, than he hastened to Mr. Thomson's banker, and there deposited the amount.—Ed.

ing; and, as he firmly declined the intervention of friends, the winter found him both ill in health and anxious in mind. But, to his honour be it said, the reduction in his income caused no abatement of his practical benevolence. All who came to him in want or in difficulty were welcome. No deserving object left his door empty-handed. "A poor old gentleman," he writes, "sadly off for habiliments, came to me this morning; and I must have given him *money* if I had not given him clothes."—Such was his apology to a lady for his inability to assist her with a contribution of winter apparel for the poor. Thus, it was uniformly by money—clothes—books—or personal service, in one shape or another, that he expressed his sympathy—observing, as mentioned in a former letter, that it was only by doing all the good in his power, that he could testify his gratitude to a beneficent Providence.

His pecuniary difficulties, however, were soon to terminate—though not without a severe pang to his sensitive heart. His eldest sister, so often mentioned in these pages, had become more and more feeble; and in reply to a communication from Edinburgh, he immediately wrote to her as follows:—

"8, VICTORIA SQUARE, PIMLICO, LONDON, *March*, 1843.

"MY DEAREST SISTER,

"I WAS inexpressibly grieved to hear of your late attack of illness; though a friend's letter somewhat mitigated my anxiety, as she says you are better, though still very weak. It would give me no small satisfaction, my dearest sister, if I could possibly *now* repair to Scotland to see you. But the thing is beyond my power for the present; and will continue to be so, probably, till late in the month of June; for the main prop that I have to my

finances is the disposal of copies of the new edition of my Poems among my friends ; * and every day's absence from London would be an irretrievable loss, which would distress me the more at present, as I have my niece's education going on at a high rate.

" My dear sister, I think of you all day long ; and night and morning I pray to God for you—that the Father of all mercies may mercifully assuage the infirmities of your age, and reward your trust in Him by enabling you to bear the present—to reflect (as you well may) on a useful and conscientious life ; and look forward with higher hopes than this world can give ! You have been the best of sisters to me—ever kind—ever gentle and generous. If in any respect I have failed in my duty to you, I know you will forgive me ; and through that forgiveness I shall the easier make my peace with God.

" Once more let me bestow upon you my heartfelt blessing for the much kindness which I have received from you through life. O ! vouchsafe, our Heavenly Father, to hear the prayers of a brother for his beloved sister !

" Believe me, my dearest sister Mary, your very affectionate brother, THOMAS CAMPBELL."

This letter was read to his sister about two hours before her death. She was quite sensible—sent him her fervent blessing, and expired with his letter in her hands.

* It must not be forgotten that the *first* circumstance that quieted his *financial* apprehensions, was a most opportune *legacy*, which I had the satisfaction of paying into his hands in February. Its origin was this : Happening to be consulted by a most revered friend, the late A. Becket, Esq. (many years secretary to David Garrick, and author of several Dramas), the name of Campbell was mentioned ; and after some conversation respecting the Poet, who was personally unknown to him, Mr. B. expressed a wish to leave him some token of his admiration. The matter was soon settled ; and on the death of Mr. Becket, in January, Campbell, to his surprise, found himself entitled to the sum of two hundred pounds.—ED.

In a few days after this date, Campbell was in Edinburgh. Mr. Ireland, who met him on his arrival, remarked that he was much broken down in health and spirits, and hardly able to discharge, with becoming firmness, the last sad offices to which he had been called. His old friends hastened to condole with him; but so many of their looks and voices reminded him of those whom he had loved and lost in Edinburgh, that their very efforts to cheer him added to his depression. He had now outlived all his own family—he felt himself "a brotherless hermit," a more than "childless" parent; the last secret hope to which he had clung for years was also frustrated; and whether he looked to the north or the south, clouds and darkness seemed to cover the prospect.

After the funeral, he devoted a few days to business. As heir and executor to his sister, he presented her late companion, Miss Boston, with the household effects; made arrangements with his friend, Mr. Burns, W.S., regarding the money she left him; and then, taking a last sorrowful leave of Edinburgh, he returned to London—but not with the air of improved health and spirits, which he had so often derived from his former visits in Scotland.

It could hardly escape the most casual observer—much less his intimate friends—that Campbell, to use the common phrase—was "fast breaking up;" and they who now met him in the street, saluted him with but ill-dissembled sorrow.

But, however painful in other respects, this event restored him to independence. His pecuniary difficulties were removed at the very crisis when their weight was becoming oppressive. The coincidence was remarkable; and, after a few weeks, the relief it afforded had a beneficial influence on his health. The funds that now came into his hands were upwards of 800*l.*—but, although

bequeathed to him as a *legacy*, it was only, so far as it went, a repayment of the principal, as stated in a letter to his nephew Robert,* when calculating the sum required to educate, and establish him in a mercantile house.

The splendid edition of his Poems being now issued, the result was equal to his most sanguine expectations. Nothing seemed wanting to his improved means, but health to enjoy them. His intentions, however, of changing his domicile remained the same; and the chief motive for selecting France was, that the education of his niece, which he had found very expensive in London, could be there continued on terms extremely moderate. He thought also that, by crossing the Channel, his health would be re-established; but he never, perhaps, took into serious consideration the amount of sacrifice that must be incurred —pecuniary and otherwise—before these changes could be effected.

No purchaser was yet found for his lease; and, in the meantime, his little household was kept up with the same comfort and regularity as hitherto. On the first of June, he gave an evening party to all his friends then in town;

* July 22nd, 1840, he says: "Thirty years ago, your aunt Mary [the sister now dead] told me that she had exactly an income on which she could live [see Vol. I., p. 21]; but that it would ease her mind very much, if she had a little addition to it; that she might accumulate by degrees a sum to leave to the friend who should be kindest to her in her last days. She meant Mrs. Williamson, 'her companion;' but that poor lady has gone before her. In time her money has accumulated—*principally aided by an annuity which I have continued to her for thirty years.* If it were remarked that I am counting not on my own money, but on what may be left me by your aunt Mary, for the expense of your education, I should say no: I am only looking forward to *getting back my own money*—given on an express understanding that it should be restored to me at her death—if not spent during her life; and the sum she has bequeathed to me, would not cover what I have gratuitously allowed her—I say *gratuitously*, for I could easily have refused it; she had no absolute need of it; and for many many years, it has been a mere increase to her stock of accumulation. T. C."

and nothing of the kind ever went off more agreeably; but in giving this party, it may be said he was taking a final leave of the world.

He then made an excursion to Cheltenham; and, after consulting the eminent physician of that place, Dr. Baron, he made a short trial of the water. I was then at Hastings: and, writing to me, after his return home, he says:—"*July 6th.*—Your letter found me drinking the waters at Cheltenham for a fortnight. They did me much good, and would have done me more, but for two circumstances. In the first place, the weather was intensely cold—indeed, I shall never think of Cheltenham without a shuddering recollection—not of 'holding a fire in my hand,' but of holding my hands over the fire, on the first of July! In the next place, I was obliged to leave London without having got a decisive answer from my man of business in Edinburgh. This vexatious silence brought me more bile than the waters could rid me of. . . I shall have a settling letter on Monday; and on Tuesday next, I shall set out from hence, viâ Dover, niece and all. . . I am not without hopes that we may have the good luck to meet you at Dover—in which case, we shall spend a day together—not to speak of our better hopes of getting you over to Boulogne. T. C."

* * * * *

Accompanied by my wife and sister, I posted to Dover, and found the Poet and Miss Campbell at the York Hotel. He was in good spirits—pleased with the thought of emancipating himself from the cares and expenses of London, and the prospect of a cheerful retirement at Boulogne. In this feeling, though they appeared to assent, his friends could hardly sympathise. But the step was taken; it was too late either for remonstrance or objection—and he was not in a mood to listen to any gratuitous questions of

"expediency." I then gave him letters to the consul, Mr. Hamilton; and we spent the evening together in cheerful conversation.

Next morning, at ten o'clock, Campbell and his affectionate niece left by the "Royal George steamer," for Boulogne. We took leave with a superstitious feeling—as if "coming events cast their shadows before,"—and watched their progress, till the vessel and its ominous smoke disappeared in the horizon. In August, he came to London on some urgent business, regarding the house, still on his hands, and spent a day with us; but, although a few letters passed between us, we never saw him again, until we met at his deathbed.

From the letters here alluded to, I annex such extracts as may sum up the brief history of his residence at Boulogne. From the consul he met with a cordial reception; and, two days after his arrival, he wrote to me as follows:—

"*July 15th.*—We had a slower passage to this place than your kindness predicted—four hours. My niece was sick—I was not. We like Boulogne exceedingly. Mr. Hamilton recommended and brought us to a quiet hotel, where he advises us to fix in preference to furnished lodgings. We pay thirty napoleons a month, and thirty francs to the servants—a good sum; but we save all the vexation and trouble of having a servant in lodgings. We have two bed-rooms—with a splendid sitting-room, and breakfast, dinner, and tea. The air of this upper part of Boulogne is quite exhilarating; and my complexion is so clear that, when shaving in the glass, I start like Narcissus with astonishment at my own beauty! Nor imagine that, in ascending to the high region of the town, we have failed to find high acquaintances. Alexander, Prince of Gonzaga

and Duke of Mantua, is our fellow lodger and messmate at the table-d'hôte. T. C."

* * * * *

July 17th.—In a long letter to Mr. W. Moxon, in which he gives a similar account of his new settlement; he says, "As it is as natural for an author to hasten into a book-shop, as for a cow to go to grass, I repaired to the first bibliothèque I could find; and there, if my vanity were as sensitive as it once was, I should have been sadly mortified; for, in the whole long catalogue of English books, there was no mention of *my* Poems!" . .

After giving an account of the apartments—rate of living, &c., he continues: "We always dine at the table-d'hôte, where the company is small and very respectable—nothing less will serve us than having for one of our messmates—whom do you think? 'Alexander, Prince de Gonzaga and Duke of Mantua!' the descendant of Charlemagne, and the son of a Princess Esterhazy! It is true the Austrians took his territory from him, and will not give it him back—in spite of his repeated protestations. No great wonder, for he served under Napoleon, and fought at the head of his cavalry in Spain.* . . . He is a fine stout soldier-like man, with nothing in his appearance like that of a discrowned Prince. . . I like Boulogne very much—only it is preposterously cold for the season. . . T. C."

July 27th.—In another letter to a friend at Sydenham, he adverts with much satisfaction to the novelty of his position—the society and amusements of Boulogne, with sketches of its public characters, and adds: "Now that

* It was an elder brother of this Prince (as he afterwards learnt) who served under Napoleon, and fell at the battle of Leipsic.—Ed.

I am in an ancient city, as old as the days of Julius Cæsar, with a history full of romantic truths—and still more romantic lies—you are perhaps shrinking at the prospect of my opening upon you a battery of antiquarian lore. Ah! mercy on you, dearest * *, if I were inclined to be so cruel, I could send you scribble enough to make your eyes blind. But I know that you despise profane learning. As a *modern* place, Boulogne has no interesting history.—There is a column, to be sure, called Napoleon's, erected in the middle of the ground on which his army was encamped; and which the *column*—that 'like a tall bully lifts its head and lies'—says, was meant to invade England! There was no more intention to do so, than to invade the Moon.

"I have been so fortunate as to fall in with some agreeable English families here. Dr. Cumming—the son of a Professor Cumming—with whom I learnt my Hebrew alphabet at Glasgow—is a great resource to me. He is a younger man than myself, but looks nearly as old—just in order to keep me in countenance.

"The Boulognese are much handsomer—or rather infinitely less ugly—than the people of any other part of France that I have seen. I observe men, women, and children as good-looking as the average of the English—beautiful children, too!—I stopped yesterday to shake hands with a lovely child about six—a perfect model of Rubens' beauty.

* * * *

"A few days ago, I was shocked by an exhibition so revolting, that I should not relate it to you if there were not a circumstance in the case which, I think you will agree with me, curiously contrasts a trait of mercy with barbarity. I was induced to cross the square, near my hotel, and see a criminal exposed on a scaffold, chained to

a post, with an iron collar round his neck. He looked stedfastly down.—His crime was ——, his sentence, to be exposed for an hour in this manner, and then to be imprisoned for life, with hard labour. The exposure of such a maniac on a pillory—instead of instantly burying him and the memory of his crime in Bedlam, was a relic of barbarity. But it struck me as a trait of modern humanity to learn that, as he was known to be wretchedly poor, there was an iron bowl handed round the scaffold, into which bits of money were thrown to him in charity. This was certainly better than 'pelting him with rotten eggs.'

"One of my amusements is reading French aloud to my niece, an hour every day. She has a lady-teacher besides. T. C."

* * * * *

"*July 28th.*—I thank you sincerely for your kind and distinctly informing letter. The packet of books came safely; but woe to me if a sealed letter had been found in it. I should have had to pay 5*l.* This fine on every sealed letter that does not come by post, is hard upon the English, who are generally ignorant of it. But my packet was luckily watched by a '*disinterested* gentleman,' who carries parcels out of the steamers, without troubling the Custom House; and he generously delivered it to me for the sum of one *franc*—a very kind act on the part of a gentleman who has a hole in his garment.

"We continue to like Boulogne. It is a gay place, which has many public amusements—the opera and the 'Comedie,' as well as concerts and races. Plays are so popular (even on the Lord's Day!) that a pious priest lately concluded his sermon abruptly—observing that his congregation was not, as usually, sleepy, but too wide awake, and in a state of fidgety impatience—by saying,

'My dear flock—*Mes chers frères!* I beg pardon for having detained you so long; but I will now finish, as I know that many of you are *going to the* Theatre!'* . . . T. C."

* * * * *

"*Aug.* 22*nd.*—Having come to London," he writes, "to get rid of my lease, I am in hopes that it is in a fair way of being adjusted:"† and in another letter to Mr. Gray he says—"The business in question obliges me to bring the best proof I can, that I am *sixty-six* years of age. . . . I am sorry to trouble you; but it would settle the matter at once, if you would apply to the University for a sight of the date of my matriculation, when I must have been thirteen years old. If you cannot get a sight of this record, your own declaration that you have known me from my boyhood, and believe me to be of the age mentioned, would suffice. . . . Have the goodness to write to this effect to John Travers, Esq., St. Swithin's Lane.

"T. C."

The object for which this document was required, was an annuity. For certain reasons—all specified with deep feeling in one of his private letters—he had resolved to sink most of the principal, derived from his late sister, in the purchase of an annuity; and before leaving town, he actually paid to one of the public offices, for this purpose, the sum of 500*l.* Nothing could have been more injudicious. The dread of 'running through the principal' appears to have driven him to this step. He had calculated that, with the annuity thus purchased, the profits of his new edition, and his pension, he should be able to keep

* To W. Moxon, Esq., Barrister, &c.

† Here follow some very touching passages—all showing the excellence of the Poet's heart—but which, like many others of a similar kind, the Editor is not at liberty to publish.

house without any farther deduction from the principal. But he formed a wrong estimate of his life—which, at the very time, was in a precarious state; and, by acting without advice, the money was lost. Of this, however, nothing transpired until after his death.

In the mean time, his books and furniture were all packed up, to be forwarded by the steamer to Boulogne. Of the circumstances attending this laborious operation, he sent the following account to a friend at Sydenham :—

"8, VICTORIA SQUARE, PIMLICO, LONDON, *Sept.* 10, 1843.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"DAY after day has elapsed, during which I have not had the power of writing to you—owing to sheer fatigue. In removing to France, I wish to take no more books with me than I shall be likely to have occasion to consult; but, in order to select the books likely to be *consulted*, I must consult my whole library—and that has now become immense. Thank God, on Saturday last this part of my labour was accomplished with the assistance of my niece.

* * * * *

"Three years ago, I sold off a thousand of my books, at a pitifully low price. Last week I got 22*l.* for some 250 volumes—or about 2*s.* a volume—which was a fair price. I had, besides these, a lot of downright trashy books, which were not worth cartage, or porterage. To dispose of these, I called a council extraordinary of my grocer—my tobacconist—my cheesemonger—and my buttermonger, to sell the printed lumber at so much a pound. Would you believe it? These purchasers were more insolent critics on my books, than even the second-hand booksellers! Neither the Edinburgh nor the Quarterly Reviews

could treat books more cavalierly. 'What will you give me, Mr. Snuffman, for this large bundle of duodecimos?—it weighs, I am sure, ten pounds.' 'Poh—pshaw—I would not give you a farthing, sir, for a thousand books of such trash!' 'And what is your objection to these poor books?' 'Why, sir, that there is not one of them has a leaf that will wrap up a quarter an ounce of snuff?' At last the grocer—I suppose, sweeter tempered than the rest from his dealing in sweets—stepped up to my comfort, and laying his hand on a parcel of folio sermons—the most unreadable that were ever unread—'Ha,' said he, 'here are some real good books!' 'Oh, yes,' I answered, 'most pious books!' 'Yes indeed,' responded the grocer—'one leaf of them will wrap up a whole pound of raisins.'

"Is it not humbling, my dearest friend, that we poets and preachers—who are too sublime for vulgar understandings, and come to be sold as lumber—should be thus contumeliously treated by buttermen and cheesemongers?

"I was exceedingly glad to hear from Dr. B—— that you stood the journey so well. . . . I keep my health, though my cheeks, perhaps, are not so *blooming* as they were; but my mind is springy and serene. . . . I shall write to you from Boulogne. Adieu! my best and dearest friend. The world contains none that loves you better than T. C."

* * * * *

In a few days after writing this letter, Campbell was again in Boulogne, where he had taken, and was now furnishing, an old mansion in the upper town. With the view of continuing his MS. work on ancient geography, he writes to Mr. W. Moxon,—"I very much wish to have two books—Wilkinson's 'Manners and Customs of Ancient Egypt;' the other, Wilkinson on 'Egyptian Agriculture.'

As I wish to put you to as little unnecessary expense as possible on my account, I will immediately, on receiving notice that you have got these books, remit you the price of them;" thus evincing his characteristic punctuality, and indicating the subject which was now to occupy his mind and pen.

His next letter, addressed to me from his *new house*, evinces the same cheerful tone, which he maintained to the very last :—

"BOULOGNE, RUE ST. JEAN, 14*th October*, 1843.

"MY DEAR BEATTIE,

"I HAVE been here a good number of days, but the business of putting down carpets and putting up shelves of books has so much beset me, as to make me a bad correspondent. I send you my address, that I may have the pleasure of hearing from you. Do send me all your news, and, like a good Christian, return good for evil; that is, send me one of your own delightful letters in return for one of my dull ones.

"One of my chief objects in coming to this place was that of being able to educate my niece at a moderate expense, and to live, upon the whole, cheaper. In this I have not been disappointed. Living here is dearer than generally in France, but cheaper than in London by far. I should say that 200*l.* will go as far here as 300*l.* in England, or at least in London. With regard to the climate, I must speak respectfully of it, lest it should think me ungrateful. It agrees with me very well. It is, deservedly I think, reckoned about the best in Europe; but pray let it be between ourselves, and don't let the climate know what I have said of it.—It is a keen, cold climate at present. These equinoctial winds, which I had the start of but by a few days, and which I dreaded so

much, seem resolved to have their revenge upon me, even on *terra-firma*. The land is *firm* enough, but the equinoctials have blown so vehemently, that I have been sometimes afraid of being carried up to heaven, like Romulus, in a whirlwind, whilst walking the streets.

"I have taken a house unfurnished, at 38*l.* a year, taxes included. Do write to me soon, dear Dr. Beattie, and believe me your affectionate friend— T. C."

* * * * *

Oct. 15*th.*—He writes: "The equinoctial gales have set in so furiously, that it is difficult to keep one's feet in walking the streets. I fear we shall hear far too much of their ravages on the coast." Then, alluding to his fireside comforts, he says,—"We have with us the daughter of a Scotch friend*—a nice, pleasant girl, about twenty, who is an accession to our society. She is to stop on her visit to us for some four months. When the winds cease to chill my marrow, I trust to send you a more entertaining letter. Though frigid in body, yet ever warmly at heart, I remain yours— T. C."

"*Nov.* 27*th.*—The weather has been milder of late. I continue to like this place in many respects—We have very agreeable society; and, except that its streets are semi-perpendicular, up and down, it is very habitable. But one misfortune attends the literary man here—there is no getting *books* over from England, without a degree of trouble that amounts to vexation. On the English side

* Robert Carruthers, Esq., of Inverness, the Poet's attached friend, who often met him in town and at Hampstead; and in his "Mornings with Campbell," lately published, has given some interesting sketches of the Poet's life and conversation. Miss Carruthers spent the winter with the Poet and his Niece, and shortly afterwards was married to Mr. Patrick Park, the sculptor, whose bust of Campbell, taken in 1840, is justly admired.

of the water, I dare say, there are also many Custom-house plagues; but here they are abundant. If they would declare at once that English books were prohibited, there would, at least, be something downright in the declaration; but they allow English books to be imported, and when arrived at the Douane, you are told that they must be transmitted for inspection to the Minister of the Interior. . . . . T. C."

* * * * *

In the few short notes written subsequently, he reiterates the complaint of "keen, cold weather," to which he ascribes the feeling of indolence and torpor that appeared to grow upon him. But, unhappily, the feeling of continual chilliness which he describes as distressing was to be explained on grounds more serious than climate—it indicated the slow but sure progress of disease. He continued, however, to accommodate himself rigidly to circumstances. He laid down a plan of daily study—joined one or two parties at the Consul's—and, by diversifying his time with reading, walking, and conversation, endeavoured to remedy the many inconveniences of his new and strange residence. But there is no substitute for old friends. Philosopher as he was, and strove to be, the home-sickness was upon him; and though he generously spared his friends that conviction, the fact cannot be disputed.

He had now begun to look about him; and the following letter shows that his talent for observation was as keen as ever. The sketch he gives was—then, at least—a too faithful picture of Boulogne adventurers :—

"5, Rue St. Jean, Boulogne sur Mer, *Dec.* 7.

"My dear Williams,

"I thank you for your letter very much, and ask your pardon for not having written to you sooner. But it has pleased Destiny to inflict me with incurable *indolence.* In answer to your kind question, how I go on in this place, I can say that I go on pretty well. At first, the climate was delightful—but for several weeks past it has been very severe and gloomy by turns.

"I find a great many English here—the most of whom are swindlers—though some of us are honest! In fact, this place is resorted to by the *élite* of English rogues. They come over and hunt in packs of half a dozen. One of superior stature and address is elected the leader of a pack. He lodges at the best hotel. He has a secretary for show, and a gentleman-like servant. His other agents lodge apart, and go about *price*ing goods of all portable kinds—but almost always alleging their poverty as an excuse for not buying. The French shopkeeper—a knave, like all of the vocation—says, 'Well! but don't mind immediate payment. I will trust you.' 'Ah, no, sir,' says the craftier English knave, 'I never incur debt.' Well, thinks the French rogue, this must be an honest man, and detains him in conversation. 'Do you happen,' he says, 'to know among your countrymen the Honourable D. K. W——, who lives at the Grand Hotel?' 'Oh, yes, I know him as well as a humble man like myself can know a man of his great fortune and family.' 'Ah,' says the Gallic *crafty,* 'and is he rich?' 'Oh, immensely!' 'And what sort of man is he?' 'Why, a very good sort of man—but studious, absent, and a great *simpleton!*' 'Ha, could you get him to me for a customer? and I will

give you so many francs.' 'Well, I will try'—pocketing the francs.

"Next day the honourable and reverend D. K. W—— comes to the shop, and higgles marvellously with the shopman, who charges him, as an Englishman, only *three* prices. The goods are sent—but next day the reverend and honourable D. K. W—— is not to be heard of, having decamped—who knows where!" * * *

In conclusion, he says: "This place is in so far agreeable, that you can live for about two-thirds of what living would cost you in England. The few English with whom I have formed intimacy are amiable and unexceptionable. The French are, of course, less my favourites than the Agreeables of my native land. You know that I have never been a *disparager* of 'the French;' but, on the contrary, have been accused of being too much their *favourer*; so that you will accept my evidence when I tell you, that whereas we have a sour feeling towards the French, their feeling towards us is rank bitterness. Trusting that this will find you and yours in health and happiness,

"I remain, &c., T. C."

To D. E. Williams, Esq., &c. &c.

CHAPTER IX.

BOULOGNE.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

In the condition described, and in a climate by no means friendly to his constitution, Campbell was overtaken by a severe winter. The whole tenor of his daily life was changed. With few or none of the resources which the habits of forty years had rendered necessary to his comfort—no familiar friends—no literary club—he soon found the high town of Boulogne had nothing to recommend it as a learned retirement. But it was the place of his choice; and, having made that choice in the height of summer, without sufficiently calculating, perhaps, the changes of season, it was too late to rectify the mistake. In the society of his niece, and of one or two private residents, he sought compensation for the loss of a wider circle —that of which he had long been the ornament; and, watching the great world only through the loopholes of retreat, he resolved to profit by the change. Reduced to what he had so pathetically described—the condition of "a widowed sire"—

> "A lonely hermit in the vale of years,"

he had still, like the English Seneca, "somewhat of the best things, which he would thankfully enjoy, and want the rest with contentment." He had found by experience that "amidst the rolling and turbulence of present things, nothing doth so establish the mind as a look above them

—a look beyond them." By the free use of his pen, he still hoped to maintain his position in the literary world. Determined not to vegetate in retirement, he had laid down a plan to which he meant to adhere, in the distribution of his time; and by the exercise of his mind, he had a fair prospect of making up for those physical privations, which men of the world are too apt to regard as the greatest trials of life. He looked also, as he has told us, to a better immortality than that of literary fame —to "the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid over my head," * and, with such hopes to prompt and direct his studies, he desired to exemplify in his own practice, what he had so eloquently recommended in his poems—

> "When wisdom shall assuage,
> The grief and passion of our greener age,
> Tho' dull the close of life, and far away
> Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day;
> Yet, o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,
> The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
> With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
> And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still."

He calculated "not upon a long, but a useful life'—he even expressed his apprehension that the "lease had almost expired;" but yet the mere fact of his having recently purchased an annuity, shows that he still flattered himself with the hope of lengthened days. He imagined, perhaps, that the tranquil life upon which he had now resolved would produce a salutary effect upon his health, and conduct him even to the patriarchal age of his father. Such hope, indeed, I had heard him express; and though it may have been often damped by his own

* See page 253-4 of this volume.

bodily sensations, it was the *hope* that attended him to his very last day in England. At Boulogne, although he never lost his fortitude, nor expressed much solicitude on the subject of his health, this hope became much less sanguine, until it finally subsided into the conviction that his days were numbered.

* * * * *

His first effort, on taking possession of his new domicile, was to arrange and classify his library; but the labour was more than he could accomplish; and the books were never restored to their shelves. On every volume, however, in compliment to his niece, he wrote his name—thereby enhancing its value—and giving it a melancholy interest in the eyes of posterity. His correspondence was soon limited to two or three old friends. His notes from Boulogne though unusually short, and seldom written, perhaps, but in answer to some pressing inquiry about his health, were nevertheless cheerful and even facetious—complaining of nothing but the cold winter—the "breezy heights" and "slippery streets" of the town; but his thoughts lay much deeper—turning upon the solemn question, in his own words—

> "Say, what days shall I inherit?
> Tell, my soul, their sum!"

As the year drew to a close, his habits became more and more retired—and necessarily so, for his health was rapidly declining; and although he mustered strength, in one or two instances, to join a friendly dinner party at the British consulate, Mr. Hamilton remarked symptoms of increased languor and debility, which were much aggravated by his habitual disregard of regimen. His furthest walk did not extend beyond the reading-room, in the lower town; and his daily promenades were often confined to a

short turn on the Boulevards, attended by his niece, when the weather was inviting. But these were gradually shortened, until, at last, with his books around him, and the comfort of a cheerful hearth, he resigned himself to an arm-chair in the library, and shut himself up for the winter.

The early part of the day was devoted to the work already named—lectures or lessons on classical geography;* and to render it worthy of his own name, he entered upon an extensive course of reading. To have carried out his plan to the extent proposed would have engaged him for at least two years; but it was a pleasing labour, and well calculated, he thought, to supply a desideratum in our school libraries. The new year, however, brought additional causes for alarm. He complained of debility, and felt increased disinclination to mental or bodily exertion. His usual studies were laid aside; and what was formerly resorted to as a pleasant relaxation, was now regarded as an insufferable task. His interest in political events, however, was little abated. The daily papers threw open to him the great political movements, in which he often evinced the anxiety of a patriot, with a foreshadowing of events that was almost prophetic. He still dreaded and foretold the progress of Russia, and her designs upon the general policy of the Continent—

> "....Norwegian woods shall build
> His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane;
> The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be till'd,
> To feed his dazzling, desolating train."

At length, as the symptoms of his malady increased, he dropped all personal intercourse with his friends—several of whom were his countrymen—residents in

* This work was to have been entitled "Lectures to my Niece."

Boulogne; and it was, latterly, only by messages that any communication was kept open. His reluctance to see company amounted to prohibition; and several, whose conversation might have diverted his attention or soothed his mind, were discouraged by the daily answer, that "he was not well enough to see any one."

But although unable to receive his friends, he was not left to a cheerless solitude. His favourite authors were read to him; letters from anxious and admiring friends followed him to his retreat; the public prints spoke of him as they had ever done; he had the most pleasing evidence that the world, which he endeavoured to forget, had not forgotten him; and that, to his private friends, distance and separation had only rendered his memory more precious. He was always fond of music,—particularly those airs with which he had been familiar in early life. His great favourite was the *Marseillaise* hymn, which he first heard at Ratisbon, in 1800; and he now listened with evident satisfaction while Miss Campbell played it to him. In the long winter evenings his library was the family-room; and often, when the hours appeared to move heavily, some witty or quaint remark from the invalid threw a cheerful light into the little circle,* and inspired hopes which the speaker himself, nevertheless, could not feel. He appeared to be fully aware of his situation; and confessed, when speaking of his own sensations, that he "had a forecast of death." In conversation, however, he still continued cheerful and communicative—quoting his favourite authors, and pointing out their beauties.

* * * *

It was now more than two months since I had received any letter from his own hand; and the casual reports that reached me from Boulogne were vague and unsa-

* Comprising Miss Carruthers, now Mrs. P. Park.

tisfactory. At length, in answer to one of my letters, expressing an earnest desire to know the actual state of his health, I received the following particulars from his niece, Miss Mary Campbell :—

"*Feb.* 13*th*.—I ask pardon for having allowed your very kind note to remain so long unanswered. I can only say that I have been exceedingly occupied. . . . The weather here is miserably cold; and our house being built for summer—full of air-holes, doors, and windows—you may imagine we are not quite so comfortable as we should like to be. By means of list, paper, and a large screen, I have managed to improve the atmosphere of the Library, where my uncle generally sits; but with all this, his body is constantly chilled, and he is obliged to go to bed from nothing but *cold*. His health is not by any means improved by Boulogne; on the contrary, I have observed him get daily worse for some time back; but I am in hopes when the warm weather comes, that he will revive. . . . . My uncle is not writing anything at present: it is a great pain to him to write two or three lines. . . . .

"M. C."

On receipt of this sad report I wrote to the Poet, and also to Miss Campbell, with a few suggestions respecting the treatment to be adopted in the absence of his usual medical adviser. After an interval of several weeks, when some improvement had taken place, he wrote as follows—it was his *last* letter :—

"*March* 23*rd*.—This climate upon the whole agreed with my health, but now the coldness of it renders me torpid and indolent. If I had money to spare, I should remove

to a warmer spot—but I am in a cleft stick; for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble of removal. . . From so dull a place as this, you can hardly expect that I should send you much interesting news. This is a city of priests, cloisters, and bells.—The last of them are intended to indicate the hours—but they fail to do so; for they clash and clank all together, so that to my ears they are as unintelligible as persons in a squabble—all speaking at the same time. . . I amuse myself with my favourite study, Ancient History, and sometimes am agreeably surprised to find that I discover novelties in the subject. Among these is this—that, whereas it was my full belief that the Greeks invented almost every thing for themselves, I now perceive that they borrowed almost every thing—their oracles, their mysteries, their music, painting, and sculpture from Egypt; although it must be granted that the Greeks were *improving* borrowers. . . T. C."

"*April* 28."—I was informed, "His health, though not what it used to be in London, is much better now, since the weather has come in more mild. . M. C."

The slight improvement here mentioned was soon followed by an aggravation of symptoms, a gradual and visible decay of bodily strength, from which he never rallied. He could no longer apply to any definite task; but he added, though at long intervals, a few pages to his proposed lectures; and endeavoured to find amusement in reading, or the conversation of his Niece, whose education was still continued under his direction. On the 8th of May he was sufficiently well to write a codicil to his will, by which he left her all moneys and personal effects belonging to him, or to which he might be entitled, in the

kingdom of France, at the time of his decease. This was, probably, the last document written with his own hand. And now he might have said, with an elder poet, "I have done with the world—I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of life, and have no desire to repeat the draught!"

* * * * *

In another month our worst apprehensions were confirmed by the following passage in a letter from Miss Campbell: "Since I last wrote to you, my poor uncle has been very ill. He is now confined to bed; and although Dr. Allatt says there is no immediate danger, he has little hopes of his ultimate recovery. Although he is in a state of the greatest weakness, his mind is perfectly collected."

This was the time when I knew from experience, that the visit of an old friend would be thankfully received. He had often told me that if taken *seriously* ill, care should be taken to acquaint me with the fact; and with that conditional assurance we had parted. So long, therefore, as I did not hear to the contrary, I flattered myself with the hope, though ill founded, that he would recruit as formerly when the warm weather came. But now that the case appeared in its worst light, there could be no hesitation as to the part I was called on to perform*—although several days elapsed before I was enabled to carry my wishes into effect.

* [Having serious illness in my own family at the time, it was not easy to decide between two duties; but the moment the state of the Poet's health was mentioned to her, my wife forgot her own, and resolved—though at imminent risk—to accompany me to his bedside. The prospect of engaging in the active duties of Christian charity inspired her, as usual, with renewed strength. In this resolution she was supported by her sister, who, like herself, had ministered to the Poet under many painful circumstances, and drawn from him the grateful confession, that if consolation was to be found in society, experience told him it was in theirs.—This much is due to the memory of both—and such as, in truth and tenderness, I may be permitted to notice for the last time.—Ed.]

The following extracts are taken from a private journal, written at the time. But to select such passages only as may bring the closing scene before the reader is a difficult—a delicate task. It is only from a sense of historical responsibility, and with a timid hand, that I venture to make the attempt—omitting, as far as I can, all professional details :—

"*June 4th.*—Having executed the commissions contained in Miss Campbell's letter, I made what arrangements I could for ten days' absence. We started from London at half-past eleven—reached Folkestone at a quarter before three—and next morning proceeded by the first packet for Boulogne; where we arrived early in the afternoon. From the Hôtel des Bains, we went to the Poet's house in the Upper Town. Miss Campbell had been very anxious for our arrival—both on her uncle's account and her own. She had only a *Religieuse* to assist her in the duties of the sick chamber. She told us her uncle had been confined to his bed more than three weeks, and thought we should find him much altered. Dr. Allatt, an English physician at Boulogne, had seen him frequently, but pronounced the case hopeless. Great interest had been expressed by the Consul and other British residents during his illness, and personal inquiries were made daily at the house; but he had neither seen nor conversed with any one for many weeks."

* * * * *

"We then entered the library, adjoining the Poet's bedroom, and the next minute found us at his side. We were all greatly shocked; for he was sadly changed. The arrival of old friends seemed to revive him—His words were, as he held my hand—"Visit of angels from heaven,"—thinking, perhaps, of the dreary interval since we

parted in London. He spoke to each with a faint smile, but in few words, and with that peculiar lightening of the eye which gave forcible expression to all he said.

"To every question respecting his health, he merely repeated—'tolerably well;' and then, with an apathy as if he felt little interest in the subject, he turned to something else, or remained silent. He was not suffering from any pain; all that he complained of was weakness, and a *morbid* sensation of chilliness, for which he was allowed the use of stimulants. He lay on his left side in a half reclining posture, looking to the window eastward, and with an expression of anxiety in his countenance that was very touching. To others, it seemed to address an appealing question—'What is to be done?' I must not allow fancy to be mixed up with these little details; but words, we thought, could not have asked the question more plainly.— . . . . . .

"I remarked that his eye followed me, as I passed from one part of the room to the other, and seemed to imply that he had much to say—but little strength to say it. This was still more evident, when, holding out his hand eagerly—he again thanked us with a feeble voice for this proof of old friendship.

"I then left him to recover from the excitement caused by our visit, and returned to his bedside late in the evening. He was then quite calm—like a person half asleep—but perfectly sensible. . . I told him several incidents that had happened amongst his London friends since he left them, with the kind messages of which I was the bearer. To these he listened with much interest, but made no reply. The only question he had strength to ask was respecting the health of a much valued friend at Sydenham; and my answer being satisfactory, he expressed himself much comforted.

* * * * *

"*June 6th.*—This morning he appeared to have rallied a little. He looked cheerful—expressed his pleasure at the sight of familiar faces—and made an effort to maintain a little conversation, but in a feeble voice. He was deeply sensible, as usual, of any kindness done or intended—and in his mind, a trivial service assumed undue importance. In the course of the morning he spoke more freely of himself. . . His strength was more reduced than I had imagined; for while assisting him to change his posture and get out of bed, he fell back in a fainting fit, and remained insensible for some minutes. This I was told had occurred before—and the least effort sufficed to produce it. The fact was very discouraging; and, coupled with the actual condition of the digestive organs, left in our minds but a faint glimmer of hope—if hope it might be called. He had seen no private or professional friend but Dr. Allatt for many weeks."

* * * * *

"It was curious to observe a *Religieuse*—one of the Sisters of Charity—keeping watch at the Poet's bedside during the night—expressing a tender solicitude for his comfort, and performing the duties of an experienced nurse. But yet it was a sad proof of exile—sick and a stranger—to be thus watched. Her attention, however, was rendered doubly acceptable by its motive—that of Christian charity.*

"I have passed great part of the day at the sufferer's bedside. The conversation was very limited, carried on in whispers; he is not able to connect more than two or three sentences at a time. It was thought doubtful at one

* These charitable "Sisters" are very useful to the community. Wherever sickness holds its victim to the couch, their services are bestowed: they shrink from no danger, and in the discharge of their duties, evince much fortitude and self-denial.

time this morning whether he was quite conscious of what was said in his presence. Of the fact, however, a little artifice soon furnished us with proof. We were speaking of his poems. Hohenlinden was named; when, affecting not to remember the author of that splendid lyric, a guess was hazarded that it was by a Mr. Robinson. . . . . 'No,' said the Poet, calmly but distinctly, 'it was one Tom Campbell.'"

* * * * *

"*June 7th.*—There was little or no abatement of the symptoms this morning. The position and arrangement of this house are neither healthy nor convenient. Should he recover even partially, it is proposed to have him removed to lodgings near the sea, where he may have the benefit of fresh air and free ventilation. He was pleased with the thought of change—but incredulous as to its accomplishment. He felt and saw what no other could feel or see; and I was struck with the tacit expression of his countenance while we spoke of a change . . .

"His conversation, resumed and dropt at short intervals, was deeply interesting. . . . His respiration, however, was more impeded than yesterday; and a new symptom—*œdema* of the right ancle—made its appearance—or rather became more apparent—this morning. He continued serene—neither expressing hope nor fear—but reminding us of his own lines—

> 'Envying—fearing—hating none,
> Guardian Spirit, steer me on!'

I asked him if there was any thing I could do by writing to his friends? He answered, 'No,' and then considering for a minute, he added, 'Yes—write to * *,' mentioning the friend already alluded to—'and say . . . '

* * * * *

"In reply to my inquiry if his mind was quite easy, he said, with a remarkable expression of energy, 'Yes—I have entire control over my mind;' adding, after a little pause, 'I am quite . . .' I supposed him to have added, inaudibly, 'resigned.' A few desultory sentences followed, which he uttered with difficulty—and then with shut eyes, and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent, but thoughtful. . . .

"His pulse, hitherto rather steady, has fluttered a little to-day. When I took leave, about eleven at night, his eye followed me anxiously to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?' He seems fully aware of his situation, and is remarkably tranquil and composed."

"*June 8th.*—This morning a new prescription was tried, from which some alleviation is expected. He takes cheerfully and gratefully whatever is offered in the way of food or medicine; but never asks a question as to the nature of his ailment, or the prospect of recovery. To day an English nurse has replaced the *religieuse*.

"In the morning he expressed a faint wish for a cigar, [thinking, perhaps, it would relieve his breathing]; but the wish was not repeated. There is now considerable *œdema* of the left leg and foot. He has taken only tea and jelly during the day. On his niece's cheerfully observing, that we thought him a little better—he observed slowly, 'I am—glad—you think so.' But his own feelings seemed to contradict our hopes."*

* * * * *

* [From this time I continued to sit up with him every night—retiring for an hour or two about five in the morning, and returning after breakfast. The mornings have been uniformly bright and beautiful. The roses in the little court below were in full blossom; the elms that threw their shade over the wall were rustling with the light sea breeze—external nature appeared in all its freshness and beauty; but within a few steps lay the poet on his death bed—unable to participate in any of nature's joys which he—the priest

"*June 9th.*—Continued near the Poet all day. Dr. Allatt has seen him again; and owing to the relief afforded by some medicine, we have been indulging hopes of his temporary amendment.

"But it is only a question of time. We are, in truth, flattering ourselves with hopes that can never be realized: there is no important amelioration—organic disease exists in its worst form. The most that can be done is to palliate one or two urgent symptoms—to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we may."

* * * * *

"*June 10th.*—At the Poet's bedside all night. The favourable symptoms have nearly all disappeared. The only sustenance taken has been a little beef tea—with now and then a few drops of cognac diluted—for which he frequently asks, as if he felt his strength sinking.

* * * * *

"To the anxious questions of those around him, his reply was—'tolerably well,' slowly enunciated—and then repeated in a whisper. Not a murmur—no complaint—no expression of pain or dissatisfaction has escaped his lips. He has still, in his own words, 'entire control over his mind,' and presents a picture of placid resignation. At last, on its being remarked that he 'shewed great patience under suffering'—he said in an under tone, and for the first time—'I *do* suffer.'

* * * * *

"Between ten and eleven o'clock he fell into a calm refreshing sleep; and in that state I ventured to leave him for the night. The nurse is very attentive—she is a

of nature—had so often felt and sung. It was the scene he loved—the season to which he once looked forward with hope.—Ed.]

soldier's widow—has had much experience with the sick, as well as the wounded; and is devoted to her present charge. Under these circumstances, whether at his bed side or in my own chamber, the spirit and sentiment of his poetry were continually before me; they were the lasting record of his own solemn convictions, and the hour was at hand when they were to be taken in evidence for eternity.* Were they not—if I may so express it—the living sign held up by the dying hand, ready to seal its testimony?—

> 'Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that murder rears
> Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
> Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread
> As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
> What is the bigot's torch—the tyrant's chain?
> I smile on death, if heaven-ward hope remain!'

"*June* 11*th.*—He passed a rather comfortable, refreshing night—looked cheerful—'thought he felt a little stronger.' Those around him were consequently predicting a recovery—and where hope was so pleasing it was hard to despair. Later in the day, however, he varied considerably, both in his personal feelings and outward appearance. The difficulty of breathing, though partially relieved by artificial means, prevented his speaking more than a few words. His mind, he tells me, 'is quite easy.' He took—or rather tasted cheerfully—whatever was offered him in the way of food or medicine; and at 11 P. M., he was so apparently relieved and tranquil, that I retired for a few hours, while Miss Campbell and the nurse kept watch at his bedside."

* * * * *

"*June* 12*th.*—He has passed a tolerable night—sleeping at intervals—and taking a little food when it was

* See Conversations in this volume, page 253.

offered to him; but there is nothing encouraging—no actual improvement; and if at all changed since yesterday, it is for the worse. We have altered his position frequently—from a recumbent to a half sitting posture, by which the respiration is somewhat relieved.

"By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick—followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention—suppressing, as much as he could, the sound of his own breathing—which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion he said—'it is very soothing!' At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels—directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour. When this was done I asked him, 'Do you believe all this?' 'Oh yes!' he replied, with emphasis—'I do!'—" His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers, he raised his hand to his head—took off his nightcap—then, clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realise all the feeling of his own triumphant lines :—

'This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!—
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robb'd the Grave of victory
And took the sting from Death!'

"Later in the day he spoke with less difficulty—he said something to every one near him. To his niece, who was leaning over him in great anxiety, and anticipating every

little want, he said,—'Come—let us sing praises to Christ!'—then pointing to the bed-side, he added—'Sit here.'—'Shall I pray for you?' she said—'Oh, yes,' he replied; 'let us pray for one another!'

"In the evening, a relation of my own,* whom he had known many years, and who accompanied us from London on this visit, read prayers from the Liturgy at his bed-side,—and that Liturgy, of which the Poet had so often expressed his admiration in health, was a source of comfort in the hour of sickness. He expressed himself 'soothed—comforted;' and, after a few words uttered in a whisper, he fell into a quiet slumber. As we sat by his side—reflecting on what had passed—we thought with Rogers:—

'Through many a year
We shall remember with a "sad" delight
The words so precious which we heard to-night!'"

* * * * *

"*June 13th, morning.*—Miss Campbell and I remained all night at his bedside. His breathing has become laborious, and, in other respects, he is worse than he was yesterday. He has been able, however, to go through the fatigue of some change of dress, and begins to feel a little refreshed.† . . . .

"*Afternoon.*—He has spoken little to-day, but listens attentively to whatever is said, and appears quite sensible of what is passing around him. He recognises every one; and, when asked how he feels, he says 'tolerable'—syllabling the word. . . . Prayers were again read first by

* The Rev. C. S. Hassells, M.A., Trin. Coll., Oxon.

† We have found the fumes rising from eau-de-cologne to be grateful and refreshing to him. The process is very simple—a teaspoonful thrown from time to time upon a heated shovel—if nothing better be at hand—keeps the apartment fresh and pleasant; and, if burnt at a little distance from the foot of the bed, the vapour seems to relieve the hard breathing. Nothing is so simple as to be below notice in such circumstances.

Mr. Hassells, and afterwards some texts of Scripture by Miss Campbell—and in both instances the silent moving of his lips showed that he took part in the supplication.

* * * * *

"Mr. Moxon arrived from London, and being introduced to his bedside, the Poet recognised and shook hands with him, saying faintly—'Very glad to see you.'"

"*June* 14*th.*—All night at the sufferer's bedside. Never shall I forget the impression these night-watches have left on my mind. . . . . He has taken hardly any sustenance for several hours—his words are few—pronounced with an effort—and often inarticulate;—but there is no murmur—no complaint—and he repeats the same answer—'tolerable.' . . . . The crisis is evidently approaching. The respiration is becoming more difficult and hurried: his lips are compressed—the nostrils dilated—the eyes closed—and the chest heaves almost convulsively. *Quam mutatus ab illo!* He is still conscious, however; and the very compression of the lips discovers an effort to meet the struggle with firmness and composure. . . .

"At a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and in a slow, distinct whisper, he said—'*We shall see* ** *to-morrow!*'—naming in the same breath a long-departed friend.

* * * * *

"Prayers for the sick were read as usual; but, as the night advanced, he appeared to be losing the enviable consciousness and self-possession which had marked the complaint up to this hour. After giving him a teaspoonful of some liquid at hand—he moistened his lips with it—adding as usual—'Thank you—much obliged;' and these, perhaps, were the last connected words we heard from him. . . . . Towards the morning he became for the first time restless—throwing the coverlet aside—and breathing

convulsively. This was painful; but even then his own consoling words came forcibly to our minds:—

['Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To friendship weeping at the couch of woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!—
Weep not, she says, at nature's transient pain:
Congenial spirits part to meet again!' "]

* * * * *

"*June* 15*th*, *Saturday*.—This has been an anxious night. All the symptoms have been aggravated within the last twelve hours. He has not moved but as he was lifted. To a question from his niece, he answered with much difficulty—but the spirit of kindness was in the word; and then he sank again into slumber.

"The restlessness is quite gone: his features look sharper and more defined than yesterday; but they are perfectly serene—almost like a statue—unless, when affected by the difficulty of breathing, they seem agitated by slight convulsive twitches. He lies in the same posture—on his left side—his head and shoulders supported by pillows.

* * * * *

"At two o'clock he opened his eyes, and then, as if the light of this world were too oppressive, closed them. He is now dying. The twilight dews of life are lying heavy on his temples. . . . .

* * * * *

"At a quarter past four in the afternoon, our beloved Poet, Thomas Campbell, expired, without a struggle. His niece,* Dr. Allatt, and myself, were standing by his bedside. The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek

* "During the last ten days Miss Campbell has often shared in the anxious night-watch—and in other respects discharged the duties of a grateful and attached relative. In every change previously effected or contemplated in

—such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This may seem fanciful—but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble.

* * * * *

"Though quite prepared, as I thought, for the crisis, yet, I confess, I was so bewildered at the moment of transition, that, when I saw the head drop lifeless upon his chest, I could hardly satisfy my mind, that I was standing in the same chamber, and at the bedside of Thomas Campbell. There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius—the hallowed glow of his poetry—the steady warmth of his patriotism—the unwearied labours of his philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstance—in public the observed of all observers—in private, the delight of his circle—the pride of his country—the friend of humanity; now followed with acclamations—now visited with sorrows—struggling with difficulties, or soured with disappointments; then, striving to seek repose in exile—and here finding it in death. . . . .

"These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind—but with all the individuality and distinctness of a picture vividly and faithfully drawn. In that picture I saw innumerable traits of human excellence—in the light of which the inherent failings of our common nature were lost. . . How little were that man to be envied, who should watch the close of such a life to drag its frailties into light! Let

his domestic arrangements, he had always consulted her advantage, her personal comfort, and intellectual improvement; and with her it now rests to fulfil his own tender prediction:—

'To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath!'"—*See Lines*, vol. iii., p. 323.

every tree be judged by its fruit—the poet by his works—and the evidence is conclusive.

* * * * *

"5 P.M.—With these feelings we gently closed his eyes, that had now opened on the eternal world. When every one else had left the room the remaining duties were silently performed by the poor nurse and myself—the former shedding unfeigned tears during the ceremony. 11 *at night.*—A countenance more serene, and spiritualised by death, we never beheld—no vestige of struggle or contortion—but as if every muscle had been fixed in its happiest expression.*

* * * * *

"*Sunday, June* 16*th.*—During the day we have made frequent visits to the silent death-chamber, in which we imagine we still hear him breathing. The light, partially admitted from the side-window, shows the features in cold, placid relief. It is quite the picture of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labours—a deep untroubled repose. Seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive: and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased. Mr. G., who had known the Poet long, was much affected at the sight, and remained for several minutes on his knees at the bed-side."

* * * * *

* It may appear to some that I have lingered too long in the sick-room—dwelt too minutely on circumstances which might have been summarily noticed—or passed over in silence. But where every successive interview is expected to be the *last,* we are apt to linger—attaching importance to every word, look, or sign from him who is trembling on the verge of existence: we watch with intense interest those features, where life and death are brought into close but unequal combat. We see the approaches of fate, yet shrink back from the conviction, as if, by protracting the interview, we could avoid the sacrifice—but to take the last look—*Hoc erat luctuosum suis—acerbum patriæ!*—Ed.

"*Sunday.*—This evening, between nine and ten o'clock, the body was removed from the upper chamber, and placed in its leaden coffin—near 'his own chair'—in the drawing-room. The ceremony was witnessed by the immediate friends and servants of the family. It was very impressive—aided by the deep silence—and the recollection that this room was but recently fitted up for the social enjoyments of life.* The body was removed from the bed on the coffin-lid—without discomposing a limb or a feature. The stars were shining through the windows at the time—along the staircase and passage lights were placed—just sufficient to direct the steps of the bearers—and if the silence was interrupted, it was only by a sigh or a whisper. Altogether the scene was impressive and solemn. The persons entrusted with this part of the ceremony have acted with great feeling and decorum. Dr. Cousin, the government inspector, called to see the body, and receive a statement of the case, to be entered in the obituary records of the month."

* * * * *

"*Monday*, 17*th.*—A private cast was taken of the Poet's head and right hand by a skilful artist. The likeness is very striking. The head is remarkable in shape—the natural form was quite concealed by the peruke which he wore for more than forty years.

["I have written forty-nine letters and notes to the family and friends of the deceased Poet."]

"*June* 18*th.*— . . . The old nurse—a soldier's widow—has twined a chaplet of laurel and evergreen—very tastefully—with which, as a mark of homage, she has

* The Poet's last receptacle—all French—is lined with white muslin—a fringed pillow is placed under his head—the shroud is drawn partly round it, with the forehead and features left open.

requested leave to encircle the Poet's brow. Such an appeal was not to be refused. There was something very touching in this little act of gratuitous homage—a soldier's widow crowning the author of 'The British Grenadiers'* on the *Eighteenth of June*—the anniversary of Waterloo.

"The effect, as he now lies in his coffin—with the head slightly elevated, and circled with laurel—is suggestive of many reflections. . . . . Early in the morning I found this poor woman sitting by the coffin, with the prayer-book in her hand—and his poems at her side. Other friendly hands have gathered roses and scattered them over the folds of the shroud; and one has placed in his cold hand a bouquet of field-flowers—his own 'field-flowers,' that he wished to bloom on his tomb."†

* * * * *

"*June* 19*th*, *Wednesday*, *half-past* 10 P.M.—We have now taken the last view of the Poet's remains. We met in the chamber at nine o'clock, in presence of the Commissaire de Police and his assistants. Miss Campbell, ourselves, and the servants, went each to the side of the coffin to take a last look of him, in whom we had severally found an affectionate relation—a faithful friend—an indulgent master. The features, though slightly collapsed, were still serene and beautiful: the laurel wreath, adjusted to the cold brow, looked bright and fresh; the roses, gathered from his own trees, and emitting a sweet fragrance, sprinkled the winding-sheet: not the slightest taint or odour from the coffin—and his hand retains—as if with a conscious grasp—the bunch of 'wild flowers.'

"It is needless to add that the scene was affecting:

* See the war-song thus entitled, vol. ii., 289-90.

† "Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And *I wish you to grow on my tomb!*"—POEMS, page 236.

even the officers on duty were evidently moved—looking long and earnestly at the features of the great Poet—and comparing them with the engraved portrait by Lawrence that hung on the wall near the coffin. There was the living resemblance, that pourtrayed him in the height of his fame—in bodily health and vigorous intellect; and here they saw him stretched in 'cold obstruction,' but still verifying the truth of the original touches. . . . . The lid was then placed over the remains—silently adjusted—soldered up—and the case deposited in the outer coffin. The Commissaire then passed a thread of tape round the inner leaden coffin, and bringing it out on each side of the outer cloth one, sealed it at both ends with the town seal of Boulogne. The outer lid was then screwed fast; and here the coffin is to remain, until arrangements are completed for its removal to the final resting-place. The two coffins are simple, but elegant and substantial. On the lid is a brass plate, with an engraved record :—

'THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.,
AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,"
DIED JUNE XV. M.DCCCXLIV.
AGED LXVII.' "*

"*June 20th.*—It was still uncertain whether the Poet's remains were to find their resting-place in Westminster Abbey or in the cemetery of his native city. On this subject my co-executor, Mr. W. Moxon, had an interview with the Dean of Westminster; and, after a few preliminaries, it was conceded by the Dean and Chapter that the ashes of Thomas Campbell should repose in a new grave, in the centre of Poets' Corner; the fee† for the same being first duly paid to the receiving officer of the Chapter.

"Six days were next consumed in the arrangement of

* Had he lived till July 27th, he would have completed his 67th year.

† This fee amounted to more than *seventy pounds*.

his household property—inventories*—taxes on books and furniture, brought from London at great trouble and expense. Every debt was fully and finally paid; and in all transactions with the government authorities—in reducing one or two extravagant demands—obviating numerous difficulties—and facilitating every measure which the circumstances required—the Poet's executors were under many obligations to the kindness and liberality of Mr. Hamilton, the British Consul. To Mons. Adam the Mayor, Mons. Dutertre, and other officers, their thanks are eminently due; while of the British residents it need only be added, that several did themselves honour by many private tokens of respect and admiration for the deceased Poet. In the Boulogne paper, a glowing panegyric appeared on his character as a man and a patriot; and in the Paris and provincial press noble tributes were offered to his memory as the Poet of Freedom, and the friend of the human race."

* * * * *

On Thursday, June 27th, arrangements were made to have the coffin embarked for London; and accordingly, at midnight, attended by the Consul and a few admiring friends and sympathisers, it was taken from the Poet's late residence to the pier in a hearse, and put on board the "City of London" steamer for England. Mr. Sempill, of Boulogne, very kindly undertook the duty of attending the Poet's remains to London. Next day, at seven o'clock in the evening, my co-executor, Mr. W. Moxon, and I met Mr. Sempill and the Poet's nephew at the London Bridge wharf, where the melancholy task was transferred to us. The same evening, the body was conveyed in a hearse to the house of the undertaker for the night; and next day it was removed to a chapel near the *Jerusalem Chamber*

* As all these inventories had to be given in to the proper officers, estimated, and paid for accordingly, it was a very tedious and painful operation.

in Westminster Abbey, where it remained till the morning of the Funeral.

* * * * *

"*July 3rd, Wednesday.*—The Executors began to receive the company about ten o'clock, and before noon the Jerusalem Chamber was quite full. Many had come from distant parts of the country to witness the ceremony; and it was pleasing to observe men of all political creeds, in every department of government, in all gradations of rank and intellect, cordially uniting to pay the last offices of friendship and admiration to a great Poet. The day was fine, the funeral arrangements were made on a liberal scale, all the company appeared in mourning, and nothing was wanting to render the spectacle deeply solemn and impressive. Among the early arrivals were the Duke of Argyll; Mr. Richardson, the oldest friend of the Poet then present; the Premier, Sir Robert Peel; Viscount Strangford; Mr. J. G. Lockhart; Lord Aberdeen; Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay; Lord Brougham; a guard of Polish nobles; Lord Dudley C. Stuart; Campbell of Islay; Lord Leigh; Colonel Szyrma; Lord Campbell; with a numerous body of private friends and admirers. Never, since the death of Addison, it was remarked, had the obsequies of any literary man been attended by circumstances more honourable to the national feeling, and more expressive of cordial respect and homage, than those of Thomas Campbell.

"Soon after noon the procession began to move from the Jerusalem Chamber to Poet's Corner, and in a few minutes passed slowly down the long, lofty aisle—

> 'Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things;
> Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings.'

"On each side the pillared avenues were lined with spectators, all watching the solemn pageant in reverential silence, and mostly in deep mourning. The Rev. Henry

Milman, himself an eminent poet, headed the procession; while the service for the dead, answered by the deep-toned organ in sounds like distant thunder, produced an effect of indescribable solemnity.* One only feeling seemed to pervade the assembled spectators, and was visible on every face—a desire to express their sympathy in a manner suitable to the occasion. He who had celebrated the glory and enjoyed the favour of his country for more than forty years, had come at last to take his 'appointed chamber in the Hall of Death'—to mingle ashes with those illustrious predecessors who, by steep and difficult paths, had attained a lofty eminence in her literature, and made a lasting impression on the national heart.

"'Can flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?' No; but it *is* soothing to all who love their country to observe the homage she decrees to posthumous merit. Tribute to departed worth is her sacred guarantee to the living, that the claims of genius shall not be disregarded; that the path of honour is open to every aspiring son of the soil. The tombs of great men are eloquent monitors; and every nation that would impress and stimulate the minds of youth, by noble examples of literary and patriotic genius, will point to the tombs of her illustrious dead. The pleasing hope of being remembered, cherished, imitated when 'dust returned to dust,' was always soothing to the mind of Campbell, whose aim was to 'deserve well of his country:'

> 'And is he dead whose glorious mind
> Lifts thine on high?
> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die!'"—*Hallowed Ground.*

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* A circumstantial notice of the Funeral ceremony will be found in the APPENDIX.

THE CONCLUSION.

LETTERS—ANECDOTES—EXTRACTS.

Of the generous and kindly warmth of Campbell's domestic affections, even to the latest period of life, the following letters, addressed to his nephew and niece, but accidentally omitted in the text, are pleasing examples:*—

"61, Lincoln's Inn Fields, *March*, 1841.

"My dear Archibald,

"I have just bought a piano-forte for Mary,† which will reach you by the middle of next week. It is Broadwood's making. Mary will thus be able to practise at home, and to bring up the instrument when she comes to me on my return from the Continent. In the course of ten months hence, Mary, I trust, will have learnt the grammar of French pretty well. I am not impatient in her progress in that language, because I can complete her in it myself. As to her drawing, let her do just according to her own inclination. Only this I have to enjoin upon her mother and you, namely, not to allow her to be under an impression of mind, that I shall expect her to come to me learned and accomplished. Let her not, I say, study too much. I would rather that she were idle altogether, than that she should run the most distant chance of injuring her health by application. Robert's ‡ demise has filled me not more with grief than with dark apprehensions of possibilities. I trust they are only fanciful respecting your

* See Vol. III., page 303. † Ibid. pp. 301-323. ‡ Pages 290-91.

sister's constitution, and your own. So take care what you do. Don't employ yourself too much; occupations that may be stooping, and confinement, affect the chest.

* * * * *

"T. CAMPBELL."

"61, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, *April* 12, 1841.

"MY DEAR NIECE,

"I TRUST that, in a few days after this letter reaches you, you will receive your piano-forte, on which, the first tune that I request you to practise is, "The Campbells are coming!" in allusion to the prospect of your coming to live with me, when I return from Italy. Everybody tells me here that I shall spoil you; but I don't think there is much danger of *that*, because you have the character of having a solid mind, and have been bred up by a sensible mother. Besides, though I don't lead a dull and gloomy life, I live in nothing like dissipation. You will see or hear nothing to turn either your *heart* or your head. You shall have every opportunity for the cultivation of your mind, provided I see you studying and reading no more than is consistent with the most perfect state of your bodily health; plenty of indulgence in the piano-forte if you like it, for that can never hurt you; but no stooping over books or pictures, nor reading aloud, till I am rid of all fear about the delicacy of your chest; plenty of exercise in fine weather, and plenty of cheerful company and conversation, especially with the better part of your own sex. I wish you to write to me sometimes. Don't write me flattering letters about your gratitude, for that gratitude is all by anticipation. Let it be proved first that I have done my duty, and then you may thank me. Write to me as you would speak to me—simply and naturally—for studied letters are never good. Do not be afraid of me as a critic, and study only *your own health*, not to come to me

accomplished and wise beyond your years. Take pains—always avoiding the application that may hurt your chest—to write a bold, square, regular hand. I had by nature a bad hand of writing; not a scullion nor an ostler's boy ever wrote a worse hand than I did; but by pains and perseverance I now write so far well, that I can look without displeasure on my own MSS.

"Give my love to your mother and your brother. Tell your mother not to grieve at the prospect of eight months hence trusting her daughter to me. I will be your sponsor that you shall never forget your mother, nor think of her with less lively affection than at present. You will never cease to think of her with gratitude. The very act of her trusting you to me, will be a proof of her magnanimity. She is the fondest of mothers—yet she has the fortitude to part with you, because she foresees eventual advantages for you in the transfer. She is so fond of you, that she *sacrifices her own fondness.*

"I was going to dilate, my dear niece, on the prospect of happiness that my imagination opens, when I think of coming back from the sunny fields of Italy* to the sunshine—far superior—of my own home and your company. But I must curb the fancy of a poet; for it would be a sad sinking of poetry if I were *now* to inflame you with views of perfect happiness, which in this world are never to be realised. I was about to describe to you our future domestication—our early breakfast—our morning lesson—our walks in the park—our parties in the evening: but why should I make you too sanguine as to happiness? Alas! if I should be perfectly kind to you, can I insure you entire felicity? No—truly not, my child; but still our friendship will be consecrated by nature, which ordains that you should love the brother of your father, and that I

* This plan was defeated. See page 292, *note*, of this Volume.

should love the child of my brother; and, in short, I think that we shall be as happy a little uncle and niece as ever lived together. Your affectionate uncle,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

"Miss Mary Campbell."

"*June 1st*, 1841. . . . . *It may be several months before I have the happiness of your joining me in my house in London; but in the mean time I think it would be right that we should exchange a letter or two. I can easily enter into your feelings, as to your corresponding with me. You are young and timid, and shy to write to an old hardened literary man. 'He will require me to be so *perjinck* in my style.' But no—believe me, dear niece, you need not be afraid of me. I hate formal writing—put down your thoughts as they come to you, and never mind the manner of writing. I know one difficulty in your way, which is—'What can I say to an uncle of whom I know so little, and with whom I never lived twenty-four hours under the same roof?' But let this relieve you from the difficulty: you have real matter to communicate to me. Tell me how you are coming on in your French and your music. As to French, don't be discouraged if you think your progress slow. It is a language of difficult grammar. Tell me what French grammar you use. As to music—oh there, my dear niece Mary, you must take pains, and practise 'The Campbells are coming!' 'The rock and the wee pickle tow;' and in the Scotch and Irish airs I shall expect you to be an adept. I hope you will practise singing also. And pray don't forget the *arithmetic*—that will enable you to count up our bills. . . Your affectionate uncle, T. C."

* * * * *

* This is another example of the endearing manner by which Campbell won the confidence and affections not only of his own family relations, but of many others, who at first had a dread of writing to him.—ED.

I cannot dismiss the work without a few additional anecdotes of the Poet, as he generally shone in the society and conversation of his intimate friends. The following, so far as I know, are new to the public, and sufficiently characteristic of the man.

* * * * *

The picture now known to the reader as "Latilla's Child," was first exhibited in Colnaghi's window. Every morning, on his way from Lincoln's Inn Fields to the Literary Union, Campbell had to pass the window; and, on coming opposite, walked deliberately up "to have another peep at the little roguish sprite," as he called it. He did not know why, but the picture was ever before his eyes—it seemed to follow him; and when he sat down at night in his "lonely chambers," the "little minx" was constantly looking at him—"In short, if ever poet was haunted by a painted faëry, I was. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I think I can buy it; and it will be pleasant company these long evenings; a few guineas for such a piece of art will be well spent.' So I went boldly in to Colnaghi, and asked the price. 'Thirty guineas—only thirty!' I came immediately out, wishing I had not asked the price—for *thirty guineas,* I can tell you, were no trifle to me at the time. I went back to my chambers with the sad conviction that much *printing** had left me nothing for painting. But still I could find no rest; I was fascinated—and in trying to pass the shop next morning, the temptation was irresistible. It was useless to plead poverty—in I went; bought—paid for it; and there the little sly minx (pointing to the picture) has been laughing at me ever since."

* * * * *

* May 11th, 1840. He had just expended a large sum in printing and illustrating his Poems. For this subject, see Vol. III., pages 330-40; and Poems, page 331.

M. Buznach,* of whom Campbell has made honourable mention in his Letters from the South, was a personal friend of the warlike Emir, Abd-el-Kader. He was a tall, athletic, and powerful man; with a flash of the wild Arab in his eye, and a frank and fearless expression of countenance that took the Poet's fancy, and carried him back, in thought, to the wilderness of Mascara. On dining together, with one or two travelled friends, at my house, Campbell told us many incidents of his African adventures, which Buznach confirmed. The story of the lion which he had heard roaring in the desert, saw shot, and his *tongue* served up at a repast in the Arab tent next day, was told in his own peculiar way. "And now," said Buznach, "I remember something of a lion;" and he told us the following adventure, in rapid French:—"We were on a march through one of the narrowest defiles of Mount Atlas, and impatient to get forward. On our left were deep precipices; over our heads inaccessible rocks, from which small cataracts swept across our path, which was often broken into channels and covered with débris. We could only advance in single file, but were still prepared to act in case of surprise. Our horses, you remember [addressing Campbell], are very spirited, but docile; we were all well mounted; but as there was hardly room to turn round—much less to manœuvre—an ambuscade would have proved disastrous. At length, we reached the most difficult step in our day's march, where the path ran along a very narrow ridge—like the roof of one of your English houses—shelving precipitously to the right and left, with torrents flashing among the rocks at the bottom—but at so great a depth as scarcely to be heard. The word 'steady' passed along the line, and we groped our way

* May 6th, 1840. See Vol. III., page 188; also *Letters from the South*, Vol. II., pages 207-8.

with increased vigilance and caution. A little beyond us, the rocks were thickly shaded with copsewood; and there we promised ourselves a short respite from the heat, which had become oppressive. But just as we approached the entrance, our vedette suddenly halted; and the next moment we were startled by the roar of a lion in the pass. We could not see him in his ambuscade—but no doubt he saw us very distinctly, and meant to lay us under contribution. Moved with instinctive terror, our horses began to snort, and paw, and actually trembled under us. In a moment our position had become embarrassing—not that the lion would instantly spring upon us—but it was impossible to urge our horses forward; and in a few minutes we should have been in absolute danger from jostling one another. The only words were 'halt—be firm.' But the horses were almost unmanageable, and the moment was perillous. The officer in command—superbly mounted, and well worthy of such a barb—dashed forward; but his horse—that would have faced an open battery—suddenly reared, wheeled round, and he was on the point of being thrown. Quickly recovering himself, however, he made another desperate effort—bounded forward—fired his pistols—killed the lion—and the next instant his charger dropt dead under him." Campbell, like the rest of the company, was deeply interested by this story; and the evening passed away amidst sketches of wild African adventure, that had a strange sound in English ears.

* * * * *

One day the Poet wrote me a very peremptory note:—"*March* 22*nd.*—I am sorry to send you a mortal challenge—but you cannot refuse! Send me your Coat of Arms! T. C." This was followed by another, two days later:—"You must *positively* lend me your Arms—as Achilles lent

his to Patroclus! I will dine with you on Saturday, with the greatest pleasure.—T. C." I knew nothing of his intention; but when he came to dinner, M. Buznach and Dr. Sayer had just arrived—and while speaking to his Arab and English friends, he deposited a small wooden box, which he carried, in the corner of the room. In answer to some observation, he said:—"Oh, you know my partiality for children—it is only a little pet I have brought—not only to introduce, but to beg my worthy friend to keep for my sake!" At dinner, the "little pet" was duly presented, and turned out to be a beautifully chased silver claret flask*—after a Grecian antique—which was duly inaugurated by a speech from Dr. Sayer, to which the Poet replied with much classical point and gratifying allusion.

* * * * *

One day that Colonel D—— and another officer of the Guards were dining with us, the conversation turned upon duelling—suggested, probably, by a work which had just appeared. Our military friends contributed some modern instance, in which both parties were killed: "Served them right," said Campbell; "now I will tell you something much better—an instance in which neither party was killed. On my way to Paris in 1814, I spent a few days at Rouen. Things were still in a very unsettled state — national animosities ran high; but, thanks to my Campbell complexion, I was not taken for an Englishman; and as I spoke little, I heard a great deal among the disbanded militaires, unsuspected of partiality to the perfidious Angleterre." He then described, in his dry humour, the characters that frequented the cafés and table-d'hôte and continued:—"One evening we all met as usual at the supper table—with a reinforce-

* This most precious memorial bears the following inscription:—"*To William Beattie, M.D., from his grateful friend, Thomas Campbell, LL.D.*

ment of two fierce-looking *moustaches*—very hungry and very angry.

"The questions of the day were taken up, one after another, and summarily disposed of. The events of the last campaign were criticised with great acrimony; persons — facts — and achievements were censured and distorted summarily; and even that admirable thing, English gold, was treated as the basest of metals. It was much respected, nevertheless, by every person at the hôtel. Fearing no contradiction, each spoke in his turn, and pronounced vehement philippics on the government of England; but I must do them the justice to say, they allowed her army to be second only to their own. All this time," continued the Poet, "I was an assenting party to this tirade; but at length, as I did not join in the applause which followed the speakers, my silence, I saw, was looked upon with suspicion. The truth was, I wanted to get on to Paris: I had no mind to come into collision with men whom mortified pride had rendered desperate. But this was impossible; piqued at my silence, one of the moustaches—determined to have my concurrence—bawled out—'N'est-ce pas vrai, Monsieur?' I looked him steadily in the face, and with all the coolness I could assume, answered:—'Non—Monsieur, ce n'est pas vrai!' (I think I may have said something about mensonge—but no matter). Never was orator taken more aback. 'Pas vrai?' He trembled with rage—increased, no doubt, by the discovery of my Anglo-French pronunciation. Every eye was fixed upon me. Here was a pretty *fix* for a poet! Like the man in the play, I felt all the while as if a cold iron skewer were passing through my liver! I had indeed fallen into an ambuscade, and never was general more puzzled to devise a retreat. As I said nothing more, the fellow became infuriated—and stepping

up to me, said with a menacing air, '*Monsieur! qui êtes-vous?*' (Hang the fellow; I could have seen his head under his father's guillotine when he asked the question.)—'*Qui êtes-vous, dis-je?*' he repeated with a swaggering emphasis.

"And now came my turn. I started to my feet—placed my back to the wall—drew up my sleeves, thus—made a step and a stamp in advance, and suiting the action to the word—and the look to both, '*Monsieur!*' I replied, '*je suis Maître d'Escrime—à votre service!*' Then, drawing myself up with all my natural dignity, (and he acted the scene,) I maintained a look of defiance. But, thank heaven, the fellow—struck, no doubt, by my gladiator look—took me at my word and drew back; and, as Rouen was becoming too hot for a poetical *fencing-master*, I packed up my foils, started instantly, and reached Paris in a sound skin."

All this the Poet acted with a dry humour peculiarly his own; concluding with affected triumph—"You see how a man of genius can get out of a scrape. I hope it will be a salutary lesson to you Guardsmen—it was the most sanguinary affair I was ever engaged in!"

* * * * *

Speaking one evening of his visit to Paris in 1814,* he dwelt with much satisfaction on his having had the honour of escorting Mrs. Siddons through the Louvre, and of meeting John Kemble and her at the house of Madame de Staël. But one night on their way home, after dining there, Kemble and the Poet got into a warm dispute about the respective merits of actors and authors. Kemble very kindly offered to introduce him to Talma, whom he praised as the greatest of living men. "I was piqued," said Campbell, "for the honour of my own craft, and told

* See Vol. II.—Visit to Paris, pages 255-60.

him frankly that I had no great ambition for M. Talma's personal notice; but if he had any distinguished *author* among his French acquaintances, I should be proud of his introduction. 'Talma, sir, is my friend,' said Coriolanus, with marked emphasis. 'Yes; but that does not alter the question'—for we were both in a humour to contest the point—'he is not an *author!*' In this way the conversation went on till it came to 'Well, then, you decline my introduction on the ground that—' 'Yes,' I interrupted, 'on the ground that he is an *actor*, not a constructor of dramas.' 'Pardon me, sir, this is personal: the carriage, I fear, is becoming inconvenient for two.' 'Not at all; but if you find it so, *you* can alight.' ''Tis my carriage, sir.' 'Oh, very well—I 'll alight; *arrêtez!*' and in alighting the indignant Poet turned round, saying, 'This comes of being over-intimate with players!'

"Next morning," said Campbell, "I was astir very early, and with a faint recollection of what had happened, I went immediately to my Roscius. The great actor was just out of bed; and hearing my name,—'Ah, my dear friend,' he said, 'I am very glad to see you. I was just sitting down to ask you to dine with me.' 'To meet Talma, of course?' 'Come and see.' So I went; and a most delightful evening we spent. Not a syllable did he remember of having dropped me like a loose parcel in the mud!"

* * * * *

When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction —some mortifying drawback from the ready-money reputation for which his friends gave him credit: "Yes, it was very humiliating! Calling at an office in Holborn for some information I was in want of, the mistress of the house—a sensible, well-informed woman—invited me to

take a seat in the parlour; her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would try to give me the information required. Well, I *was* in a hurry, as usual, thanked her much, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitatingly asked if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription-list. 'By all means;' and, putting on my glasses, I wrote 'T. Campbell,' and returned it with the air of a man who has done something handsome. 'Bless me,' said she in a whisper, looking at the name, 'this must be the great Mr. Campbell! Excuse me, sir; but may I just be so bold as to ask if you be the *celebrated* gentleman of that name?' 'Why, really, ma'am, no—(*yes*, said my vanity)—my name is, just as you see, T. Campbell,' making her at the same time a handsome *boo*. 'Mr. Campbell!' she said, advancing a step, 'very proud and happy to be honoured with this unexpected call. My husband is only gone to 'Change, and will be *so* happy to thank you for the great pleasure we have had in reading your most interesting work—pray take a chair.'

"This is a most sensible woman, thought I, and I dare say her husband is a man of great taste and penetration. 'Madam,' I said, 'I am much flattered by so fair a compliment (laying the emphasis on *fair*): I will wait with much pleasure; but in the meantime, I think I forgot to pay my subscription.' She handed me the book, and I put down just double of what I intended. When had I ever so fair an excuse for liberality?"

"'Indeed,' resumed the lady, smiling, 'I consider this a most gratifying incident; but here comes my husband. John, dear, this is *the* celebrated Mr. Campbell!' 'Indeed!' I repeated my boo, and in two or three minutes we were as intimate as any three people could be. 'Mr. Campbell,' said the worthy husband, 'I feel greatly

honoured by this visit, accidental though it be!' 'Why, I'm often walking this way,' said I, 'and will drop in now and then, just to say how d'ye do?' 'Delighted, Mr. Campbell, delighted! Your work is such a favourite with my wife there. Only last night we sat up till one o'clock, reading it.' 'Very kind indeed—very. Have you the new edition?' 'No, Mr. C., ours is the *first*.' What, thinks I to myself, forty years ago! This is gratifying—quite an heir-loom in the family.

"'Oh, Mr. Campbell,' said the lady, 'what dangers—what—what—you must have suffered! Do you think you will ever make Christians of them horrid Cannibals?' 'No doubt of that, my dear,' said the husband triumphantly; 'only look what Mr. Campbell has done already!' I now felt a strange singing in my ears; but recollecting my Letters from Algiers, I said 'Oh, yes; there is some hope of them Arabs yet.' 'We shall certainly go to hear you next Sunday; and I'm sure your sermon will raise a handsome collection.' . . By this time I had taken my hat, and walked hastily to the threshold. 'Mr. Campbell! are you ill?' inquired my two admirers. 'No—not quite—only thinking of them horrid Cannibals!' 'Ah, no wonder—I wish we had said nothing about them!' 'I wish so too; but, my good lady, I am not *the* celebrated Mr. Campbell!' . . . 'What! not the great missionary?' . . . 'No. . . . I am only the great Twalmley!'* and so saying, I returned to my Chambers, minus a guinea, and a head shorter than when I left them!" The quaint, grave humour with which this was told was irresistible.

* * * * *

Taking a walk with Campbell one day up Regent-street, we were accosted by a wretched-looking woman with a

* For the explanation of this term, see Vol. II. page 264. *Note*, 1814.

sick infant in her arms, and another starved little thing creeping at its mother's side. The woman begged for a copper. I had no change, and Campbell had nothing but a sovereign. The woman stuck fast to the Poet, as if she read his heart in his face, and I could feel his arm beginning to tremble. At length, saying something about its being his *duty* to assist such poor creatures, he told the woman to wait; and, hastening into a mercer's shop, asked, rather impatiently, for change. You know what an excitable being he was; and now he fancied all business must give way until the change was supplied! The shopman thought otherwise; the Poet insisted; an altercation ensued; and in a minute or two the master jumped over the counter and collared him, telling us he would turn us both out—that he believed we came there to kick up a row, for some dishonest purpose. So here was a pretty dilemma. We defied him, but said we would go out instantly on his apologising for his gross insult. All was uproar. Campbell called out "Thrash the fellow—thrash him!" "You will not go out, then?" said the mercer. "No, never, until you apologise." "Well, we shall soon see—John, go to Vine-street and fetch the police." In a few minutes two policemen appeared; one went close up to Mr. Campbell, the other to myself. The Poet was now in such breathless indignation that he could not articulate a sentence. I told the policemen the object he had in asking change; and that the shopman had most unwarrantably insulted us. "This gentleman," I added by way of climax, "is Mr. Thomas Campbell, the distinguished Poet—a man who would not hurt a fly, much less act with the dishonest intention that person has insinuated." The moment I uttered the name, the policeman backed away two or three paces, as if awe-struck, and said, "Guid G—d, mon, is that Maister Cammel, the lord rector o' Glasgow?" "Yes, my

friend, he is, as this card may convince you," handing it to him; "all this commotion has been caused by a mistake." By this time the mercer had cooled down to a moderate temperature, and in the end made every reparation in his power, saying, he was very busy at the time, and had "he but known the gentleman, he would have changed *fifty* sovereigns for him!" "My dear fellow," said the Poet (who had recovered his speech), "I am not at all offended;" and it was really laughable to see them shaking hands long and vigorously, each with perfect sincerity and mutual forgiveness.*

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"Pray," it was asked, "what was it Campbell said to Mr. B——m the other evening?" "Nothing particular; only we were all disputing, as usual, who should lead the way, on leaving the drawing-room. B——m said he would follow. The Poet insisted that, as usual, he should *lead*." "No, Mr. Campbell," he said, "after you, if you please." "Well," he rejoined, "this proves you are no son of A'braham. Have you never read—'the *singers* go before, the *minstrels* follow after?' And with this text the Poet drove the singer before him into the dining-room."

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Campbell, as he has told us in his letters, was very partial to the company of military men; and at the mess-table of the Grenadier Guards, where we met now and then, he found men of the true soldier stamp. Colonel D——, who often met him at my fireside, was a great favourite. He inherited the private worth and military talent of his father, the late General D——; and when he retired from the service, he left a sad blank in the Poet's "military circle." Mr. Johnson, late surgeon-major of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, was another of those friends whose

* Communicated in a letter from T. Buckley Williams, Esq.

practical knowledge of the service, during a period of thirty years, rendered his conversation equally pleasant and instructive. He had always a warm heart, and a racy anecdote for the Poet, both of which will be long remembered by the survivors.

One day at the mess-table in St. James's Palace, Campbell found himself seated with an officer who came in late, but whose conversation he found very pleasant. Something being said about the *Luxor* obelisk, the subject led to Egypt and Cleopatra, and these again to Athens and Herodotus. Here Campbell should have been at home; but, apparently, his new acquaintance, who had recently distinguished himself at the University, took a much livelier interest in everything *Greek*. At length, a question having arisen on some passage in the father of history, commentators were referred to, but Campbell—who affected to have very little acquaintance with the original, and defended his position with the obstinacy of ignorance—could not give up the point—"there must be some misprint in the quotation." "Well," said Lord ——, "I must beg you to read the paper; it will repay you for the trouble, and bring you over to my opinion." "I doubt it; it is a stupid paper." "Pardon me, sir, have you *read* it?" "Yes," said the Poet, drily, "I think I have—for I *wrote* it when I was rector." This was followed by a hearty laugh and recognition. "But why did you not acknowledge it at once?" "Ah—I would rather be quoted than quote myself,"—and this led to a very pleasant afternoon.

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"How singular"—said Mrs. Campbell very innocently to Mr. Clason—"that we have always a *goose* at table when you dine with us.—"Ah—true, poor goose!" said Clason, "it is so happy in the company of *swans!*"

Campbell was a kind friend to dumb animals, and they all knew it. The moment he came into the drawing-room a little spaniel, very shy to others, bounded forward to meet him. "Ah—Trim, Trim!" and the dog gambolled about him with delight. The very cat quitted the warm hearth-rug for a seat and *purr* on his knee. Some one remarking this,—"Yes, yes," he said, "but they are very treacherous! You little know some of the mortifying things my *vanity* has had to put up with; but the unkindest cut of all was in Paris. At the Pension,* where I lived, we had a very fine gray parrot. I always liked parrots—and my first splendid lyric was a lamentation on the death of a parrot in Glasgow. I wrote about another in Mull—but as I said nothing about them till they were *dead*, I had no special claim to their gratitude. This, however, never occurred to me; Pol and I became very intimate; he talked very fluently, or rather *freely*. He had a long string of epithets, which he applied indiscriminately to every one but myself—and very provoking, to be sure, they were to others. But, as he made *me* an exception, I laughed heartily—he was a great droll.

"As we came into the *salon*, Pol had something to say to every one as he passed—*Poltron! coquin! fripon! polisson!* and other terms, equally uncourteous to the lodgers. Well, thought I to myself, that bird is a wonderful judge of character!—see how he draws distinctions! As we returned from table, one by one, through the *entresol*, Pol saluted all the guests, as usual—offending some—tickling others, by his satirical chuckle—but never appearing to notice me but in silent respect! 'Observe,' I said, 'how discriminating he is!' and I stepped up to his cage—'Pretty, pretty Pol.' Not a word. He looked me gravely in the face. 'Pretty *Jâcot!*' I expected him to

* Vol. III., page 166. Campbell told this admirably.

answer at least *sage—savant—philo-sophe!* Not a whit—the rogue turned up his left eye with a—*va-t-en, bête!* begone—blockhead! A burst of laughter followed, in which every one joined. I should have got out of the scrape pretty well—but, unfortunately, I had just been praising him for his 'wonderful knowledge of character,'—and here was the proof! Ah!—my critics never said anything half so sharp as 'va-t-en, bête.'"

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[The following extract from a private letter to me is the best apology that can be offered for an omission—which, at the time, was charged to the Poet's "want of proper feeling."]

"*Dec. 26th*, 1840.—If by chance you should hear it remarked that I have not subscribed towards the monument intended for my noble and excellent friend, Lord Holland—be so kind as to state the *cause* of my non-subscription. It is no diminution of regard for that good man's memory—but simply my finding, from the state of my finances, that, if I offer five pounds (the smallest subscription, I believe, that can be offered) to the intended monument, I shall disable myself from having that sum this year to contribute to the Mendicity Society—an Institution * of indescribable mercy and usefulness to the poor wretches who, to the miseries of 'looped and windowed raggedness' are exposed to suffer the edge of hunger, and have nothing to appease it—bating the aid of charity—but the 'bare imagination of a feast!' T. C."

In the month of August, 1837†—as the reader may recollect, Campbell went by sea to attend the great Anniversary Meeting of the Printing Art in Edinburgh.—On board the steamer he met a countryman who, happen-

* See allusions to this, Vol. III., *passim*. † Vol. III., page 231.

ing, to mention the object of the Meeting—said it would be a fine sight, and intimated his intention of being present. Campbell was of the same opinion, but drily observed that much would depend on the chairman, and wondered who would be invited to preside on the occasion. "Why, haven't you heard?" "No—" "Tom Campbell the Poet, has been asked, and no doubt he was only too happy to accept the invitation—poets are so vain!" "Are you sure of that?" "Quite sure," said the stranger; "it was in yesterday's 'Chronicle,' that 'the Bard of Hope, and so forth,' would take the chair." "Indeed! why then," said Campbell—with a sad look of disappointment—"if the 'Morning Chronicle' says so, I fear it is too true.—But between you and me, I think they might have found a better man—eh?" "Yes"—said the stranger, with a significant look—"so thought I; but the loss will be their own." "Yes," said Campbell, "and they well deserve it —Where was Wilson?" . . .

At this instant the bell rang, and leaving the deck, both went into the cabin to dinner. "Mr. Campbell," said a passenger opposite, "we are making a fine passage—You will be in excellent time to take the chair at the grand *soirée*—anxiously looked for, I dare say." The stranger, dropping his knife and fork, looked first at the speaker, then at the Poet, and evidently embarrassed.—Campbell, however, soon found means to set him at his ease—a hearty laugh and a glass of wine together put everything right; and after the *soirée* the stranger confessed, that "after all, the Bard of Hope, and so forth," was no bad chairman.

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Campbell's partiality for interesting children was sometimes put to a severe test. Dining one day at the house of a private friend, the mistress of the family introduced her darlings rather too early; and not being under the

strictest discipline, they made rather too free with the Poet —for "Mamma said he was so fond of children!" Climbing up behind his chair—twitching his wig—and romping about, they gave him clearly to understand that they did not mean to treat him with ceremony. This Campbell did not much relish; but as the fond mother was delighted to see her boys commencing their acquaintanceship so pleasantly, he submitted with all possible grace. At length, when the ladies had retired—"Campbell," whispered Mr. G——, "you did not enjoy the company of your little darlings as usual, this evening." "No," said the Poet, "I was sighing for Herod!"

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Among the numerous and highly appreciated *fees* paid over to me in our long partnership, was the following:

"*Aug.*—My dear Friend, will you give your best advice to this poor young woman, who is a servant in my chambers? On the other side you will find a *fee*. It is an order on the Bank of Helicon—the only bank that honours a Poet's drafts. T. C."

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGA VESPUCCI.

"Descendant of the Chief who stamped his name
On earth's Hesperian hemisphere—I greet
Not only thy hereditary fame,
But beauty, wit, and spirit—bold and sweet—
That captivates alike, where'er thou art,
The British and the Transatlantic heart.
Ameriga Vespucci! thou art fair
As classic Venus; but the Poets gave
Her not thy noble, more than classic, air
Of Courage. Homer's Venus was not brave—
She shriek'd and fled the fight. You never fled,
But in the Cause of Freedom fought and bled.*

August, 1840. T. C."

* Alluding to the part taken by this heroic lady in the previous commo-

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The touching anecdote that follows I received from Mr. Buckley Williams.

"I became first acquainted with Mr. Campbell in consequence of his cousin, Captain Robert Campbell, having married a lady of Montgomeryshire. Shortly afterwards he asked me to dine with him at the Club. An hour before dinner while we took a walk together, he asked me many questions about Wales, Welsh literature, character of the people, &c.—observing that he had long intended to visit the Principality. 'You have told me,' said he, 'about the early bards, heroes, and examples of heroism in the old British; can you give me some anecdote of a modern Welshman—of the peasantry, for instance?' After a little consideration I told him the following,—an incident that occurred between twenty and thirty years ago:—In Towyn, Merionethshire, dwelt Griffith Owen, a very humble individual, but an excellent performer on the triple-stringed, or old Welsh harp. He was respected by every one, and had seen more than eighty winters; but sorrow was in store for him. The partner of his long life was seized with mortal illness, and within a few days carried to the grave. But this was only the beginning of Owen's grief: his son was taken suddenly ill, and very shortly after became a raving maniac. Now in Wales, from time immemorial, the people have been in the habit of recording their private feelings, matters of history, or events of any kind, by what they call *triads*, or using the number *three*; and this will explain what follows. Very late, one clear, cold, frosty night, a gentleman was crossing Towyn Heath, where there is a beautifully romantic sea

tions in Italy. The reader will observe the complimentary distinction—the fine point in the last three lines.—Ed.

shore, with a natural terrace extending for miles. He saw before him some object moving, and on coming nearer heard a low groan; and, to his great surprise, there stood, tottering with age, the venerable figure of Griffith Owen. He was leaning upon his staff, his plaid hanging loose about him, and his white hair streaming in the wind. 'Griffith!' said the gentleman, 'what can have brought you, at such an hour, to this dreary place?' The old man instinctively replied, in a Welsh triad, '*My wife is dead, my son is mad, my harp is unstrung!*'

"In an instant the words shot through Campbell's heart. It came home to him like an electric shock. He could not, he said, disguise his weakness—but, what I venture to call his pure nature—he cried like a child! I was at the moment totally ignorant of the circumstances which so deeply affected him. But, when he had regained his composure, he told me these words were the literal expression of his own sad fate. I need not add how greatly shocked and grieved I was to find, that, in trying to entertain him I had unconsciously inflicted acute pain. But from this hour he was my friend."

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Going into a shop one morning to buy gloves, Campbell made trial of several pairs—but none would fit him. "No," he said—turning away from the counter—"these won't shoot (suit) me." "They won't *shoot* you?—no; but I think they might suit you"—observed the glover rather sharply. "Why, sir," said Campbell, "you should live at the sign of *The Pronouncing Dictionary!*" "And you," he replied, "should be my first purchaser!" The Poet was delighted with the man's ready wit, and told it with much glee to Miss F. W. Mayow.

* * * * *

There is but one point connected with these Memoirs which I approach with reluctance. Every friend of the Poet will anticipate what I have to say—and none of his readers will expect me to say more than is due to the veracity of history : they will not pass over many excellent qualities to enlarge upon one failing—a failing common to him with too many great men—a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself. But make allowance, kind reader, for the tempting circumstances under which the social cup was often presented to his lips—for the exhilaration which the weary, the sad, and the suffering are too ready to purchase at any price—and then the censure may be allowed to fall lightly.

Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.

At my own family table, where he dined oftener, perhaps, during the last twelve or fourteen years of his life, than at any other, he was never "merry even beyond the limits of becoming mirth." In saying this, I am only speaking the sentiments of many distinguished friends who met him on those occasions. But here my testimony must be confined to what I saw. In other situations, perhaps, he was less on his guard—never in greater danger than at his own table. With a temperament extremely excitable — a hospitality that bordered on profusion, he was too apt to be carried away by his feelings. In his endeavours to promote the hilarity of his friends by the "festive bowl" and brilliant conversation, he may have passed, at some "witching hours," the conventional limits ; but it is well known to those with whom he lived in familiar intercourse, that a few glasses were too much for his irritable frame ; and hence, what would have been only moderation in other men, was little better than excess in him. In such festivities the thinking head and the feeling heart were always the first to

suffer. What I have said may be enough for his friends; but let him speak for himself:—

One evening he invited a small party to sup with him at his chambers;* the honoured guest of the evening was the late Mr. ——. When the cloth was removed, the massive silver punch-bowl, presented to him by the students of Glasgow University, was placed on the table. The "browst" was duly prepared—the Lord Rector, it was said, had hit the proportions to a tittle—the bowl wanted nothing but drinking; the glasses went cheerfully round the circle, loosening the tongues of the more taciturn, and eliciting from their host, as usual, much sparkling wit and anecdote. At length, affecting to be alarmed at the symptoms of over hilarity, Mr. —— dropped some pointed allusion to Campbell's being too much given to "spiritual indulgences"—and in a tone clearly showing that the speaker was less in jest than earnest. This was repeated

* I have given this scene as literally as I can; but I do not pretend to give it with the fervid eloquence of Campbell. Adverting to the same incident, Mr. Buckley Williams writes to me as follows:—

"It has been said that Campbell had no eloquence; but I was once present when he was magnificently so. He had done me the honour to invite me to meet Mr. ——. After supper Mr. —— got very talkative—dictatorially so—and at last forgot himself so far as to make various pointed allusions to Campbell's supposed love of drink. C. submitted to this with uncommon patience; until some of us, not liking to witness any more of such a scene, thought of retiring. The Poet would not let us; and up he got—looking, to my eyes, a full head taller than I had ever seen him before—and addressed Mr. ——. It is impossible to give even an outline of his address. He spoke for ten minutes with the most simple, touching pathos—referring to many painful circumstances in his life—saying, his heart was almost broken—his brain so nervously excitable, that the least drop sometimes made him beside himself; that he ought to be pitied, instead of rebuked—and that too by an old friend. He concluded by saying: 'Ah, there 's nae luck about *my* house!' And with excellent taste—to gloss over the rude interruption to our otherwise delightful party—he insisted on some one singing the Scotch song '*There 's nae luck about the house.*' Some one did sing it, the tears all the while rolling down the Poet's face. The thing ended by Mr. —— volunteering a full and humble apology."—Ed.

once or twice. Campbell could not longer remain deaf to his honoured guest, whose ill-timed rebuke had quashed the hilarity of the company. He then rose :—He could not pretend to be insensible to the words he had just heard; and when addressed to him at his own table, there could be no mistake as to the general impression. He thanked his friend for so candidly admonishing him at the very moment when the temptation was greatest; he would not deny that he was partial to a cheerful glass with his friends, and never more so than in the company of those around him. He had taken, and might again take, "a glass more than did him good:" every man had his faults—his own he had no desire to conceal, much less extenuate—

> Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
> Cautum est, in horas.

To habitual intemperance he was not addicted. They who said so were ungenerous, unjust; but he would not quarrel with their injustice; they had ground, no doubt, for the insinuation. Some minds remember nothing so distinctly as the failings of their unhappy friends: to take advantage of an unguarded moment, when the doors of the heart and the lips were thrown unsuspectingly open, was rather ungenerous. If there were moments of human life, when, in agony of mind, the maxims of prudence might be forgotten—the reins of self-control suffered to drop from the hand—such moments he had known. He was alone in the world; his wife, and the child of his hopes, were dead; his only surviving child* was consigned to a living

* There is nothing on record, perhaps, more affecting than the circumstance to which he alludes—a fond father and mother conveying their only surviving child to an asylum—consigning him to a keeper of the insane; then—desolate, heart-sick, and heart-stricken—returning to their solitary hearth to weep in secret—to hide their grief from the world—from one another—to mourn their child with more bitterness than if they had followed him to the grave—and to feel their sorrow aggravated by the very struggle to maintain a cheerful exterior.—This was one of the trials referred to in the text.—Ed.

tomb; his old friends—brothers—sisters were dead—all but one, and she too was dying; his last hopes, on a point he would not name, were blighted. As for fame, it was a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at his age, to his own solitary experience, it was bitter. Left in those chambers "alone with his glory," was it wonderful that his philosophy, at times, took fright? that he rushed into company—resorted to that which blunts, but heals no pang? and then—sick of the world, dissatisfied with himself—shrank back into solitude? Yet all this he would have buried in his own bosom, had not the confession been wrung from him. He would tax no man's sympathy—he would get to the end of his journey as uncomplainingly as he could; he was weaker than other men—not, perhaps, more wicked. If censured for his faults, he would only say to his friends, "Strike—but hear me!"

* * * * *

[I annex at random a few light scraps of conversation—but I cannot answer for the exact words—in this respect, the reader must calculate upon some loss, by my repeating anything after Campbell:—]

He lamented the want of union among literary men—a pity their strength should be spent in efforts to dethrone one another—like jealous despots. The pen, like the lever of Archimedes [*with a fulcrum*], was a power to move the world—it was the agent of Mind. *Esprit du corps* was a fine thing—it brought the collective force to bear on any given point. Politics were bad—generally; they sanctioned asperities—heart-burnings—that were not over-pleasant in the retrospect. He had himself espoused—defended questions impulsively—that if treated coolly—rationally, would have turned out to be fallacies.

* * * * *

"Joanna Baillie is the female Shakspeare of the age; but in conversational talent her sister is not a whit behind her. Jeffrey is the first critic of the day—peculiar tact in discovering merit—were it only a grain in a bushel of sand." To the critic, he owed much—his notice of *Gertrude* was the finest ever written; but he owed more to the *man*—for his friendship took him up early and never left him. When he went to America he wrote in terms that made it a proud boast to call him friend. Of John Richardson it was difficult to think or speak too highly—Their friendship had stood the test of forty years, and was still fresh. They were to have trudged through Bohemia together; but the Continental powers alarmed, no doubt, at the

prospect of an intellectual invasion, went to loggerheads—just to defeat the travelling scheme of R— and himself. James Thomson was his oldest surviving friend, they were boys at college—poets, flute-players—and fellow prize-men withal. The picture by Lawrence was ordered by him, so were the two marble busts by Baily; many—many happy hours had they spent together! T— was the Zoilus of his boy-poems—but no snarler. Alas, they had been thrown wildly asunder—long out of sight, though seldom out of mind.

Like Petrarch, he might say, he doated unchangeably on his friends. Well might he say,

> "Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
> Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
> I owe thee much!"

"That man," he said, "must have a cold heart who has not blessed the manna of friendship in this wilderness of human life. How unwise is it for one's own sake to break with ancient friends! The ruins of old friendships are a more melancholy spectacle to me, than those of desolated palaces. They exhibit the heart that was once lighted up with joy, all damp and deserted, and haunted by those birds of ill omen that only nestle in ruins." *

He expressed himself much gratified by two reviews—one in the "Spectator," another in "Blackwood." In the latter, among other fine passages, that containing the line —"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore," was mentioned with admiration. "Ah, that must be Wilson, it is said so well, so warmly."

I often remarked the facility with which he entered

* I find this sentiment also recorded in one of his private papers—referring me to a painful instance. But he always congratulated himself on having made the "long voyage," in the company of his *first* friends.—Ed.

upon topics foreign to his own course of study and reading. With one, for example, he would talk of manufactures, machinery, and cotton; with another, on the systems of Continental policy; with a third, of the Waldensian persecutions; with a fourth, of German philosophy; with Americans, of their federal greatness, their politicians, historians, agriculturists.* I went with him one evening [May 29th, 1841] to the opening of the Exhibition, in Suffolk Place. It had been arranged that he should read something on the occasion, and he chose the *Thanatopsis* of Bryant. A deep silence followed—the audience crowded round him—but when he came to the closing paragraph, his admiration almost choked his voice—"Nothing finer had ever been written!" It was this, and he read it with manifest emotion :—

> "So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
> Th' innumerable caravan, that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not like the quarry slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."
>
> * * * * *

At another time, in our evening circle, he remarked—"How beautiful are these lines of Addison!"—repeating them :

> ". . . For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
> High on the broken wave,
> I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
> Nor impotent to save! . . . "

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* Mr. Houldsworth, M.P.—The Right Hon. Sir E. Thornton—Rev. Dr. Gilly—Hon. G. Sullivan—Mr. Willis—with other English and American friends, whom he was in the habit of meeting at my house.

"The storm was laid, the winds retired
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roared at Thy command,
At Thy command was still."—&c.

Then—adverting to the death of Addison, and the subsequent dearth of good writing—"How impressive," he said, "are Tickell's lines!"—and he repeated the following:—

". . . Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn, knell inspire—
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid—
And the last words that 'dust to dust' conveyed! . . "*—*Monody*.

He then read Burns' "Vision," but he could hardly finish it, for when he came to—

"'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head,"—

he was affected even to tears, and threw down the volume.

* Desirous that I should not forget the lines (of which, however, there was no danger) he sent me a copy of them next day, in his own handwriting. [As applied to Campbell, the interest of these lines is deepened by the following, which I had from good authority:—Shortly before leaving town for Boulogne, in the August previous to his death, Campbell was observed one morning in the Abbey, slowly pacing the floor, examining the monuments, and inspecting with solemn minuteness, the sepulchral ornaments, with which the walls are literally encrusted. He addressed no questions to the guide—and answered none. He was wrapt in his cloak, as if to avoid recognition, and walked about, paying homage to various monuments—those of beloved friends—but evidently in deep abstracted meditation. He remained late, and retired in silence. The next time he came was to take his place among the glorious dead, whose light is in the world. There is an air of romance about this—but I have no reason to doubt the fact.—Ed.]

From a graphic account of "Mornings spent with Campbell," I gladly avail myself of the following extracts:

"It was on a fine morning in May that I first called upon Campbell. He had offered to act as cicerone, and show me the lions of London; and it was with no small pride and pleasure that I repaired to the spot in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I found on the outer door of his chambers, below the brass knocker, a slip of paper, on which was written this curious announcement:—'Mr. Campbell is particularly engaged, and cannot be seen till past two o'clock.' But, as he had expressly mentioned that I should call between nine and ten o'clock, I resolved to hazard an application. He received me very kindly, and explained that the announcement on his door was intended to scare away a *bore*, who had been annoying him with some manuscripts. The Poet was breakfasting in his sitting-room, which was filled with books, and had rather a showy appearance. The carpet and tables were *littered* with stray volumes, letters, and papers. At this time he was, like Charles Lamb, a worshipper of the great plant; and tobacco-pipes were mingled with the miscellaneous literary wares. A large print of the QUEEN hung over the fire-place—he drew my attention to it, and said—it had been presented to him by Her Majesty—he valued it very highly—'Money could not buy it from me,' he remarked.

"In another part of the room was the painting of a little girl, with a coarse shawl of network pulled over her head and shoulders—something like Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Puck.' He seemed to dote upon this picture—praised the arch look of 'the sly little minx," and showed me the lines he had written upon her.* The passion for children which he here evinced, led to the ludicrous circumstance of his "child sweetheart."† . . . The incident illustrates the intensity of his affections, as well as the liveliness of his fancy; for, alas, the Poet had no home object to dwell upon, to concentrate his hopes and his admiration." . . .

"Campbell's library was not very extensive. There were some good editions of the Classics—a set of the *Biographie Universelle*—some of the French, Italian, and German authors; the Edinburgh Encyclopædia—and several standard English works—none very modern. . . . The Poet soon returned from his dressing-room. He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle size, he did not seem little; and his large dark eye and counte-

* See Poems, page 331. † See Vol. III., page 304.

nance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive. When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it—as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed, and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. . . In personal neatness and fastidiousness — no less than in genius and taste — Campbell in his best days resembled Gray. Each was distinguished by the same careful finish in composition—the same classical predilections and lyrical fire, rarely but strikingly displayed. In ordinary life they were both somewhat finical—yet with great freedom and idiomatic plainness in their unreserved communications — Gray's being evinced in his letters, and Campbell's in conversation." . .

"'Have you been to Windsor?' asked Campbell. I replied that I had, and spoke of the magnificence of the Palace and the Parks. 'Ay,' said he, 'the old oaks—the noble old oaks. Did you notice how they spread out their roots and branches—laying hold of the earth with their talons?' and he put out his clenched hand to help the expression of this vigorous and poetical image. 'All Scotchmen visiting London,' he said, 'should go a night or two to Windsor, Kew, or Richmond, to hear the nightingale.'"

After visiting the studio of Mr. Thomas Campbell—where the Poet was fascinated with a breathing female bust—and the British Museum, they proceeded to the house of Mr. Rogers:—

"The venerable author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' gave his brother bard a courteous and kind reception. 'Mr. Rogers,' said the younger of the two Poets, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a friend from the country to see your house, as I was anxious he should not leave London without this gratification.' Mr. Rogers shook me cordially by the hand, and said, 'Every friend of Mr. Campbell's is welcome. But, Campbell,' he added, 'I must teach you to speak English properly: you must not abuse that excellent word *liberty*, as you have done on this occasion.' . . . On one of the tables lay a large piece of amber, enclosing a fly, entire in 'joint and limb.' Mr. Campbell mentioned that Sydney Smith, who had always some original or humorous remark to make on every object, taking up this piece of amber one day, said, 'Perhaps that fly buzzed in Adam's ear.' . . . When we got to the door, Campbell broke out—'Well, now, there is a happy and enviable poet. He is about eighty, yet in the full enjoyment

of life and all its best pleasures. He has several thousands a-year, and I am sure he gives away fifteen hundred in charity.' " . . .

The next morning Campbell and his friend went to breakfast with Mr. Rogers, and met Major Burns and Mr. Murray:—

" Campbell said Burns was 'the Shakspeare of Scotland'—a lesser diamond, but still a genuine one. . . Burns, he maintained, had none of the *pawkiness*, characteristic of his countrymen—he was the most un-Scotsman-like Scotsman that had ever existed. Some of us demurred to this sally, and attempted to show that Burns had the national character strongly impressed upon him, and that this was one of the main sources of his strength. His nationality was a fount of inspiration. . . Campbell then went on to censure the Scotch for their worship of 'the great'. . . . Mr. Rogers said, if he had a son who wished to have a confidential friend, he would recommend him to choose a Scotsman. He would do so in the spirit of the old maxim, that a man will be found the best friend to another, who is the best friend to himself. A Scotsman will always look to himself, as well as to his friend, and will do nothing to disgrace either. 'Thus, in his friend, my son would have a good example as well as a safe adviser.'

" Some observations were made on the English style of Scotch authors. It was acknowledged by both the Poets that Beattie wrote the purest and most idiomatic English of any Scotch author: not even excepting those who had been long resident in England. The exquisite style of Hume was warmly praised. 'He was substantially honest, too,' said Campbell. . . .

" Moore, according to Campbell, had the most sparkling and brilliant fancy of any modern poet. . . Crabbe was a pear of a different tree. . . No romance—no legend—but appalling scenes of misery and suffering. Crabbe was an amazingly shrewd man, yet mild and quiet in his manners. One day at Holland House, they were all lauding his simplicity—I was tempted to exclaim—'Yes, simplicity that would buy and sell the whole of you.'" . . .

" After an interval of two years, I met Campbell again in London. He was then much changed—feeble and delicate in health—but at times rallying wonderfully. I have a very vivid recollection of a pleasant day spent with him at Dr. Beattie's cottage, Hampstead. We walked over the Heath, moralising on the Great City—looming in the distance, begirt with villas,—

'Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads.'

At Beattie's he was quite at home. The kind physician knew him well, and had great influence over him."*

* * * * *

The following sketch of Campbell is from the pen of one of the American Delegates, who honoured me with a flattering visit in July, 1840, when the Anti-slavery Congress held its sittings; and having been present on the occasions alluded to, I extract what will interest the English reader as the observations of a Transatlantic admirer:†—

"My first interview with Campbell was in a literary circle, at the house of Dr. Beattie, Park-square. . . There is nothing very brilliant in his conversation, except when he is excited; and then every charm which wit, fancy, learning, and enthusiasm can throw around conversation, continues to render his society agreeable. He made many inquiries respecting "Wyoming." I remarked that his own description was as true to nature as if it had been written on the very spot. 'But how did you give so correct an idea of it?' 'I read,' he replied, 'every description of the valley I could lay hand upon, and saw several travellers who had been there.' 'Perhaps, sir, you may one day see the vale yourself?' 'I don't know what would make me so happy—I should like to travel through it *incog*—for I hate a crowd, and noise, and public display. I have always thought I should like to cross the Atlantic, but I think I am too old to undertake it; and yet I don't quite like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. My heart is as young as ever, though my bodily infirmities remind me that poets must grow old as well as other men. . .'"

On another occasion, where the author quoted dined with the Poet at my house, he says:—

"After an hour passed pleasantly with the family circle, Campbell and I were left alone with our host; and I can assure you the best part of this splendid entertainment came (in the language of Erin) after the entertainment was over. . . I wish I could give the conversation at length, and do so with propriety; but too many flashes of fancy and strokes of

* Extracts from Mornings with Campbell, by R. Carruthers, Esq.

† The letter, from which the extracts are taken (condensed), is addressed to the author of *Marco Botzaris*, by the Rev. Mr. Lester.

wit—too many effusions of lofty and exquisite feeling mingled in their conversation ever to be described. They were like pencillings of light on the summer cloud, that pass away too quickly to be fixed by the painter's eye. Besides, I would be careful not to say too much about scenes of this kind I meet in England; there is nothing so painful to me as the thought of violating the sacredness of confidence; not that any special confidence was reposed in me more than in other visitors; but no one can be admitted familiarly to a domestic circle, without seeing and hearing things of which he should never speak in other places. . ."*

Mr. L— then gave us the heads of a very interesting tour in the vale of Wyoming,—a poetical pilgrimage,—to which the Poet listened with much satisfaction, interrupting him at short intervals by questions about the Oneida Chief,—the Lake,—the moral and physical scenery of his "Gertrude." What struck Campbell very much was the curious fact that the principal in this pilgrimage had been long blind to the beauties of natural scenery, but was moved by an inspiring influence to tread a soil which the genius of Campbell had made classic ground. When they arrived, autumn had begun to spread its sober livery over the landscape, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Then he continued :—

"Every day we wandered through the primeval forests; and when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I first felt the power of Campbell's genius." . . "When I had finished the relation of these circumstances, Campbell, who was standing by the window, came back to the table, and taking my hand, pressed it, saying—'God bless you, sir; you make me happy, although you make me weep! I can stand before my enemies; no man ever saw me quail there; but, sir, you must forgive me

* [These very sensible remarks, if I mistake not, originated in some one of the company complaining that it had become usual for private conversations to find their way to the public press, without respect to the conventional understanding.—Ed.]

now; this is more than I can bear.' We all sat in silence. 'Yes,' said Campbell, 'this is the flow of soul; it is dearer to me than all the praise I ever had before. It overcomes me to think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers; all, too, among scenes which I never witnessed myself. Doctor, I will go to America yet!—But don't forget, sir, to tell your blind friend that Campbell loves him as well as he loves *Gertrude*. . .'"

"I asked what part of the day he considered most favourable to study. 'It depends,' he answered, 'a good deal on habit; but I am of opinion that even habit never can make any portion of the day so valuable to the scholar as the morning; at that time the thoughts are clearer and more natural, the powers fresh and vigorous. There is something in the stillness of the morning—particularly in town—which is favourable to intellectual exertion. I think I can tell the difference between a production written before and after breakfast—particularly if I wrote it myself.' I enquired if he passed his time as pleasantly in London as in the country? 'I like London well enough,' he said; 'but here we can't always do as we would. London is a great Maëlstroom—it absorbs everything: wealth—business—literature—legislation—books—authors—ladies; and, in short, the indispensable appendages to an Englishman's existence are all in London! Almost everybody worth seeing lives here, or is in town during the *season*. I lived a good many years at Sydenham—a beautiful spot—and would have chosen to remain in the country; but twenty years ago I was obliged, in the accomplishment of my literary projects, to follow the multitude, and take up my residence in the Metropolis. I suppose I can't get away now; nor do I think I should be able to exist—away from my London friends. I am quite sure I could not live without seeing my good friend the Doctor, every day or two.'"

Suddenly changing the current of conversation, Campbell exclaimed, with great warmth, "I love America very much—and I came very near being an American myself. My father passed the early portion of his life in Virginia. My uncle adopted it as his country; one of his sons was district-attorney under Washington's administration. My brother, Robert, settled in Virginia, and married a daughter of your glorious Patrick Henry.* Yes, if I were not a Scotsman, I should like to be an American."

* See Genealogical account of the Poet's family, Vol. I. chap. i. p. 25.

At a breakfast given to his American friend, the conversation was thus resumed :—

"He met me at the street gate, and seemed to be in a genuine poetic mood. He was dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and waistcoat. 'I am glad to see you: last night I let my fancy play all over your Continent, from Plymouth Rock to the shores of the Pacific.' He took me into his library—a large room, looking out upon a beautiful green court in the rear of his house. I could describe every thing I have seen in London better than Campbell's library. There is an air of inspiration about it: everything is in the most glorious hap-hazard confusion.* On entering it, I felt at once perfectly at ease—for everything was perfectly at ease around me. Before the grate lay the skin of a huge African tiger; the ears, tail, and paws, all there, and the spots as bright as life. It makes, of course, a very *poetical* rug. 'That rug, sir? Why, I think more of that rug than I should of a Devonshire estate. When I sit down to my old table here, I find a never failing source of inspiration in that tiger skin—I prize it almost as highly as I do my own.' The walls are hung with pictures—among others is the fine engraving of the Queen with her own autograph at the corner. The Doctor came—we took our seats at the little round-table in the centre of the library. The breakfast-table is the place to meet an Englishman; it is a confidential—unceremonious meal—almost the only place where you come in contact with the English heart. 'Here, gentlemen, are coffee and tea, dry toast, boiled eggs, and the glory of the Scotch breakfast-table, a cup of marmalade—all very simple.' Campbell did the honours of the table with the enthusiam of the Poet; told us anecdotes—talked of Scotland, Walter Scott, Burns, and Wallace. I felt it was the best hour of my life. We conversed about poor authors. England is very remarkable for one thing—more so, perhaps, than any other nation—she starves her authors to death, then deifies them, and makes pilgrimages to their shrines! An author must be ethereal, indeed, not to grow hungry upon the breath of the multitude."

"He is now writing the last pages of his 'Life of Petrarch.' There are three men of America of whom he cherishes the highest admiration—Channing, Irving, and Bryant. 'Channing I consider superior as a prose

* Of all men Campbell was the least fitted for a conspiracy: for his letters lay all wide open on his table, or chair—ready to communicate to any curious lounger, who happened to be waiting in his chamber, the entire secrets of his correspondence.—Ed.

writer to every other living author. Irving is a charming writer; there are great beauty, pure classic taste, and refined sensibility in everything that drops from his pen. Bryant I esteem as the greatest poet; I have been astonished that he has not written something extended—he could sustain himself, I think, through a great poem. His *Thanatopsis* is his finest production—he has never equalled it—and no man can excel it; I never read the closing lines without being, I think, a better man! Halleck's *Marco Botzaris* is a very shining and beautiful piece. Drake's 'American Flag' is fine—Whittier has written some most excellent pieces—so have Pierpont and Dana.'" *

From Campbell's speech in the Anti-slavery Convention, as reported by the same author, the following is a short extract:—

"The first time I saw Campbell, was in the Convention. He came into the Hall with Dr. Beattie, and was immediately recognised by several gentlemen, who announced his name. He was called for from every quarter. One of the American delegation, who was then speaking, gave way; and the Poet was received with the most enthusiastic applause. He said he did not wish to make a speech; but, as one of the literary men of England, he was proud to enrol his name on the records of a Convention assembled for so magnificent a purpose. He considered this Convention one of the noblest bodies of men the great interests of humanity and civilisation had ever brought together. The philanthropists of the world had gathered here to sympathise with the suffering and oppressed of all nations; and to devise means for the universal diffusion of liberty. They had proposed for themselves the most sublime object that ever entered the human mind—the *emancipation* of man, everywhere, from the thraldom of man! He hoped these guardians of humanity would believe that he felt the deepest interest in all their movements; and his earnest prayer was that God would bless them! 'Friends of Humanity,' said he, 'I extend to you the fellowship and co-operation of the men of England. The poetry of the world has always been—as it ever will be—on the side of liberty. I am glad to see the representatives of the great American Republic mingling in our councils. We greet them warmly as brothers to

* To these may be added the names of Everett, Sigourney, Longfellow, and many others. Mr. Willis and Campbell I had the pleasure of seeing together some years previously, at my house.—Ed.

our shores; and I trust when they return, they will tell the literary men of America, that in refusing to lift up their voice against *slavery*, they have no sympathy with us. I am rejoiced to see here so many men from America. It does my heart good to see you.' . . ."

"The day before I left London I called to see Campbell for the last time. We passed an hour together in the library. He was cheerful and kind as ever. 'For *your* sake I am glad you are going home; for my own I am sorry. Here is a copy of the illustrated edition of my Poems; take it with you; and if, with *your* 'Gertrude,' you ever go again to the valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this.'"

APPENDIX.

The Family Bible, referred to in the Introductory Chapter, Vol. I., page 3-27.

"THIS BIBLE was first the property of John Simpson, my mother's father, who died King's Armourer in Glasgow [as mentioned in the foregoing pages.] He was succeeded in that office by his eldest son John, to whom he left a great part of his heritable subject—viz. the lands of the Spittle, nigh Rutherglen, with much valuable property in the Saltmarket of Glasgow. Contiguous to the Spittle, he also left a 'subject' to his fourth son, Robert Simpson, (who was the only surviving son, except John, of my grandfather when he died), at that time called a Dutch Merchant, whose family are now all dead.

"At the death of my uncle John's youngest child, whose name was Mary, this BIBLE was left to me. My mother's name was Mary; she was the sixth daughter of John Simpson and of Agnes Smith. She was born in the year 1701, and died in the year 1755. On the 4th December she was married to John Campbell from Argyleshire, merchant in Glasgow, who died in the year 1760, aged 71. I was their sixth daughter, and now the only surviving one of their family. I was born on the 18th of April (old style), 1736. Witness my own hand.

(Signed) "MARGT. CAMPBELL."

[Here follow the family births and obituary, as given in the work, page 27, to which the following is added:—]

"I do hereby express my earnest wish that this Bible may be handed, after my death, to my eldest son *Archibald* (now residing in or about New York), if ever he should come to Scotland; if not, I desire it may be given to my youngest and eighth son, THOMAS [the Poet], for sufficient reasons of my own.

"Signed by me, MARGT. CAMPBELL."

"*Edinburgh, March 22nd,* 1804."

"*Exile of Erin,*" *Vol. I., pages* 330-1-2, *Note.*

[To the distinguished author of "Lives of the United Irishmen," I am indebted for the following notice—the conclusion of an able paper, drawn

up from a personal investigation of the question. The reader, however, will most probably agree with me, that, after the statement given by the Poet himself [Vol. I., p. 331-32], any defence on the part of his friends is a work of supererogation :—]

"* * And now, in conclusion, I think it has been shown clearly that no copy of the song of the 'Exile of Erin,' in Reynolds' handwriting, can be produced, or was ever known to his family to exist in it. I have shown, in one instance, where it was said to exist, in the hands of his family, that no such song of his had ever been seen in his handwriting by the acknowledgment of his family.

"I have shown, in another instance, where the song was said to have been attributed to Mr. McCracken, and some other persons, by the sister of the former, that it was not the song of Campbell at all, that was alluded to by her, but that which indisputably G. N. Reynolds did write, and which received some additions to it in Belfast.

"Campbell, in his statement to me, has shown that G. N. Reynolds lived fifteen months after the publication of the song, with his—Campbell's —name, and in England; yet he never claimed to be the author of it.

"Mr. Tolmè, in his statement to me, has shown that MacCann considered himself the person on whom that song was made, and considered Campbell the author of it.

"Dr. William James MacNeven, a friend of MacCann's, told me he knew the latter to have been the 'Exile of Erin' of Campbell's song. Campbell told me he wrote it, and that MacCann was 'the Exile.'

"If Campbell was capable of writing the 'O'Connor's Child,' the 'Mariners of England,' the 'Battle of Hohenlinden'—was it necessary for his fame to steal a song from Mr. G. N. Reynolds?

"If Campbell did steal it, why did Reynolds' family leave him in undisturbed possession of the spoil for thirty odd years?

"If Campbell was a wholesale stealer of the literary labours of other men, at the onset of his career, how does it happen that in the progress of it, and to its close, no other similar charge was ever brought against him? and no filchings on a small scale—no retail pilferings of dead men's thoughts embalmed in books, or passages from the productions of living authors—have been laid to his charge?

"If Reynolds wrote the 'Exile of Erin,' he was a man of refined taste, of very ardent feelings, a careful writer, choice in his terms, chaste in his imagery, harmonious in his verse, and most felicitous in the use of ordinary expressions of endearment. In which of the compositions of Reynolds are the qualifications of a lyrical poet of extraordinary pathos to be found?

"A whole chapter about the authorship of a song may seem an undue expenditure of labour, and an undue demand on patience. But this controversy is of as much interest as any contested question in the quarrels of authors, or the curiosities of literature. In treating it, the real value of oral testimony, or rather the utter worthlessness of it, when unsupported by documentary evidence, has been shown—as in the case on the conflicting representations of parties who are deemed respectable, and who evidently state only what they believe.

"By a fair statement of this controversy, a debt of justice has been paid to Campbell's memory, and a lesson of prudence, perhaps, taught to persons who, on slight grounds, make grave charges against honourable men—charges which inflict pain are readily believed, and difficultly disproved.

"R. R. MADDEN."

Vol. II., Chapter VII., page 171-80. *The following is the passage alluded to in the notice of "Gertrude of Wyoming."*

"Ruhig lebten wir, ich, meine Eltern, und einige Deutsche Kolonisten, in einem Winkel des Gebirges, von dichtem Walde umgeben, einige Meilen weit von dem Hudsonflusse; ruhig; glücklich wohl nicht. Meine Mutter war eine schöne Frau von zartem Körper, und mein Vater liebte sie unaussprechlich, so wie sie ihn. Das war aber auch alles; denn oft drückte er sie an seine Brust, und sagte mit tiefem Kummer!—'Ach, hätte ich dich in deiner Heimath gelassen, meine Henriette! Hier ——!' Er fasste ihre Hände, welche von Arbeit hart geworden waren, und wendete dann den bekümmerten Blick gen Himmel.

"'Was fehlt mir denn?' sagte meine Mutter mit einem Lächeln, bei dem aber doch Thränen aus ihren Augen hervorbrachen. 'Freilich muss ich arbeiten, und das wird mir schwer! ich werde mich aber daran gewöhnen.' Mein Vater schüttelte sanft den Kopf, und blickte unruhig auf die bleiche Farbe ihres Gesichts, ihre erloschenen Augen und ihre abgefallenen Wangen. 'Ach, wärest du dort!' sagte er noch einmal. 'Ich wollte in diesem unermesslichen Walde, in dieser grauenvollen Einsamkeit, noch einsamer, noch elender leben als jetzt.' Dann lehnte meine Mutter das blasse Gesicht an seine Brust, und so standen Beiden eine lange Minute: mit der innigsten Liebe im Herzen, und dennoch so unglücklich, Er nahm die Axt, und arbeitete noch, um meiner Mutter einige Stunden Ruhe zu verschaffen, mit übermenschlichen kräften, wenn alle Nachbaren schon längst in ihre Hütten gegangen waren.

"In dem stolzen Gefühle der mächtigen Liebe hatte meine Vater seine Geliebte ihrem harten Vormunde, der seine Liebe nicht billigte, und ihrem

Vaterlande entführt. Beide hofften, in den Amerikanischen Wäldern die Ruhe zu finden, die ihnen fehlte, und träumten sich die Hütte, welche sie bewohnen wollten, zu einem Thron der Liebe. Sie kauften für den letzen Rest ihres Vermögens ein fruchtbares Gefilde, das aber noch Wald war, und lebten glücklich, so lange die Vorräthe, die sie mitgebracht hatten, noch dauerten. Nun mussten sie mit angestrengten Kräften arbeiten; das erschopfte aber meine Mutter nach wenigen Jahren. Sie besassen, was sie sich gewünscht hatten; eine reinliche Hütte von Baumstämmen, ein Feld, einem Garten, der sie nährte, eine kleine Heerde, die sie kleidete; und dennoch fehlte ihnen mit den mancherlei Bequemlichkeiten des Lebens, an die sie gewöhnt waren, alles. Wie konnten sie nun glücklich seyn!

"Eines Morgens, an einem schönen Herbsttage (die allein sind in jenem Klima schön) verbreitete sich bei unserm Nachbaren das Gerücht, dass die Engländer vom See hervordrängen. Nicht Einer von allen verstand Englisch, auch mein Vater nicht; doch Man kam zu ihm, weil Man ihm Muth und Klugheit zutrauete. Es wurde allgemein beschlossen, in die unersteiglichen Schuchten der Allegeni-Gebirge zu fliehen. Meine Mutter, die dies hörte, seufzte, schon von Vorstellung ermattet in die Gebirge. —'Wer weiss auch!' sagte mein Vater; 'was könnten die Engländer hier wollen!'

"'Ja wohl!,' sagte meine Mutter mit froher Heftigkeit; und es sind Menschen!—Soll ich sterben, setze sie hinzu, so mag es hier seyn!'

"Mein Vater legte die Hand an die Stirn, und war unentschlossen. 'Die Gebirge sind so steil nicht, als du denkst. Henriette!' sagte er endlich.

"'Ach,' erwiederte sie, ihm um den Hals fallend! 'für mich ist alles zu steil, alles, was aufwärts geht, selbst die Hoffnung. Ich muss hinab! hinab!'

"In diesem Augenblicke hörten wir das verwirrte Geschrei vieler Stimmen, und wilde Musik. Mein Vater seufzte, und fasste die Hand meiner Mutter; doch der Schrecken hatte sie gelähmt, so dass sie kaum stehen konnte. 'Rette dich mit ihm!' rief sie, auf mich zeigend; und schon sturzten aus dem Walde furchtbar bemahlte Wilde auf meinen Vater zu. Er ging ihnen mit dem weissen Halstuche meine Mutter, als einem Zeichen des Friedens, entgegen: doch ein Wilder schlug ihn mit seiner Streitaxt nieder, und alle Andern erhoben ein Siegesgeheul. Mit einem Schrei der schrecklichen Angst, die ihr Kräfte gab, eilte meine Mutter meinem Vater zu Hülfe. Er wendete das brechende Auge auf sie, rief: 'Henriette!' und starb in ihren Armen. In Verzweiflung stürzte sie sich nun unter die Wilden, die sich ihrer sogleich bemächtigten. Jetzt eilte ein

Mann in Uniform, mit dem Degen in der Hand, herbei, und rief in unsrer Muttersprache: 'Haltet ein, ihr Unmenschen!'—Er riss meine Mutter aus den Händen der wüthenden Wilden. Sie sank vor Schwäche zu seinen Füssen nieder, und rief: 'O, retten Sie meinen Sohn! Ich bin eine Deutsche! Als die Wilden sich wieder näherten, trat der Officier, mit dem Degen in der Hand, vor meine Mutter hin, und ein Trupp Deutscher Soldaten, der so eben kam, schloss einen Kreis um uns, die Wilden von uns abzuhalten.' Der Officier richtete meine Mutter auf, und sagte tröstend: 'Liebe, unglückliche Landsmannin, Niemand soll Ihnen etwas zu Leide thun.' Sie streckte beide Arme nach mir aus, und drückte mich mit der Atzten kraft ihres Lebens an die Brust. Die Wilden erhoben ein schreckliches Geheul. Sie wendete furchtsam das Gesicht nach ihnen um, und sagte dann zu dem Officier: 'Beschützen Sie mein Kind!' Er versprach ihr, mein Vater zu seyn und sie zu sichern. Doch schon hatte im Getümmel der Dolch eines grausamen Wilden sie getroffen. Sie sank in meine bebende Arme, rief noch einmal den Namen meines Vaters, und starb nach wenigen Minuten.

"Als ich, damals ein Knabe von zehn Jahren, den Leichnam sanft auf den Boden gelegt und jammernd gesagt hatte: Meine Mutter ist todt! trat der Officier zürnend, mit gezogenem Degen, auf die Schaar der Wilden zu, und schien im Begriff, die doppelte Mordthat durch Blut zu rächen, Doch er liess den Degen wieder sinken, und sagte, langsam das Gesicht gen Himmel aufhebend: 'Guter Gott! müssen Menschen in Gesellschaft mit Tiegern fechten?—Sind auch das deine Kinder?' O, ich werde sein Gesicht voll Zorns und Schmerzes, voll Abscheu's und Güte, nie vergessen, nie vergessen wie er dann das Auge voll lächelnder, Wehmuth auf mich wendete, die Hand auf meine Stern legte, und zu mir sagte: 'Von jetzt an bin ich dein Vater.'" *

The London University. Vol. II., Chapter XIV., page 438-42, *et seq.*

"We must now allude to an event in Campbell's life which will cause him the gratitude of millions of unborn hearts, and the benefits of which are incalculable. It is to Campbell that England owes the *London University*. Four years before it was made public, the idea struck his mind, from having been in the habit of visiting the Universities of Germany, and studying their regulations. He communicated it, at first,

* The foregoing extract is the commencement of Lafontaine's novel of "Burneck und Saldorf," and the only part of the work which bears the slightest resemblance to "Gertrude of Wyoming." I am indebted to Mr. William Smith for directing my attention to it.—Ed.

to two or three friends only, until his ideas on the subject became mature, when they were made public, and a meeting on the business convened in London, which Mr. Campbell addressed, and where the establishment of such an Institution met the most zealous support. Once in operation, the men of the city, headed by Mr. Brougham, lost not a moment in advancing the great and useful object in view. The undertaking was divided into shares, which were rapidly taken. Mr. Brougham took the leading part, and addressed the various meetings on the subject. With a rapidity unexampled, the London University has been completed; and Campbell has had the satisfaction of seeing his projected instrument of education in full operation, in less than three years after he made the scheme public." * —*Memoir of Thomas Campbell. Poems. Paris Edition*, 1828.

Speech at his Inauguration. Vol. III., Chapter I., page 8-12.

Glasgow University.—On the 12th of April the inauguration of Mr. Thomas Campbell, as Lord Rector, took place. On this occasion he addressed his assembled auditory as follows:—

"STUDENTS, I return you my best thanks for your having done me the honour of electing me to the situation in which I now address you—the greatest honour that was ever conferred upon me. It may easily be imagined, that I cannot speak to you at this moment without experiencing considerably strong sensations. If but to revisit these courts, and to look from the windows of this hall, suffice to make its surrounding objects teem to me with the recollection of ancient friendships and of early associates—some of them your fathers—how much more deeply must I be touched, to find myself surrounded by the countenances of a young and rising generation, by whose favour I have been invited to the spot of my birth, and to this our venerated University. I throw myself on the candour of all around me, not to misconstrue this expression of my natural feelings into the language of self-complacency. If, indeed, I *could* come to this place with any such froward feeling, or in any frame of mind but that of unfeigned diffidence, the solemn associations which this bench inspires—the images of revered instructors—and of great departed men that hallow it to our memory—*the Genius of the place itself* would overawe and rebuke me back into humility. No one is better aware than myself of the accidental prejudices that mixed with the partiality which called me hither—at the same time, is it not right that I should be grateful for the kindly prejudices of young hearts, free in their choice, disinterested in their motives, and ingenuous from their years? Your favour was such as I could not have commanded with power, nor purchased with wealth—*and, believe*

* Of the SCHEME of EDUCATION, referred to, Vol. II., p. 442, no perfect copy has been found.—ED.

me, I value it accordingly. Students, I am not barely entitled, I am bound, to hail and to hold you as my friends. The alumnus of your own Alma Mater, and one taught by experience to sympathise with all the hopes, and objects, and fears, and difficulties of a student, I can speak to you with the cordial interest of fellowship and fraternity.

"If I shall presume to express this interest, in the shape of a few words of well-meant advice to you, on the subject of your studies, believe me that I do so from having no other mode of showing my regard for you, than by following a custom which has now become half official; and that I am not unconscious of tendering, what may be called a service of supererogation, in giving you advice here, where you possess the far abler counsel of the learned and respected men, your habitual instructors, at whose side I have now the honour of addressing you. This University has been clothed with respectability by the eminence of its teachers, and attentiveness to their precepts is, I take it for granted, an indelible part of your academical character.

"But if I should only repeat to you truths which you have already heard from *them*, what I say cannot efface those truths from your minds, and it may by some possibility, tend to aid your recollection of them, owing to the casual novelty of the circumstances under which you hear them repeated: for an accident of time or place will often influence our associations, in the absence of more solid claims to attention, on the part of a speaker.

"Students, I congratulate you on being the denizens of an ancient, an honoured, and a useful University—one of those Institutions that have contributed to the moralisation of modern man. It was mainly through her Universities that northern Europe, at least, first learnt to distinguish between the blessed light of religion, and the baleful gleams and false fervours of bigotry. No doubt the benighted European ages had views of Heaven and futurity, that strongly rayed on the human imagination, and kindled its zeal. But it was a light unblessed, and portentous of crimes and cruelties, that sullied the face of the earth, and only aggravated the terrors of mental darkness.

> Non secus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometæ
> Sanguinei lugubre rubent; aut Sirius ardor:
> Ille, sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris,
> Nascitur, et lævo contristat lumine cœlum.

"It is well known that when superstition had walked abroad over Christendom, had forged the seal of religion, had stolen her vestments, and, though a fiend, had counterfeited her sacred resemblance, human learning was commissioned by Providence to unmask the goblin impostor. Wickliff from Oxford gave the signal of detection to Bohemia; and from Germany the spirit of reformation came back to our own shores. Among universities, it is true, our own is far from being one of the most ancient; yet it preceded the Reformation, and, whatever might be the fluctuating incidents in the chapter of history, it contributed to the Reformation; for wherever learning was—*there* also was a rallying point for the emancipation of human thought.

"The advantages of study which you possess in this university I should be sorry to bring into invidious comparison with those of any other places of education, least of all with those of the great universities that have educated the intellectual heroes of England's majestic race of men. Yet without invidiousness, and without indelicacy, I may remark, that the circumstance of all your professors lecturing daily and regularly is a feature of noble and inspiring usefulness in your tuitionary system, which might be imitated to *their* advantage, even by those GREAT INSTITUTIONS. Among our teachers, too, we can look back to names in literature and science, that are above the need of praise, as they are above the reach of detraction; and the dynasty of professorial talent, I make bold to predict, is not to degenerate. It is for you, however, my young friends, to recollect that neither the glory of dead men's names, nor the efforts of the ablest living instructors, can maintain the honour of a university, unless the true spirit of scholarship animate the character, and pervade the habits of its students.

"The value of *time* and of *youth*, and the bitter fruits that result from misspending them, are truths so simple and obvious, that I fear, like the great tree in St. Paul's Churchyard, about the existence of which so many wagers have been lost and won, they are sometimes in danger of being overlooked from their very familiarity. It would be easy, indeed, to invest these topics with a gloomy interest, by proving that the evils resulting from the lost opportunities of youth more or less cling to a man throughout his existence: and that they must be, from their nature, greater in reality than they can be to the eye of common observation; for men do their best to disguise the punishment of a neglected education, or rather, to speak more truly, the punishment disguises *them*. It hurries them away from your sight, to be immolated in secret by mortification, to die in the shade of neglect, and to be buried in the shroud of oblivion. But it is not by appealing to the ignoble principle of *fear* that we should teach the youthful bosom the value of its golden opportunities. A feeling still more honourable than even anxiety for reputation—namely, the desire of knowledge for its own sake, must enter into the motives of every man who successfully devotes himself to mental improvement; for learning is a proud mistress, that will not be courted for your hopes of worldly profit by her dowry, nor for your ambition to be allied to her family, nor for the pride of showing her in public, without the passion and devotion which you must bear to her sacred self.

"And the love of learning is natural to man. It springs from our interest in this magnificent and mysterious creation, from our curiosity with regard to truth, and even from our fondness for the airy colourings of fiction. Still, however natural the desire of instruction may be, it cannot be expected to attain all the strength and maturity of a passion, whilst our intellectual natures are yet themselves immature; and in the most ingenuous young minds the volition for study may fall far short of their abstract conviction as to the value of knowledge. Voltaire has somewhere spoken of an astonishingly wise young hero, who seemed, he says, to have been *born* with experience, but, alas! how *very few* of our heads come into the world furnished with that

valuable material. And precocious indeed, and born, we may say, with experience must that juvenile intellect be, which, amidst the new sensations of life and its early enjoyments, can antedate that day of devotion to study, when a man shall wait for a new book, or for new lights of information on any favourite subject, as eagerly as avarice watches the fate of its lottery ticket, whilst the richest prizes yet remain in the wheel. But cherish the nascent principle of curiosity, and *that day* will come to you in good time, when study, instead of a duty, will become an agreeable habit; and when it will yield you consolations and amusements beyond what it is conceivable, in the nature of things, that a young imagination can well anticipate. Before those habits have been acquired, however, I suspect that young minds are sometimes beguiled into unwholesome hesitation, by disputes about the particular path of learning into which it is most advisable that they should first strike, and push on most vigorously. The general blessing of learning is nowhere disputed. It is agreed on all hands that knowledge is power, and that man *is* but what he *knows*. None but maniacs would lay the axe to the root of the tree; and none but the most mischievous would propose tearing down any of its branches, though they may not bear fruits to their taste, or garlands to their honour. Scaliger has incurred only the contempt of posterity by his absurd diatribe against the usefulness of mathematics; and neither Swift nor Johnson have much raised themselves in the estimation of wise men by having undervalued the natural sciences; for it is clear that those men were misled by overweening vanity in their own pursuits, and by shallowness in those pursuits which they decried, thus bringing into monstrous conjunction the pride of learning and the envy of ignorance. But although, in the present day, there may be few or no direct abolitionists as to any particular branch of knowledge, there is still a spirit of invidious comparison, and a spirit, too, for the most part, harshly biassed against classical learning, that may be frequently observed in discussions on the subject of education. I exhort you, my young friends, not to trouble yourselves at all about such disputes, but *always* to consider *that* branch of science or literature to be the most valuable which you have the best opportunity of most completely mastering.

"Of all the dangers to which the juvenile student is exposed, I hold those of *over-confidence and temerity* to be incomparably smaller than those of doubt and distrust. It is very true that a young mind, plunging prematurely into the depths of metaphysical research, before it has stored itself with a knowledge of useful facts, may be compared to one exploring the wheels of a watch before he has learnt to read the hours on its dial-plate. It is true, also, that precocious attempts at fine writing and at colouring language, before we have learnt to give shape to our thoughts, has its disadvantages. Yet, still, altogether, I tremble at the idea of damping the fire of youthful ambition; for, in the young student, as in the young soldier, the dashing and daring spirit is preferable to the listless. To the early aspirant at original composition—to the boy-poet—I should, therefore, only say, Go on and prosper, but never forget that, in spite of random exceptions, Buchanan is right in the general

principle, when in awarding immortality to mighty poets, he designates them by the epithet, LEARNED.

'Sola doctorum monumenta Vatum
Nesciunt fati imperium severi,
Sola contemnunt Phlegethonta et Orci jura superbi.'

"The opposite feeling of the mind's distrust in its own powers ought not to be too harshly and hastily set down as a token of mental debility in youth, for it is often connected with considerable talent. It is a failing, however, that, if suffered to continue, will create all the effects of debility, and will dupe the mind to be the passive agent of its own degradation—like a juggling sooth-sayer contriving to make his prophecy fulfil itself, or a blundering physician verifying his ignorant opinion by despatching the patient whom he has pronounced incurable. But, if to look abroad over the vast expanse and variety of learned pursuits, should appal and overwhelm any young imagination, like the prospect of a journey over Alps and Glaciers, let it dispel the unworthy fear to recollect what guides, and lights, and facilities modern science and literature afford, so that a quantum of information is now of comparatively easy access, which would formerly have demanded Herculean labour.

"As to those among you who may have the prospect of being only a short time at college, I trust I need not conjure you against the prejudice of lightly estimating the value of a little learning, because you cannot acquire a great deal. If, indeed, we were to compare the value of much with that of little learning, there is no concession in favour of the much that I would not willingly make. But, in comparing small learned acquisitions with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven being worthless or dangerous.

"To abjure any degree of information, because we cannot grasp the whole circle of the sciences, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows, because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of a telescope.

"For the smallest quantity of knowledge that a man can acquire, he is bound to be contentedly thankful, provided his fate shuts him out from the power of acquiring a larger portion; but whilst the possibility of farther advancement remains, be as proudly discontented as ye will with a little learning; for the value of knowledge is like that of a diamond, it increases according to its magnitude, even in much more than a geometrical ratio. One science and literary pursuit throws light upon another, and there is a connection, as Cicero remarks, among them all.

"'Omnes Artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.'

"No doubt a man ought to devote himself, in the main, to one department of knowledge, but still he will be all the better for making himself acquainted with studies which are kindred to, and *with* that pursuit.—The principle of

the extreme division of labour, so useful in a pin manufactory, if introduced into learning, may produce, indeed, some minute and particular improvements, but, on the whole, it tends to cramp human intellect.

"That the mind may, and especially in early youth, be easily distracted by too many pursuits, must be readily admitted. But I now beg leave to consider myself addressing those among you, who are conscious of great ambition, and of many faculties; and what I say, may regard rather the studies of your future than of your present years.

"To embrace different pursuits, diametrically opposite, in the wide circle of human knowledge, must be pronounced to be almost universally impossible for a single mind. But I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength, in any one branch of learning, by diverging into cognate studies; on the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits.

"Let Science bear witness how many of her brightest discoveries have been struck out by the collision of analogy, and by original minds bringing one part of their vast information to consult and co-operate with another.—For a single study is apt to tinge the spirit with a single colour; whilst expansive knowledge irradiates it, from many studies, with the many-coloured hues of thought, till they kindle by their assemblage, and blend and melt into the white light of inspiration.—Newton made history and astronomy illustrate each other; and Richter and Dalton brought mathematics to bear upon chemistry, till science may now be said to be able to weigh at once an atom and a planet. I admit that this is quoting only mighty names to illustrate the value of general knowledge; but all minds, that are capable of extensive application, more or less experience its benefits.—For the strength of an active mind is not exhausted by dividing the objects of its attention, but refreshed and recruited—it is not distracted by a variety of lights, but directed by them; and the stream of learned acquisition, instead of being, of becoming shallower by expansion, is rendered more profound.

"In literature, I might quote the excursive taste of our Milton, our Gray, our Warton, Hurd, and Sir William Jones among poetry beyond the classical field, to prove that the rule applies to literature as well as to science—but I have already detained you a considerable time, and, for the present, must bid you adieu!—I do so with a warm heart; and I hold it to be no profane allusion to the great and merciful Being who has given us all knowledge, and all mercies, to wish that his blessing may be with you."

Vol. I., pages 144-5, and 161-2.

The lady named, or alluded to, in these pages as the heroine of the poem entitled "Caroline," is said, by a personal friend of the Poet, to have been a Miss Caroline P—e, of Hamilton; but I still incline to the opinion of my first correspondent.—ED.

*Origin of the Campbell Club.** *Vol. III., Chapter II., pages* 57, 58.

The issuing of the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the state of the Scottish Universities in 1826-7, brought to light many real grievances, and probably gave rise to the imagining of some more. The students of Glasgow had long had reason to complain that their interests, as a body, were too often sacrificed to the corporate or private interests of the professors. The election to the office of rector was the only one under the influence of the students, and from a jealousy lest that office should be in any way under professional bias, it had been for many years a rule among the students to elect some one who, from political and personal connections, should be under no temptation to be subservient to the professors. To be considered the professor's candidate was a sure prelude to rejection. This systematic opposition had given offence to many of the latter, who felt somewhat nettled to find the respect they were accustomed to in the class-room turned into defiance in the *Comitia*. They preferred their complaints upon the subject to the Royal Commissioners, and suggested, as a remedy, some limitations of the right of election, including the disfranchisement of the younger students. This advice had come before Campbell in his official capacity. He immediately made it known, sent for some of the most active students, and advised them to set on foot an organised and public opposition to it. Following this counsel a general meeting was held in the Common Hall, which the rector's authority obtained for the students. Such a meeting was new, and excited much interest. A committee of sixteen, from each of the four nations, was appointed to take such measures as might be necessary to defend the general privileges, and their exertions seem to have been so far successful that the threatened disfranchisement was little more heard of. The meeting upon this business, as the representatives of their fellow-students, very naturally gave rise to much friendly intercourse on the part of the *youthful senators*. Some of their number who remained in Glasgow during the summer, resolved upon the bold step of proposing Mr. Campbell as Lord Rector for the third time. This gave rise to a severe struggle, and to new combinations, while it drew closer former friendships; until, at its termination, some of those who had been most actively engaged in the contest, adopted the plan of forming an association which should bring them into frequent communication with each other; enable them to interchange their opinions upon general and College affairs; and by com-

* For the above notice of this Club I am indebted to Dr. Ralston Wood, M.D., one of its late presidents and founders.—ED.

memorating the third election of Mr. Campbell, keep alive and spread among succeeding students those principles which had led to it. This was the origin of the Campbell Club. The Poet very willingly and heartily accorded his consent to be named patron; and indeed on many occasions expressed himself much pleased with the institution of a society with which his own name was joined in so complimentary a manner.

The originators of the Club, who were certainly not behind any of their fellow-students in academic distinctions, besides the reading of literary essays, the commemoration of Mr. Campbell's election, and generally social and literary converse, had in view the observation, and, if possible, the direction of College politics upon liberal principles. This part of their plan was, however, not so openly avowed. To have openly avowed it would have been to ensure its defeat. It was sufficient that when any occasion presented itself, a committee, organised in the Campbell Club, could be ready prepared to take the field. To carry plans of this kind into effect, however, it was necessary that the Club should be very select, indeed, almost exclusive, and this its projectors made it. They were more Campbellite than Campbell himself, for on one occasion the Poet having mentioned that a gentleman who considered himself a firm supporter, had complained to him of having been denied admission, was told, that the gentleman was more than enough of a saint. "Bless me!" exclaimed Campbell, "I am horrified! Surely you *tolerate* Christianity in the Campbell Club!" The patron need not have been afraid of any want of toleration; but the truth was, the Club was anxious to keep out any attempt at religious disunion, although several of its members are now eminent in the Church.

The election of the Marquis of Lansdowne originated in the Campbell Club; and with the choice made by the students on that occasion, Mr. Campbell was very much gratified, although he had himself recommended another gentleman—a recommendation which, on a subsequent opportunity, was not forgotten.

On another occasion, of *European celebrity*, as the phrase goes, the quiet influence of the Club was made available. When the Revolution of the Three Days, in which the Parisian students took so active a part, called forth the congratulations of the world, the Glasgow students, assembled by the Campbell Club, voted an address of congratulation to their brethren of Paris. Such an address was new, and was blamed by some of the older and colder politicians; but those who would censure the holding out thus the right hand of young kindness, would hesitate not to applaud the bravery of our ensigns and midshipmen, even when painfully displayed by embruing their hands in the blood of their youthful

brethren. The address of the Glasgow students to those of Paris was forwarded to the gentleman who had been the first president of the Campbell Club, and who was at the time at the University of Paris. This gentleman used to tell with much pleasure the warm reception it met with. Old Baron Dubois, then the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, to whom he applied in order to learn the proper mode of presenting it, received it with exclamations of surprise and pleasure truly French, shouting with delight for his daughter-in-law, an English lady, to come to him in order to translate it. A general meeting of the French School was held and the fraternisation accepted with due honour. It is a pity that such things are too often like summer clouds.

The exclusiveness with which the Campbell Club set out was not favourable to its permanence. Accordingly, its founders having retired, a new system was adopted, and the Club became more general in its aims, and numerous in its members, and less academic in its character. Campbell more than once visited it; and it still continues to celebrate the anniversary of his election, and now drink solemn silence to the memory of him whose health used to be received with such hearty acclaim.

The late Princess Dowager Czartoryska to T. Campbell.
Vol. III., page 107-8.

"WYSOCK EN GALICIE, *le* 20 *Dec.* 1831.

"MONSIEUR,

"LES malheurs de mon pays qui j'ai tant pleurée, et mes 88 ans ont bien affaibli mes yeux. Cependant cela ne saurait me priver de l'extrême plaisir de vous exprimer, Monsieur, toute la reconnaissance que tout cœur Polonois doit éprouver pour le Poète charmant du petit poëme sur la Pologne et pour le cœur compatissant qui a pris de toutes manières tant d'intérêt à ce malheureux pays! Moi, en mon particulier, je dois vous faire les plus sinceres remercimens pour la lettre pleine des expressions les plus aimables et les plus flatteuses à mon égard. Si DIEU permet que je retourne à Pultawy, cette lettre sera conservée dans mon petit musée avec tout les souvenirs de ma patrie, comme une preuve du touchant interêt qu'un brave et bienveillant Anglais voulait bien lui vouer.

"Recevez, Monsieur, l'expression des sentimens bien sincères et bien distingués de votre reconnaissante et très humble servante,

"ELIZABETHE CZARTORYSKA."

Vol. II., July, 1831.—"I send you the Polish Minister's letter, and a page of a Polish pamphlet. Keep our Polish letter like the apple of your eye.—T. C." The following is a literal copy of the *Letter* :—

"ROYAUME DE POLOGNE, VARSOVIE, *ce 2 Juillet*, 1831.

"MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ETRANGÈRES.

"MONSIEUR,

"C'EST avec reconnaissance que nous avons reçu votre offrande: elle possède un double prix à nos yeux puisqu'elle nous vient d'un homme aussi respectable, aussi célèbre que vous. Il nous est bien doux de trouver dans les dignes organes de la vielle [vieille] Angleterre, de ce patrimoine de la véritable liberté, une sympathie aussi prononcée pour notre cause; cela seul devrait prouver au monde qu'elle est belle. Vous nous promettez un poëme sur notre insurrection; c'est avec impatience que nous attendons ces accents accoutumés à émouvoir tous les cœurs. Ils porteront dans tous l'enthousiasme qui vous anime.

"Veuillez bien croire, Monsieur, que nous savons estimer vos efforts, et vos sacrifices à leur juste valeur; et si la franchise, la noble simplicité que vous y mettez, en rehausse encore le prix, veuillez permettre que nous vous remercions aussi simplement, cordialement au nom de la Pologne qui conservera toujours dans sa mémoire votre nom, comme un de ceux, qu'elle est accoutumée à chérir, et à respecter.

"Veuillez, Monsieur, agréer le temoignage de ma considération tres distinguée, AR. HORODYSKI."

à THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

THE CAMPBELL MONUMENT.

[The following letter was addressed to me by a distinguished Polish officer—an affectionate friend and admirer of the Poet:—]

"*Feb. 3rd*, 1848.—I hope you have not thought me forgetful of the promise I gave you some time ago of procuring from Poland some stone, or marble, calculated to form a basis for our revered friend THOMAS CAMPBELL'S Monument, which is to be raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey. I assure you the obtaining of something suitable for the above pedestal has ever since been a source of *our* earnest anxiety and reiterated endeavours; and I say *our*, because there is no countryman of mine that has heard of it, and has not grown enthusiastic at the idea, and the object of it. But to the execution of it difficulties unluckily lay in our way, which in free and happy England can scarcely be conceived. It would be needless to recount them here; but they arose *partly* from the impossibility of finding any such stone on the outskirts of Poland, that is in the vicinity of the Baltic and the Black Sea, as would, by its quality, answer our purpose, and from which places, without much delay, and

without awakening any suspicion of the police, it might have been shipped for London; and *partly* from want of anything like regular communication with the interior of Poland, and least of all with the Provinces possessing rich marble quarries like those bordering on the Carpathian Mountains—especially the western districts of Galicia and Cracow. To the latter all access was denied us, from their having lately been the seat of insurrection, and, as you know, of atrocious massacres of landowners by the peasantry, and this at the instigation of the monstrous policy of Austria. Consequently, men who might have had the power of gratifying our wishes, and who even have warmly volunteered their services to that effect, withdrew, from fear of exciting the suspicion of the government, and compromising their safety.

"I am therefore very sorry in thus announcing to you (while you were no doubt expecting a totally different intelligence from me) how much we have hitherto failed in our patriotic enterprise, and this in a matter which we have so much at heart. Still, we do not yet despair of success, the co-operation of a trusty and most active hand having anew been promised us. In spite of many obstacles, we are determined not to be defeated by them; and we shall yet rejoice in rendering due homage to the *manes of him, who throughout his life had proved himself such a warm and generous champion of our oppressed country.*

* * * * *

"We may then look for the arrival of the transport in London, barring all unforeseen accidents, in the course of next spring, the usual navigation season on the Polish rivers; and when it arrives, triumphantly rejoice over it, and inscribe it with:—

"CARPATHIA THOMÆ CAMPBELL
BRITANNIÆ POETÆ
POLONIÆ AMICO
IMMORTALI.

"The Poles, though they have hitherto been unsuccessful in procuring the above pedestal, are not in the least unmindful of their promise, nor discouraged by adverse circumstances to do all in their power faithfully to redeem their pledge.* L. S—.

"To Dr. Beattie."

* The reader could hardly imagine the *difficulties* which the gallant writer has mentioned in this letter as likely to defeat their aim; for the block, if purchased at the quarry, would have to pass examination at all the frontiers —Russian, Austrian, and Prussian; and, if discovered, would subject the agent to very heavy penalties.

THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CAMPBELL MONUMENT.

His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.	Lord Jeffrey.
The Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne.	The Hon. C. A. Murray.
The Most Noble the Marquis of Northampton.	Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.
The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen.	Samuel Rogers, Esq.
The Right Hon. Lord John Russell.	Henry Hallam, Esq.
The Right Hon. Viscount Melbourne.	Professor Wilson.
The Right Hon. Viscount Strangford.	Thomas Moore, Esq.
The Right Hon. Viscount Morpeth.	John G. Lockhart, Esq.
The Right Hon. Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart.	James Loch, Esq., M.P.
The Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux.	John Richardson, Esq.
The Right Hon. Lord Leigh.	James Thomson, Esq.
The Right Hon. Lord Campbell.	Rev. C. S. Hassells.
The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.	Rev. Alexander Dyce.
The Right Hon. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Bart., M.P.	Dr. William Beattie. } Executors.
The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, M.P.	William Moxon, Esq. }

Subscriptions to the monument, by W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., to be erected in POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, continue to be received by Members of the Committee; and by the Executors, Dr. Beattie, 18, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square; William Moxon, Esq., 7, Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane; by Messrs. Coutts & Co., Messrs. Rogers & Co., and Messrs. Drummond & Co., Bankers, London.

Vol. II., page 386, *Note.*

"If the rank of poets were to be settled by particular passages, I should predict with more confidence that 'Lochiel,' the 'Exile of Erin,' and the Mariners' Song, would endure, than I could venture to do about any other verses since Cowper and Burns—I had almost said since Gray and Goldsmith."—*Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, p. 82.

GOËTHE. "I consider Campbell," he said, "as more *classical* than my favourite Byron, and far above any modern English poet whose works have fallen in my way. I do not pretend to be acquainted with many; but Gray and Mason are not unknown to me. I admire their *vivida vis*—their 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn;' but in Campbell's poems there is strength, combined with great natural simplicity of style, and a power of exciting high emotions, independently of brilliant epithets or meretricious ornaments."—*Extract from a Letter from J. Guillemard, Esq.*, written after three hours' conversation with Goëthe, at Weimar.

Vol. III., page 383-4.—*The Funeral of Thomas Campbell.*

"WEDNESDAY, *July 3rd.*—Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony, the area in front of the west entrance of the Abbey was crowded with spectators, anxious to catch a glimpse of the procession. The great nave of the venerable pile was also filled with the friends and admirers of the departed Poet, as well as every approach to the place of interment. The Poets' Corner itself was occupied with a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, most of them dressed in the deepest mourning—including some of the Poet's relatives, who had taken their position in the vicinity of the grave for an hour before the ceremony commenced—all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to him whom they all admired, and whom many of them loved.

"In the *Jerusalem Chamber*, adjoining the ABBEY, the Executors and more intimate friends of the deceased assembled, to receive the company and regulate the proceedings. Precisely at twelve o'clock the procession moved from the Chamber in the following order:—

Verger.

The Undertaker.

Mutes.

Page. Plume of Feathers. Page.

Mutes.

Receiver. { Officiating Minister, the Rev. HENRY MILMAN, Canon of Westminster. } Registrar.

Pall Bearers:	THE COFFIN,	Pall Bearers:
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. LORD BROUGHAM. LORD ABERDEEN. LORD LEIGH. SIR ROBERT PEEL.	containing the body of deceased, surmounted by a pall borne by noblemen and gentlemen, and succeeded by the mourners, as follows:—	LORD CAMPBELL. VISCT. STRANGFORD. VISCOUNT MORPETH. LORD DUDLEY COUTTS STUART.

Mr. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL and Mr. WISS, nephews of the deceased.

Dr. BEATTIE and Mr. WILLIAM MOXON, Executors.

Mr. JOHN RICHARDSON, Mr. AYRTON, the Rev. C. S. HASSELLS, and Mr. EDWARD MOXON, personal friends of deceased.

The Rev. Mr. MILMAN officiated at the ceremony, and preceded the procession.

"On passing to the Abbey, and down the great nave to the place where the body was to be laid, the utmost solemnity was impressed upon the crowds who witnessed the mournful procession, and the expression of all seemed to indicate, beyond a doubt, that they had fully appreciated the merits of the man while alive, and now felt the extent of the calamity which had bereaved them of him. On arriving at the Poets' Corner, the coffin, during the progress

of the funeral service, was laid upon a temporary scaffold, where it remained covered with the pall, until it was removed for the purpose of being lowered into the grave. The pall-bearers took their places in a line by the head of the grave, which was only about two feet deep from the surface of the paving, the mourners ranging themselves immediately around the coffin. Amongst the latter, we observed—Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., M.P.; Sir John Hanmer, Bart., M.P.; Sir George Strickland, M.P.,; Major-General Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B.; Sir Percy Florence Shelley, Bart.; the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, M.P.; Richard M. Milnes, Esq., M.P.; B. D'Israeli, Esq., M.P.; Mr. Brotherton, M.P.; J. G. Lockhart, Esq.; Rev. W. Harness, Rev. Alexander Dyce, Right Honourable R. L. Sheil, M.P.; Mr. W. Scrope Ayrton, Mr. Horatio Smith (Brighton), Mr. Jerdan, Mr. C. W. Dilke, Mr. Charles Mackay, Mr. Patrick Park, Mr. J. W. Fox, Mr. Emerson Tennent, M.P.: Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Rev. Dr. Croly, Sir Peter Laurie, Mr. Adolphus Bach, Mr. Mark Lemon, Dr. James Johnson, Mr. Forster, Mr. Simmons, Mr. W. C. Townsend, Mr. Mayow, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. S. C. Hall, Rev. Mr. Hutching, Mr. S. S. Martin, Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, Mr. Virtue, Mr. Dickson, Dr. Baillie, Mr. Christopher, Mr. J. W. Hunter, Dr. Holland, and many other literary and professional gentlemen, who had been more or less intimate with the Poet while alive. A number of Poles were standing among the mourners, called by feelings of gratitude and national enthusiasm to the spot. Amongst these were—Count Grabowski, the Chevalier B. de Wiercinski, Captain Kiuzynski, M. Kirmean, and M. Olyzarowski, as a deputation from the Polish nation.

"The service was read in a more than commonly impressive manner; and certain it is that those who attended appeared, and no doubt were, more than usually affected by the solemnity of the occasion, and by the recollection of him to whom they came to pay their final testimony of veneration. After the Epistle of St. Paul, ending with the words, 'Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord,' the organ pealed forth its solemn notes.

"When the coffin was lowered into the grave, the crowd closed gradually around the spot, eager to catch a glimpse of all that was yet to be seen of the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope' and 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' When the Rev. Mr. Milman arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, an additional interest was thrown around this part of the proceedings, by the significant tribute of respect which was paid to the memory of the Poet by the Poles who accompanied the remains to the grave. One of their number, Colonel Szyrma, took a handful of earth, which had been taken for the purpose from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it over the coffin of him who had portrayed in such glowing terms the woes and wrongs of their country.

"The solemn peals of the organ to the *Dead March* in '*Saul*' reverberated, for some minutes, through the aisles of the Abbey, and cast an impressive silence over the multitude; every eye being now riveted upon the grave which was so soon to close over all that remained of Thomas Campbell.

The pall-bearers and mourners then slowly retired, and for nearly half an hour after their withdrawal the grave was surrounded by a succession of crowds—every one rushing forward to get a sight of the coffin—who, from their position, had not before an opportunity of seeing it, after it was lowered into the earth. The whole ceremony was a just and obvious tribute of respect to the memory of a man known to many by his virtues, and to the country by his genius; and it was consoling to witness the assemblage of so large a multitude, from all ranks and conditions of society, doing honour to themselves by thus venerating the memory of the deceased poet.

"The grave in which the deceased is buried is situated in the south transept, at the extremity of an angle formed by the monuments erected to the memory of Addison and Goldsmith, and closely adjoins that of Sheridan."*

* * * * *

After the Funeral Ceremony, a meeting was held at the Polish Association, 10, Duke-street, St. James's. A portrait of the departed Poet was presented by Colonel Szyrma, from his countrymen, to the Association, of which Campbell was the founder, and its first president. On this occasion speeches were delivered by Lord Dudley C. Stuart, Colonel Szyrma, and Count E. Klasinski, commemorative of the many and signal services that Thomas Campbell had rendered to the cause of Poland.

* * * * *

On the morning of the funeral, the following letter was addressed to the Poet's Executors.

"Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's, *July* 3.

"Gentlemen,

"We are anxious, before the tomb closes on the remains of our mutual friend, to express our unfeigned regret at the loss we have sustained in the death of Mr. Thomas Campbell, and to testify our admiration for his talents and respect for his memory.

"This sad event has deprived us of a venerated and much esteemed colleague, and the Polish refugees of an ardent and zealous advocate.

"And though this proffered testimony of respect to a departed genius is unavailing—though praise can no longer strike the ear of him who unfortunately is no more—still it is a melancholy gratification to recall to remembrance his strenuous exertions on behalf of a people distinguished for their patriotism, and the indomitable courage they have uniformly displayed in re-asserting their national independence against the northern despot and his brother-spoliators.

"Our lamented friend, as is well known, was early imbued with a sense of Poland's wrongs. The conflicts which she has been forced to sustain in

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* These extracts are taken chiefly from the Morning Chronicle ("Perry's paper"), to which the Poet was a contributor as early as 1799.

fighting for her rights and liberties, against a conspiracy of odious tyrants, fired his youthful temperament, and roused his just indignation. How pathetic and soul-stirring are those inspiring lines from that celebrated poem, which will give perpetuity to the memory of his taste and genius :—

'Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!'

"Nor did Mr. Campbell content himself with a mere abstract feeling of sympathy for the friendless and destitute Poles. No, his purse was open to them with a liberality far more in accordance with his generous nature than with the extent of his means : and early in the year 1832, in conjunction with the Polish poet Niemcewicz and the celebrated Prince Czartoryski, he founded this Association for the purpose of diffusing and keeping alive in the public mind a lively interest for ill-fated Poland. His pathetic, eloquent, and fervid address to our countrymen, throughout the empire, as our first president, on behalf of that unfortunate country, was eminently effective and successful. By imparting a knowledge of the objects of the parent society, he conciliated much powerful support from men of all parties in the state.

"It will be needless to dwell further on the merits of a man so universally known and beloved as Mr. Campbell. This brief allusion to his beneficial labours for Poland will suffice to record our opinion of his virtues, and our sorrow for the loss of a colleague, whose bright name sheds so much lustre on our association.

"We have the honour to be, gentlemen,
"Your very obedient servants,
"(On behalf of the association)
"Dudley Coutts Stuart, *Vice-President.*
"Charles Szulczewski, *Resident Sec.*

"*To the Executors of the late Thomas Campbell, Esq.*"

I cannot conclude these posthumous Memoranda without bearing testimony to the uniform zeal, kindness, and liberality with which, during the last four years, every duty connected with, and springing out of, our joint Administratorship has been met and discharged by my friend and co-executor, William Moxon, Esq., of the Middle Temple.

Vol. III., page 336.

The annexed is a copy of the *testamentary document* executed by Campbell, while preparing to quit London :—

[COPY OF THE WILL.]

THIS is the last Will and Testament of me THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D., now resident at No. 8, Victoria Square, in the County of Middlesex.

WHEREAS under and by virtue of the Will of Archibald Macarthur Stuart, late of Ascog, deceased, my only son, THOMAS TELFORD CAMPBELL, will, upon my decease, be entitled to a certain sum of money, which I deem a competent provision for him; and I do not, therefore, intend to make any provision for him by this my will:

I GIVE and bequeath the *Silver Bowl* presented to me by the Students of Glasgow, when I was Rector of that University, and the Copy of the Portrait of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, which was sent to me by the Queen herself (and which two articles I reckon the Jewels of my property), and also all and every my manuscripts and copyrights of my compositions, whether in prose or verse, and the vignettes which have illustrated my poems; and also all and every my books, prints, pictures, furniture, plate, money, personal estate and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, whereof I may die possessed, after and subject to the payment of my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, which I direct to be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, unto my niece MARY CAMPBELL, the Daughter of my deceased Brother ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, late of Glasgow, for her own sole and separate use and benefit:

AND I do hereby appoint my staunch and inestimable friend DR. WILLIAM BEATTIE, of No. 6, Park Square, Regent's Park, in the said county of Middlesex; and WILLIAM MOXON, of the Middle Temple, Esquire, to be Executors of this my Will, and also to act as Guardians to my said son. And I revoke all former and other Wills and testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made, and declare this only to be my last WILL AND TESTAMENT. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the seventh day of November, 1842.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Signed, published, and declared by the testator Thomas Campbell, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, present at the same time, who in his presence, and at his request, have subscribed our names as witnesses,

EDWARD CLIFFORD, 9, Ranelagh Grove, Pimlico.
HENRY MOXON, 67, Ebury Street, Eaton Square.

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